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KENNETH;
OR,
THE REAR-GUARD OF THE GRAND ARMY.

**THE STARRY SKY, IT IS MY CAMP;
ALMIGHTY POWER, MY GUARDIAN LAMP.**

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KENNETH;
OR,
THE REAR-GUARD OF THE GRAND ARMY.

CHAPTER I

"The field I seek to-morrow
Is one where man hath fame to reap,
And woman gleans but sorrow."

MOORE.

It was the close of the summer of 1812, and anxiety prevailed throughout the ancient capital of the Russian empire, as each day brought nearer the hitherto almost irresistible force with which the emperor of France threatened the overthrow of the throne of the Czars. The people were, as one man, preparing to meet the approaching storm, firm in loyal attachment to their sovereign, and in that best sort of courage which rests upon the only sure foundation.

An August sun shone upon the painted and gilded roofs of a street in the outskirts of Moscow, where the palace of a noble stood in strange contrast with the hovel of the serf; but where the inhabitants, of high and low degree, alike experienced the same hopes and fears, as with fervent prayers for a blessing on their arms, they stood at their doors or windows, watching a regiment of infantry on its march to the scene of action.

Kenneth.

Among the most eager spectators were a boy and girl of about fourteen and twelve years old, who stood in the balcony of a house of moderate size and commodious appearance, waving their handkerchiefs and clapping their hands, and yet there was nothing of Russia in their aspect or language. They were both fair, with bright, fresh, though delicate colour, their eyes deep hazel, with long black lashes, and their hair of that rich chesnut hue which is often the intermediate tint between the flaxen of infancy and the black of elder years. That of the boy was by many shades the nearest to dark brown, and his tall figure, together with his cast of countenance, made it appear as if there was more than two years difference between him and his sister, whose features, from their great delicacy of form, made her look rather young and childish for her age. "Now Effie," cried the boy, "you must surely allow that these are the best soldiers."

"Nay, Kenneth, I don't know about the best, but I am sure those beautiful Circassians, with their floating plumes and gilded cuirasses, looked as brave as possible, prancing on their fine horses."

"Aye, that is what all you women think of, finery and parade! I wonder how they are to stand the shock of the French like these solid, firm columns. It would be Darius's troops opposed to the Macedonian phalanx; and you know how that ended, Effie."

"Well," said Euphemia, laughing, "we have Alexander at any rate on our side, as well as your favourite heavy infantry, Kenneth. But still, should not you like to be one of those fine horsemen, better than plodding along on foot?"

"Barbaric splendour, as papa says," said Kenneth,

looking very wise, "scarcely superior to the Don Cossacks, or those strange-looking men with the bows and arrows, whom we saw yesterday. Still, I wish I was going with the army on any terms. I really thought I should have persuaded papa, when I told him that Alexis Schaffouski is going with his brother; and he is but a year older than I am."

Oh, I am very glad he did not consent; though I hardly like to be glad of what vexes you, dear Kenneth."

"Ah! you would all be glad if I was to be with him," said Kenneth, "to do every thing to make him comfortable, and to write when he was busy."

"But what did he say?"

"O," said Kenneth, twisting his hands and colouring, "I chose my time ill. Mamma was there; she blamed me for thinking of such a thing, and said it was very hard on us that papa should leave us. She went on to declare that the Emperor ought to permit all married officers to stay at home to protect their families. That seemed to me so unreasonable that I could not help laughing at it. I was not respectful to her, I know I was not, and so he reproved me instead of listening to my request. I wish he would have heard me; I am sure I am taller than Alexis, and quite as strong. Do not you remember the wolf-hunt at Kelminko, when I walked five leagues, and was not so sleepy in the evening as even papa?"

"I remember very well, when the wolf was caught that had eaten the Count's poor horses. And do you remember grandmamma's story of the last wolf in Scotland?"

"Ah! if ever we go to live in England, I shall wish

they had not killed that last wolf: I shall never care for meaner game."

"But come, Kenneth, do not lose this last half-hour of dear Papa in talking of wolves: I like to look at him as long as I can."

And Effie, stepping back through the open window, seated herself on a low footstool, close to a tall, noble-looking man, in the uniform of a Colonel of the Russian infantry, who was writing at a table, on which lay his sword and cap, while his cloak hung in heavy folds over the back of a chair. He stroked her shining curls for a moment, saying, "Ah! my little Effie!" and then continued his employment. While leaning against him, she played caressingly with the lace and tassels of his dress. Kenneth, standing by the table in a musing mood, took up the sword, and continued half drawing it, and then returning it to its scabbard, while his eyes were fixed on his father.

"Effie, my dear, I want the help of your young eyes. Here is a clasp loose on your papa's cloak," was the first word that was said, causing the little maiden to spring up, exclaiming, "Yes, grandmamma, I'll sew it on in a minute;" and she was soon engaged with deft little fingers in the work, under the direction of the old lady, who sat in an arm-chair on the opposite side of the table, and whose eyes seemed to be rather misty with tears than dim with age, for they were of the clearest, brightest light blue, and there was a fresh bloom of colour on her cheeks, sunk and withered though they were. Her snowy hair was raised and rolled over a cushion, in the fashion of the last century, and the short sleeves only reaching to the elbow, the deep lace ruffles, the long, stiff waist and flowing skirt

of her full black dress, accorded well with her erect, dignified carriage, and the beautiful calmness of her features.

Very different was the figure which rested in a careless but not ungraceful attitude on the sofa close behind the Colonel, the face turned inwards, and a profusion of braids of black tresses left visible by an elegant little coiffure. One hand held a handkerchief, and often raised it to her eyes, while she uttered sighs which were more and more deeply drawn as the sound was heard of the pen scratching steadily on, until at length two or three audible sobs made little Effie look up, exclaiming, "Dearest mamma!" and the Colonel turn round, saying "Céleste! my dear, what is this?" Instead of answering, she covered her face with her handkerchief and sobbed still louder.

"Come, Céleste, cheer up! I may soon be with you again: do not give way in this manner."

She shook her head: "No, no, I will not interrupt you," she cried; "you are engaged — all your last moments are for your brother — your *vilaines* letters, that rob me of —." The rest was lost in a fit of weeping. The Colonel, with an air of vexation, laid down his pen, and moved to the sofa beside her; it was exactly what she wished, but it caused no abatement of her sighs; she pettishly shook off the hand he had placed on her arm, and prevented him from speaking by vehemently exclaiming, "O no, no, go back to your brother and his affairs! I — I know I am nothing — I feel it too well. Come here, my child, he shall not be importuned with our sorrow!" and clasping Effie in her arms, she wept more violently than before. Her husband looked annoyed and perplexed.

"Céleste," he said, "I would not willingly be thus occupied during these last few minutes that I have to spend at home, but this sudden order to march has rendered it absolutely necessary that these letters should be prepared for England without loss of time."

"Ah! yes, I know, all is more important to you than I am. Never did I see it more plainly than at this present moment!"

"Listen, Céleste, and do not be unjust. It is on these letters that the maintenance of you all will depend in case of my death. If I had not profited by this time to write them, then you might fairly accuse me of neglect."

"O cruel, to speak of what makes me die! But you English are always so reasonable — so reasonable, that the love which is beyond reason does but importune you!" And throwing herself into his arms, she looked up in his face with a very fine pair of black eyes, and a sad but arch smile of affection. He embraced her tenderly, then placing her again on the cushions, said, "Now Céleste, I am under the necessity of still finishing my letter," turned away and went on writing, as well as he could, while she talked perpetually — "Ah! since it was my fate to marry an Englishman, I should at least have acquired some of the English *sang froid*! Ah! *ma mère*," she added with something of spite, looking at the old lady, who was still busy with the fastenings of the cloak, "how I envy you your indifference." Kenneth raised his eyes for a moment, glanced first at his grandmother, and then turned them on his mother with a look of indignant wonder which was quite lost upon her; and Effie said with an air of

earnest simplicity, "O, grandmamma, you are not indifferent! Are you not as much grieved as all of us?"

"Hush, Effie," was the reply in a very low tone; "let your papa finish his letters in peace."

Effie was silenced, but the hint had no effect on the person for whom it was principally intended; she went on with a stream of lamentation, while her husband sat with his pen suspended, and his brow contracted with the attempt to command his attention to the occupation before him; then, with a sudden dip into the ink, he dashed on at full speed to the bottom of one page, and half-way down the next, signed his initials in a hasty scrawl, and called to Kenneth to help him to seal and make up his parcel. "That is right, my handy little Effie, always ready with the taper. Now, Kenneth, you direct it, while I write this other note;—mind you do it correctly."

"To my uncle?"

"Yes."

"William Lindesay, Russel Square, London, Angleterre," said Kenneth aloud, as he wrote. "There, will that do?"

"Yes, thank you. Now seal this; and here, Kenneth, take this seal, with the crest, off my chain: it was your grandfather's. I make it a present to you, my boy; only," he added, taking hold of the hand in which Kenneth held it, and speaking in a slower tone, "Never set it to any letter that a loyal Lindesay need be ashamed of."

Kenneth coloured deeply, but not having any answer ready, turned rather abruptly away, and seemed quite absorbed with producing, on the soft plump arm of his sister, a good impression of the crest — a tent, with

the motto, "*Astra castra, Numen lumen.*" He pressed rather too hard, and Effie interrupted the conversation of the elders with a little shriek, occasioning her mother to turn sharply round upon him, with "Again! Kenneth; I never saw any thing like you, always hurting your poor little sister! And at such a moment too!"

"Hurt her!" exclaimed Kenneth, rather contemptuously. "Now did I, Effie?"

"Oh no, not at all! do not speak of it, dearest mamma," and she climbed upon her father's knee, and laid her head on his shoulder. "You will be a good little maiden, Effie," said the Colonel, as he caressed her fondly.

"O yes, dear papa, if you will but come home very soon."

"If, Effie?"

"Yes, papa, for we are always much more naughty when you are not here."

"What ideas the child has!" said her mother, laughing.

"No, no, Effie," said the Colonel, half whispering, "that will not do. My little girl must learn to be trustworthy, and think of the Eye above that is always watching her more narrowly and lovingly than I could ever do. You must be firm and steady, my child, as well as gentle and sweet-tempered. And now," he added, looking at his watch, "it is time I should go and meet Count Schaffouski. You may come to his house with me, Kenneth."

His wife heard this with a burst of passionate grief, throwing herself into his arms and weeping hysterically; nor was it till she was quite exhausted with the violence of her agitation that he was able to disengage himself

from her, and place her, almost unconscious, upon the sofa, supported and attended by his mother. He stood for some moments watching her earnestly, as if he could not resolve to leave her, but as she shewed some signs of rallying, his mother hastily whispered, "It will be best for her that you should be gone! The blessing of God be with thee, my son — farewell." He bent over her, gave a kiss to her aged forehead, then, unable to trust himself with another look, hastily quitted the room, followed by both children. At the house-door, he fondly embraced Effie, who clung to his neck and covered his face with kisses, and then stood long on the threshold watching him, as, with her brother by his side, he walked down the street with a hurried step.

When he was out of sight of home, he however relaxed his speed; and, turning to Kenneth, began to give him directions about the parcel which was immediately to be forwarded to England; adding, "It is to prepare your uncle to receive you all, for probably Moscow will soon be no place for you."

"Not perhaps for ladies," said Kenneth; "but surely, papa, you would never send me away from you? Every day makes me more fit to be useful, and indeed I am no mere child now."

"I hope not, Kenneth; these are days to make men of children; but at this moment I had rather see submission than this pertinacity. Submission is, remember, the quality of a brave man, and that which you most want, especially towards your mother. You do not know what a store of sorrow you may be laying up for yourself by the wayward, wrangling spirit you evince towards her; and you may do your sister serious mis-

chief by interference where she is concerned. Bear it in mind, as my command, perhaps my last, that you shew your mother all obedience and respect."

"I will do my best that you may hear a good account of me when you come home."

"Do not think only of what I am to hear. The highest motive is the only safe one." He paused, then proceeded: "The sacrifice of life in this campaign must be immense; and you ought to know that the chances are great that this is the last time we may ever meet in this world. You must be the support of all at home. Your grandmamma" — and here his voice was broken — "you must be a son to her. You must be Effie's guide and guardian; and towards your mother, you must be submissive, considerate, forbearing. Can I trust to you?"

"I hope so," replied Kenneth, in a choking voice.

"Begin, then, with simple obedience, which will best prepare you for the rest. Your grandmother knows what arrangements I have made for your journey to your uncle in London. You must look up to him as to myself; but much may happen before this is possible. I am forced to leave you where you may be exposed to great danger — perhaps to temptations even greater; but Kenneth, I have confidence in you. I know I may have confidence in your personal courage; and I hope you have mental courage to keep a true, honest, loyal heart, happen what may. But here we are. I have much to do, and could not attend to you, so you had better not come in. Good-bye, my boy; think on what I have said, and take care of grandmamma."

CHAPTER II

"Fathers may hate us or forsake,
God's foundlings then are we;
Mother on child no pity take,
But we shall still have Thee."

CHRISTIAN YEAR.

THE father of Colonel Lindesay had taken up arms in 1745, in the cause of the Stuarts, and after the discomfiture of his party had succeeded in effecting his escape from Scotland, together with his wife, Lady Christian, and had entered the Russian service. His two sons had been sent to England for education, and had so completely acquired the tastes and habits of that country, that William, the younger, settled there for life; and though the elder returned to Russia, and entered the army of the Empress Catherine, he always looked forward to passing his latter years in some quiet English home.

His English tastes had, however, apparently influenced him but little in his choice of a wife. Céleste de Rocheguyon was a very pretty, very young, and very much distressed French emigrant, with whom he became acquainted at Petersburg. Her beauty, her poverty, and her misfortunes so gained his heart, that after a very short acquaintance he offered her his hand; he was joyfully accepted; and he soon brought her in triumph home to his mother at Moscow.

Here his family had ever since resided; living in a style which the young wife did not think by any means equal to what she had a right to expect as a *filie de qualité*, although her husband's fondness indulged her as far as the utmost limits that economy or good sense would permit. Society, amusement, her

toilette, imaginary ill-health, and the petting and making playthings of her children, filled up her time with little intermission; while all weightier matters were left in the hands of her mother-in-law.

But children, like puppies and kittens, are unfortunately liable to grow up and cease to be playthings; and very early Kenneth manifested that he had a will and a way of his own too strong to be only a matter of jest. His mamma had often reason to be glad of the power which Lady Christian's consistent kindness had already begun to exert over him; but though she often profited by this influence, her jealousy was excited when she found that all her caresses and *bonbons* were slighted for one of grandmamma's stories; and while her reiterated commands did but provoke arguments and replies, Lady Christian's first word was implicitly obeyed.

Bickerings and disputes frequently arose between the mother and son, and were the more difficult to correct because the right and the wrong were seldom exactly divided; and even where Madame Lindesay had a full share of the right, she would assign frivolous motives, fail in temper, and shew a want of power of argument, which the boy could perceive, though not understand. Colonel Lindesay and Lady Christian were much concerned at these disagreements, and attempted earnestly to correct them: the Colonel usually taking his wife's part, and silencing his son by force of stern authority; and Lady Christian quietly investigating the merits of the dispute, and seldom failing to bring Kenneth to own himself in fault, at least for his vehemence and disrespect to his mother, if not on the ground he had taken.

His father had long intended to send him to be educated in England, and had often written to his uncle on the subject, but his reluctance to part with him had perhaps added force to the obstacles which had hitherto prevented the execution of the project, and Kenneth therefore remained at Moscow, receiving a desultory kind of education. He was familiar with several modern languages, and had learnt a little Latin and mathematics from his father; he had also acquired a tolerable amount of general knowledge by eager, indiscriminate reading; and he had an active mind, and ready power of observation, which rendered him a very intelligent and valuable companion.

Almost all the direct instruction which either of the children received, both on religious and other subjects, was from Lady Christian, who had been brought up a member of the Church of Scotland. Although Madame Lindesay was a Roman Catholic, yet, owing to the carelessness on such subjects which had prevailed in her own family, it never occurred to her to object to the education of her children as members of their father's Church, or to their attendance at the English chapel at Moscow.

On her daughter Madame Lindesay lavished most of her endearments, and it seemed only wonderful that she did not succeed in completely spoiling her. Effie was however of that loving, yielding, gentle temper, which best responds to affection, and seldom learns to be either peevish or exacting. She returned her mother's caresses with interest; yet it would sometimes appear that she set a higher value on her grandmother's approbation, and it was to her that she had recourse in her greater perplexities and troubles.

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One day, about a fortnight after Colonel Lindesay's departure, Effie had, as usual, been reading the Psalms for the day with Lady Christian; when, with a certain look of hesitation and doubt, she placed her finger on one verse — "When my father and my mother forsake me, the Lord taketh me up." "Grandmamma," said she, "I hope it is not wrong, but there is something in that verse that always makes me feel unhappy. Could a father or mother ever be so cruel?"

"Scarcely, my dear," replied Lady Christian; "but we may understand the verse as meaning that God is with those who have lost their parents by death, not by any fault on their part."

"Still I do not quite like the sound of the words," said Effie. "Forsaken! What a dreadful thing to be forsaken, like the children in the wood."

"It would be far more dreadful if it was not for the promise of the latter part of the verse, that our only true Protector never will forsake us."

"I wonder if the children in the wood thought of that," said Effie, on whom that ballad seemed to have made a deep impression; "but then they died, grandmamma!"

"In the first place, Effie," said Lady Christian, with a grave smile, "we are not sure that they ever really lived or died; and if they did, it is quite certain that God was near them in all their sufferings, and that their death was only being taken more completely into His arms."

"Yes," said Effie, with a little thought, "it was better for them to die, though it was of cold and hunger, than if their uncle had made them as cruel

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and covetous as himself. But how terrible to be like them!" she added with a sigh.

"What should make you dwell so much upon them now, my dear?" said Lady Christian.

"I do not know, unless it is that the house is dreary without dear papa, and every one has an anxious face. All the people in the street look afraid and unhappy, and mamma is frightened, and even Kenneth is grave when he talks of the news from the army, and says the enemy are coming nearer every day. And grandmamma, old Nurse Paulowna says that they will burn the town, and kill us all. O grandmamma, do but tell me that nothing dreadful is going to happen, and that dear papa will come back safe."

Effie put on this appearance of childishness in her speech in a sort of secret unconscious hope of drawing forth assurances which she knew could not be given to her. She knew full well that her father was in danger, but she wished, as it were, to return to that privilege of childhood — freedom from care and anxiety. Perhaps she expected some cheering expression from Lady Christian, because she had never seen her give way, like her mother, to grief and lamentation; and therefore concluded her to be less alarmed.

"Effie, my dear," said Lady Christian, "all I can tell you is to pray for him and for all of us. Your Father in Heaven will never fail you, nor will He fail you dear papa. Misfortune may indeed be in store for us; but, if it should come, it will be by His permission. It will be for our good, and He will be with us through all."

"Then, grandmamma, you think they are really

coming," said the little girl, trembling; "O pray, pray do not say so."

"My child, I know no more than you do. I know not what may be preparing for us; but all I can tell is, that it is our Father who sends it, and that He will give us strength to bear it."

"Then you are not afraid?" asked Effie.

"I would not alarm myself beforehand," said Lady Christian, who felt the question difficult to answer, as she thought of her soldier-son and his helpless wife and children.

"No, I had rather not think about it," said Effie; "but then fears will come, and my heart beats fast, and I do not know what to do."

"Then think of the Heavenly Father who can never fail or forsake you," said Lady Christian.

The conversation was here interrupted by the hasty entrance of Kenneth, shouting, "A letter from papa! a letter to me! Where is the map, Effie? I want to find Borodino, on the Kolotza. Shall I read it to you, grandmamma?"

"Let me call mamma," said Effie, running off with the welcome news; which, however, Kenneth's loud voice had already sufficiently proclaimed, as their mother entered the room, saying, "A letter from your father? Oh! give it to me."

"It is to me," said Kenneth.

"None for me? Are you sure there is none for me? It is very strange! You must be mistaken."

"No, mamma, for here at the end, he says, 'Tell your mamma that I would have written, but that I am suddenly called away, and have only time to send my love to her and Effie.'"

"Very strange, very strange!" repeated Madame Lindesay, in a discontented tone; "but that is the way with these soldiers: out of sight, and forgotten."

"But where is he?" enquired Lady Christian.

"Here," said Kenneth, pointing out on the map the little village of Borodino, "between the rivers Kolotza and Moskowa, with the enemy on the hills opposite to them."

"Ah!" shrieked Madame Lindesay, "Are they so near? Oh! I shall die if they approach! Why did not the Colonel remove us to a place of safety? O what will become of me?"

"We are safe," said Kenneth shortly; "they are still five days' march distant; and papa would have removed us if he had thought this place insecure."

"O, but all the world is flying! Every family of consequence is gone to Petersburg, and we shall be left alone and abandoned to the enemy. How can the Colonel be so careless of his poor wife and family?"

"But let me hear," said Lady Christian, anxiously. "You said the enemy were opposite to them. Does he then speak of a battle?"

"Yes, they expected to be engaged the next day: his letter is dated on the 3rd; this is the 5th. O, grandmamma, it must be over! I wonder if there is any news," cried Kenneth, starting to the door. But then, recollecting himself, "No, this letter came with the despatches; there can be nothing later."

"And he did not write to me on the eve of a battle!" murmured Madame Lindesay.

"He was very busy," said Kenneth, "overlooking the building of a great redoubt on the hill where our regiment is posted; but, mamma, I wish you would

let me read," he added, cutting short another of her exclamations; "don't you see how anxious grand-mamma is."

The Colonel wrote in haste, only giving such details of the position of the army as would interest his son; and adding, at the end, that he was much rejoiced at hearing from Lady Christian that Kenneth's conduct to his mother had been very satisfactory since his departure. That brief letter was Kenneth's most treasured possession in his after life.

CHAPTER III.

"Ne'er, ne'er again,
May I tread thy plain.
Shorn are the towers that crown'd thee;
Soil'd is the vest that bound thee,
With ashes' foulest stain."

EURIPIDES.

IN the course of the afternoon on which Colonel Lindesay's letter arrived, Kenneth brought in two opposite reports: the first, that the French might be immediately expected before the gates; the second, that they were totally defeated, and in full march for the frontier; and as this was the last, it restored Madame Lindesay to such spirits, that she amused herself and Effie all the evening by planning the triumphal *fête* with which she proposed to receive her husband on his return.

The next day was passed in agitations excited by equally contradictory rumours; and certain intelligence that the sound of cannon had been heard, left no room to doubt that an engagement had actually taken place.

The third day came, and no sooner was Kenneth dressed, than he hurried out to see if any tidings had arrived. He had not gone far, when, on turning the corner of a street, he suddenly found himself face to face with his father's friend, Count Schaffonski; who, on his side, started as if he would rather not have encountered him.

"O, M. le Comte!" he exclaimed, "is my father here? Has he gone home, and have I missed him?"

"No," said the Count; and there stopped short, with a certain embarrassment which alarmed Kenneth, who hastily added, "Where is he then? With the army? O, M. le Comte, tell me what has happened!"

"Prepare yourself to bear it, my poor boy," said the Count, in a tone such as to shew Kenneth what he had to expect.

Turning very pale, he said, "Yes, you may tell me the worst — I know what it is now." The next moment a ray of hope, if hope it might be called, darted into his mind, making his whole frame tremble, and the colour mounted in his cheek. "Only say if he is living, even if he is mortally wounded. Cannot I go to him?"

"No, Kenneth. Those who defended the great redoubt perished to a man. I can tell you no more; but you must think of him as having died by a glorious death."

The words rang again and again in Kenneth's ears, crushing as it were every power of thought and feeling. Never to see his father again — never — never! A long dreary blank seemed to extend itself before him, and he was walking on and on in it, with one sense of desolation, and nothing more. He stood, he moved and

walked on with his head bent down, and his hands folded together; but he had as little consciousness or sensation as if he had actually fainted, and the Count's subsequent words fell unheard and unheeded. They reached his home; and the Count, after a moment's hesitation, said, "Would it save you pain if I were to announce it to them?" "I — I do not know," stammered Kenneth, with such a look of vacancy that the Count saw that he had not even heard his words; and therefore entered the house with him to fulfil his painful task. Kenneth, allowing him to proceed to the sitting-room, sank down on the lowest step of the stairs, with his hands over his face, and tried to collect his thoughts; but none would come, save that overwhelming sense of orphanhood and loneliness. He could not have formed the slightest guess respecting the length of time that he had sat there, before he was roused by a piercing scream from his mother, and the thought, "They know it," flashing across his mind, impelled him instantly to seek his fellow-sufferers. He found the Count assisting Lady Christian in placing his mother on the sofa, where for some moments she lay senseless; then, as she recovered her consciousness, fell into a frightful fit of hysterics. Effie, at the first moment, had run to summon their old Russian nurse Paulowna; and Count Schaffouski hastily left the room, placing his hand on Kenneth's shoulder as he went, and whispering, "I must see your grandmother to-morrow."

There was little opportunity for quiet during the rest of that day, for Madame Lindesay's hysterics continued with little intermission; and she required such constant attendance, that poor Lady Christian was obliged to exert herself to bear up under her own share

of their affliction, in order to restore her to any degree of composure.

Count Schaffouski came as he had promised, and sent an earnest request that he might be permitted to see the ladies. Madame Lindesay still kept her bed, but he was admitted to the room where Lady Christian was sitting. He was much struck by the resignation and placidity of her countenance, although her cheek was wan and worn, her eyelids heavy, and her hand trembling. After an enquiry for Madame Lindesay's health, and an apology for intruding at such a time, the Count proceeded to inform her of the resolution which had been taken by Government to abandon the defence of Moscow; and he recommended the family to quit the city without delay.

"Certainly," said Lady Christian. "Would you advise us to set off for Petersburg?"

"Ah! it was for that reason that I came to speak to you. I wish to know whether poor Lindesay had made any arrangements."

"No," said Lady Christian; "the order to march came, as you know, quite suddenly, and he had no time to do more than write to my son in England, where it was his desire that we should take refuge; but that will be impossible until next spring, and we must spend the intermediate time at Petersburg."

"True," said the Count, "but as it will be extremely difficult to reach Petersburg, in consequence of the numbers who are flocking thither, and the number of horses required by the army, I think you would find it better to make some stay at my house at Kelminsko. I cannot be there myself to play the part of

host; but you will not dislike its solitude; and it is perfectly secured by our outposts."

"Thank you, M. le Comte," said Lady Christian, holding out her hand; "you are indeed conferring upon us a most important service, for which I thank you in the name of my son, as well as of ourselves, and of these poor children."

"Nothing can afford me greater satisfaction than to be able to serve you," replied the Count. "Can you be ready to set out early to-morrow? Will Madame Lindsay be equal to the journey?"

"I have little doubt of it," replied Lady Christian; "her illness is not serious, and lesser ailments must be forgotten in such times as these."

"Then, as it may be difficult to procure horses, my carriage shall be at the door at ten o'clock to-morrow," said the Count. "I need not tell you, I suppose, to bring all that you have of valuables, or that you would wish to preserve."

"And the servants, M. le Comte?"

"O yes, bring them; there is plenty of room at Kelminsko, and it is the order of the Czar that not a Russian subject should be left behind. And also" — he spoke in a low voice — "it may be as well to pack your furniture into the cellars, in case of fire; only do not let this be mentioned, or it may cause a panic, and the populace might prefer remaining, in the hope of saving their goods. But I must not stay here any longer, delaying your preparations and my own."

With these words he took his leave; and Lady Christian went to communicate his offer to her daughter-in-law, who received it in her own peculiar fashion. "Alas! alas! that I should be hunted from my home,

in the midst of my affliction; and when so ill too, that I can scarcely raise my head from the pillow! A journey! — Kelminsko is full twenty leagues distant! I shall never support it! But I know very well that I am as nothing! When the poor Colonel was alive, indeed! but alas! I feel what it is to have no longer a husband!" And she burst into a passion of tears.

"Indeed, we must all feel what it is to have lost" — and Lady Christian's voice failed as she leant over and kissed the exacting woman, whom she still tenderly loved as the wife of her son; "but," she added, after a pause, in which her feelings overcame her, "but, dear Céleste, the loss is a double reason for exertion and self-command on our part, for the sake of the children."

"Ah! yes; you have every thing; you can bear all; while I can only weep!"

Lady Christian, feeling that there was no time to be lost in the indulgence of grief, fearing perhaps to be unnerved if she once gave way, and knowing that the whole weight of arrangement must fall upon her, was obliged to leave her daughter-in-law after a little further conversation; the latter declaring that the only hope of her being able to leave home the next morning was in being left alone with her affliction in perfect tranquillity. This Effie took so literally, that she followed her grandmamma out of the room to lend her little help to the arrangements; but in less than ten minutes' space after they had quitted her, she was on the stairs, in a strange extemporary toilette, calling for Paulowna, and scolding her for not having begun packing up her clothes. Paulowna was engaged by Lady Christian's orders, and could not come at that moment; and she burst into the room, where Kenneth

was assisting his grandmother to look over his father's papers; and there, throwing herself into a chair, she fell into a fresh paroxysm of lamentation, of which the chief subject seemed to be the impossibility of procuring mourning. Lady Christian gently blamed her for leaving her bed; to which she replied by, "Ah! it is for a poor widow without support to exert herself;" then, springing up, left the room, and presently was heard interfering with, and directing the busy servants to do exactly the reverse of what they had been ordered; but as she had never been able to learn a word of Russian, her commands were fortunately unintelligible; and little, whom she had summoned to be her interpreter, contrived, by good management, to satisfy her without doing much mischief.

Lady Christian kept Kenneth great part of the morning engaged with his father's papers, which she was particularly anxious that he should understand. Many letters, to her great regret, were necessarily burnt; and others, with papers, the importance of which she carefully explained to him, were placed in her old pocket-book of black shagreen with gold clasps.

Altogether it was a day of confusion, in which both Kenneth and Effie, though conscious of present grief and future anxiety, almost lost the feeling of its immediate pressure in the necessary bustle and activity. They both went to bed well tired with preparations, and awoke the next morning, notwithstanding the overpowering grief which oppressed their spirits, yet with a pleasurable sensation at the thought of a change of place.

The Count's carriage was at the door at the appointed time; but, long before they departed, the streets

were almost choked with the multitudes who were, like them, forsaking their homes. Vehicles of all descriptions were in movement — some loaded with furniture and valuables, others bearing the sick, aged, or infirm. Every house was either sending forth its inhabitants, or was already deserted; and, mingled with the crowd, were the officers appointed to superintend and facilitate the removal of the fugitives.

Throughout the city, and even for a considerable space in the open country, they moved on in the midst of numbers; but, turning at length into the road to Kelminsko, they found it so much more free, that they made more rapid progress, and arrived there just as it was growing dark.

All had been prepared for their reception, although the master of the house was absent; and they were conducted through various handsome apartments to one where a substantial supper was provided for them. Madame Lindesay was perfectly delighted with the splendour of the house; and, recovering her spirits and temper, spent the greater part of the evening in praising the kindness and hospitality of the Count — a theme on which, for once, she and Kenneth were agreed.

Lady Christian, greatly fatigued with her journey, had retired to her own room immediately on arriving; but the rest of the party spent the evening with more cheerfulness than could have been expected; and the next day the children were very happy, wandering over the extensive gardens, which Kenneth, who had formerly made one or two visits to Kelminsko, much enjoyed shewing to his sister.

Their grandmother, in the meantime, began to feel the effects of her exertions of mind and body: the

grief, borne silently and with resignation, was nevertheless weighing heavily upon her; and, if it soothed and comforted her mind to feel that she was daily approaching more nearly to the world whither her beloved had passed, on the other hand, she suffered great anxiety respecting her grandchildren, left, in these perilous times, to no better guide than their mother. It was only with prayer and with faith that she could silence the agonizing fears that pressed on her mind, and so bowed and bent her frame, that the Count thought he should scarcely have recognised her, when, about a week after, he made them a visit at Kelminsko.

He brought them positive news of the entrance of the French into Moscow, on the 14th of September, with many reports of the atrocities which they were committing. Madame Lindesay was so much alarmed as to wish to leave Kelminsko immediately, and to hasten to Petersburg; but this was out of the question, both on account of Lady Christian's health, and of the want of means of conveyance; and the Count assured them of their perfect safety, at so great a distance from Moscow, and well protected by the Russian outposts.

Indeed, they were in the habit of constantly seeing the troops, the heavy-armed infantry, or the half-savage Cossacks, who often stopped at the castle to refresh themselves. Madame Lindesay always thought it necessary to receive and entertain the officers; and though she often greatly lamented the trouble it occasioned, it is probable that this society did much to reconcile her to a lengthened sojourn at Kelminsko.

They were not too far distant from Moscow to see, by day, the dense cloud of smoke, and, by night, the

red lurid light of flame, reflected in the sky, which marked the conflagration of that city of palaces, devoted by its sovereign and inhabitants, in order to prove the destruction of its foes. The children looked with awe at the spectacle, joined Lady Christian in thanks for their own preservation, speculated on the fate of their own abode, and anxiously listened to every report respecting the streets and different quarters of the town where the flames were said to have raged with the greatest violence.

CHAPTER IV.

"Fresh horrors met
His startled view, for prostrate in the dust
Those walls were laid, and towers and temples stood
Tottering in frightful ruins, as the flame
Had left them black and bare; and through the streets,
All with the recent wreck of war bestrewn,
Lay half-burnt bodies." SOUTHEY.

"It is very strange that Count Schaffouski has not visited us these ten days!" exclaimed Madame Lindesay.

"Only eight, mamma!" said Kenneth; "it was yesterday week that he was last here."

"There you are, always with your corrections!" said his mother; "but really he ought to pay a little attention to his guests. It is enough to make one die with sadness to be left alone to our sorrows in this dismal château! I fear, too, that our troops are retreating, and will leave us at the mercy of the enemy."

"Surely not, mamma," said Kenneth; "the Count would certainly give us warning."

"A whole fortnight since any troops have been here!" continued Madame Lindesay; though Kenneth

again contradicted the exaggeration; "and they say that the enemy are daily extending their foraging expeditions. *Ma belle-mère*," she added, turning to Lady Christian, "I will instantly write to the Comte that we will not remain here a day longer, unless the castle is furnished with at least thirty men for our protection!"

"I am afraid such a request could hardly meet with attention," said Lady Christian; "but I agree with you that it would be better to undertake our journey to Petersburg as soon as possible. If the distress of the French in Moscow is as great as report speaks it, hunger may make them seek far and wide."

"Oh! yes, yes! let us go!" cried Madame Lindesay. "No one knows what I suffer from my nerves in the neighbourhood of the enemy, of the murderers of my husband, and in this unprotected solitary castle, where I am even destitute of mourning. O let us fly, let us fly!"

"We must first acquaint the Count with our resolution," said Lady Christian; "and indeed —"

"O, but we should lose no time! Besides, the Count has neglected us for ten days; and we owe nothing to him —"

"Mamma!" exclaimed Kenneth, indignantly.

"But see, see!" said Effie, eagerly; "here are some soldiers coming along the road; perhaps he is coming."

Kenneth sprang to the window. "Nonsense, Effie, these are cavalry; do not you know better than to think the Count would come with them?"

"How close and regularly they ride," said Effie. "But, Kenneth, I cannot guess what regiment it can be! Can you?"

He kept his eyes earnestly fixed upon them, without speaking, until they came near enough for him to distinguish that the colour of their uniform was blue; then, starting suddenly, he exclaimed, "The enemy! It is the enemy! Lose no time! Grandmamma — all of you — escape by the gardens. I will fasten the gates! There are men enough for us to detain them till you gain the detachment at Malitskin. Why are not you gone?"

He was rushing from the room to fulfil his words, when Effie threw herself in his way, and held him fast; his mother screamed to him to remain; and Lady Christian quietly said, "My bairn, my dear bairn, it would be of no avail. Stay here, I command you!" He ceased his struggles to shake off his sister, and stood looking at her with a face of doubt, anxiety, and of something like disappointment. "If it were your duty, Kenneth, I would not recall you," she added; "but it would be only to sacrifice yourself and these poor people in vain! Céleste, and you Effie, seek to calm yourselves; do not shriek thus! We have a Protector who is above all!"

"The court-gate and wall are strong!" said Kenneth. "But it is too late now! they are close at hand."

Several servants rushed into the room, mingling their cries with those of Effie and her mother, who were nearly frantic with terror. Lady Christian's calm voice sounded strangely in the midst of that scene of deadly fear. "My God! defend them from fear of the enemy! O quench not their young light! Yet Thy will be done, and, in life or death, let us still be Thine!"

She spoke aloud; perhaps to suggest that same idea of prayer to the rest; and though it was uttered in her

own native Scottish accent, yet her clasped hands and raised eyes doubtless had that effect on several of the Russian maids, who ceased their cries, and turned with one accord to the gilded picture of a saint which marked the east end of the room. "Céleste! Kenneth! Effie! one kiss! it may be our last! And now to the door! If the officer is a gentleman, he will protect us."

Leaning on her grandson's shoulder, she led the way to the front entrance, closely followed by the other terrified females, who seemed to feel her presence as a guard. She stood still on the threshold, her lips moving in silent prayer; Kenneth beside her, almost out of his senses with vexation at his helplessness. Effie clung to her with one hand, and to her mother with the other; and the servants stood close behind, huddled together in one trembling group.

The French were already entering the courtyard, and as soon as the officer who headed them had approached sufficiently near to hear her voice, Lady Christian addressed him, saying that she hoped they might rely upon his protection.

Struck by her appearance and manner, he paused, and the next instant all were amazed by a cry between screaming and laughing, which broke from Madam Lindsay. "Philippe! Philippe Rognier! *C'est bien vous!* Have you forgotten Céleste?"

The officer advanced with a low bow; replying, in a tone of surprise and embarrassment, "Is it possible that I have the happiness of seeing Mademoiselle de Rocheguyon?"

"*C'est bien possible,*" she replied, smiling. "We could have imagined that we should once more meet

in the north? Come into the house, and I will tell you all."

As they entered the house, she informed her mother-in-law, in a whisper, that this was the son of her father's notary — once the playfellow of herself and brother — and now all would be well. Her acquaintance only waited to give some orders to his men, and then followed her to the drawing-room, where she again greeted him with all the delight of an old friend of childhood. Kenneth, standing by Lady Christian, who had sunk exhausted into an arm-chair, scanned the stranger's countenance, and listened to his conversation with considerable anxiety — although, of course, much relieved by finding their immediate safety was secured. He was a tall, soldierly figure; but Kenneth, accustomed to the sight of military men, and perhaps prejudiced by what he heard of his parentage, thought he could detect in his bearing that it was drilling alone that had given him even so much of the air of an officer, and still saw something of the lawyer lurking in his keen grey eye, beneath the thick black eyebrows, which seemed to unite themselves to the close black curled hair, moustache, and whiskers, which almost hid his small face, and contrasted strongly with the very white and rather projecting teeth, shewn every moment in his animated converse with Madame Lindesay.

She, on her side, was eagerly telling her story; and, as it seemed to the indignant Kenneth, rather apologizing than otherwise for her marriage with the Colonel, although she raised her handkerchief to her eyes at the mention of his name. Even Effie seemed to dislike the manner in which she spoke; for, leaving her side, she was coming towards her brother and grandmother,

when her mother called her back. "Here, Euphémie! Philippe, I must present to you my son and daughter."

But Captain Rognier protested utter incredulity that she could have a son and daughter of such an age, and took the opportunity of paying numerous high-flown compliments on her beauty and youthful appearance appealing to his immediate recognition of her, and declaring that she was not a day older than when he had last seen her. This flattering surprise was, in fact, so far genuine, that it was no wonder he acted it with great effect. Madame Lindesay had always been a very pretty, elegant woman; the climate, and the comparatively quiet life which she had been obliged to lead at Moscow, had prevented her from fading as early as would have been the case at Paris: she was scarcely two-and-thirty; and to a Frenchman, who knew her real age, and would have expected to see her much changed, her bloom and freshness might well be wonderful. Kenneth listened with a smile, partly amused and partly disdainful; and looked at his grandmother to see what impression these fine speeches made upon her but she had her eyes closed, and he thought her almost asleep. He left her, and went to the window, whence he could see the French soldiers dispersed through the village, entering every hut, and bringing out whatever was worth carrying off, especially provisions. He saw no Russians amongst them, and hoped they had had time to fly; but his heart burnt within him at the sight of this shameless plunder, and at the thought that its leader was seated in the room in familiar intercourse with his mother. How he longed for the appearance of one of those bands of Cossacks who, a fortnight ago

had visited them so frequently! and how anxiously he sought for them in the distance! but no much-desired cloud of dust could be discerned through the whole extent of flat country. Nor were the French unprepared; for men were posted on the look-out, and several were drawn together under the command of Captain Rognier's lieutenant.

He turned again to hear what was passing in the room, and was much disturbed to hear his mother readily acceding to a proposition from the French captain, that they should all return with him to Moscow immediately, where he engaged to find them accommodation. He was glad that, immediately after, the Captain was summoned to give some directions, and that he was thus enabled to remonstrate: — "Mamma, are we prisoners? or why should we put ourselves in the power of the enemy?"

"Did you not hear? Captain Rognier said that he should not be enabled to prevent the men from burning and devastating this place."

"A pretty captain he must be," retorted Kenneth, "if he cannot keep his men in order!"

"Silence, Kenneth; you know nothing of the matter."

"This I do know," said Kenneth, "that the man who permits plunder is no true soldier, but should be followed everywhere with contempt! Mother, mother, think what a requital is this of the hospitality of the Count!"

"But what can I do? This is a fine house, and I shall grieve that it should be destroyed, but how can I prevent it?"

"If you have any influence with this man, you might use it," said Kenneth.

Kenneth.

"Ah! poor Philippe! he always had a *cœur sensible*! He was always devoted to me."

"Then, if so, induce him to act for once like an honest man; to spare the château and the village; or at least only carry off such provisions as I suppose he is obliged to fetch; and then you would indeed have done something to prove our gratitude to the Count."

"Ah! but then another party might come to-morrow, and to what would my intercession serve?"

"To clear your own conscience," said Kenneth.

"Besides, I do not think he has the power," said the lady; "those French soldiers are true demons!"

"Then we had certainly better keep aloof from them," said Kenneth. "Mamma, you must see the folly of this scheme of going to Moscow! If he has this *cœur sensible*, let him shew it by sparing the castle, and letting us go in safety to Malitskin; if not, I suppose he will carry us off as prisoners; but otherwise I will never consent to follow him!"

"Your consent! You talk very highly, Monsieur! And pray who asked your consent?"

"I am not a mere child, mother, and am old enough to see the madness of this scheme. Besides, grand-mamma has the chief right to be consulted!"

His loud tones had roused Lady Christian from the species of doze into which she had fallen, and she was now sitting up in her chair, but her eyes looked dim; and though she said, "Too loud, my dear bairn," she seemed but half-conscious of the cause of the dispute. When eagerly appealed to, she passed her hand across her forehead, saying, faintly, "Yes — yes — do what you think best," and sank back again.

If Kenneth had been more experienced, and less eager, or his mother less absorbed in her newly-found acquaintance, they might have seen serious cause for alarm in her condition; but, at the moment, the one only triumphed in her consent, the other was disappointed at the failure of his hopes of her opposition. The trampling of feet was now heard in different parts of the house; and fears that the soldiers might break into the room, in the absence of their captain, began to occupy Madame Lindesay and Effie, who grew pale at each approaching tread. Kenneth went to the door, locked it, and stood by it as a guard; listening to the loud rough voices of the men, and thundering noises of overthrown furniture in the neighbouring rooms. Once the lock of the door was violently shaken; and, on its resistance, a tremendous kick was given to the panels, which was answered by a fearful shriek from the ladies; but Kenneth, calling out that they were under the protection of Captain Rognier, the attack was discontinued, and the man went off grumbling. Even Kenneth felt it a relief to hear the clatter of the Captain's spurs and sabre, and his voice calling out to them to open the door. He came in with a bottle of wine, and followed by another officer and a soldier, each carrying some food. "Ha!" said he, "your Count keeps a good cellar! and I have brought a sample both for my own sake and yours, since you will need a little refreshment before starting on the journey. You must take it for once in campaigning fashion; for my fellows have made free with the Count's establishment downstairs!"

Madame Lindesay's hysterical laugh had more of fear than mirth; and though some of the wine, drunk

from a china cup, in some degree restored her spirits, she never took sufficient courage to plead for the preservation of the Count's mansion. The meal was a very hasty one; for it was unsafe for any French detachment to be beyond the walls of Moscow after dark, on account of the Cossacks; and Captain Rognier, in spite of the excellent wine, was resolved to hasten his departure; and soon quitted the table, where his mirth had, in Kenneth's eyes, rendered him doubly offensive.

By this time every room in the château had been rifled, all that was valuable thrown into carts, and the rest heaped in confusion on the floors, the cattle collected from the fields, and a carriage, with four of the Count's best horses, brought to the door. The Captain summoned them to depart; and when Madame Lindesay, looking round, complained that she had neither bonnet nor shawl, he strode into one of the dismantled bedrooms, seized upon a heap of drapery which lay there in confusion, and carried it in; when, fortunately, it was found to consist of cloaks and shawls sufficient for all the ladies.

Paulowna, who had all this time been lying prostrate in a corner of the room, before the picture of the saint already mentioned, where she had been completely forgotten, now came forward, trembling from head to foot, and with scarcely strength to move. When their intentions had been explained to her in her own language, she declared herself resolved to follow her mistress, and share her fate. Lady Christian, still like one only half-conscious, rose from her seat at the summons of her daughter-in-law, and, supported by her grandson and Paulowna, followed her to the door.

Captain Rognier handed Madame Lindesay into the carriage, and they slowly drove from the door to the outside of the court, where he again left them, ordering the driver to halt till he should return. Close beneath the wall as they were, they could see nothing; and only heard the calls of the soldiers, the moving of the carts, and, after a considerable interval, the word of command, as if the troop were being again collected.

The Captain rode up, and ordered the driver to make all speed; and, as they proceeded at a rapid pace, Kenneth, leaning from the window to give one farewell look at the friendly château where they had been so hospitably sheltered, was filled with horror and indignation on perceiving that its outlines were obscured by a thick cloud of smoke, in the midst of which he could see the red glow of flame within the windows. Effie gave one terrified exclamation of, "O, mamma, the château is on fire!" and stood at the window looking with widely-opened eyes at the building, which a level country and winding road enabled her, for a long time, to keep in view; until, at length, a volume of thick white smoke, succeeded by a redoubled burst of flames, announced that the roof had fallen in. Then, resuming her seat, she began to speculate on the fate of the fugitive servants; and wonder what Count Schaffouski would do or say, when he returned, to find his dwelling in ruins.

Madame Lindesay was much alarmed by the very rapid rate at which they were proceeding; but the Captain assured her that there was not the least danger, and that this haste was necessary, in order to arrive at Moscow before night-fall; and she was so

much pleased with his attention as to be easily tranquillized.

He was, as she had said, the son of the notary of her father, the Vicomte de Rocheguyon; and had sometimes been permitted to join in the dances, private theatricals, and other diversions of Monseigneur's children. As an old friend, he had much to communicate which she was very anxious to hear, and whenever the speed of the horses was somewhat relaxed, he was at the carriage window, replying to her enquiries into the fate of her former friends and acquaintance.

At length, after passing several villages deserted and half-destroyed, just at sunset, they entered the streets of Moscow, now only traced by heaps of ashes, or by a few shells of houses, blackened with smoke, and tottering to their fall. The dark and massive walls of the ancient fortress of the Kremlin stood conspicuous in the midst, as well as a few of the palaces of the nobles, placed apart in the midst of gardens, and some of the churches, which, being built of less combustible materials, remained standing, but scathed with smoke, and profaned by the French soldiery, by whom they were employed as barracks and stables. Beams, architraves of doors, and heaps of ruins, obstructed the streets; while here and there were seen the half-consumed bodies of unhappy inhabitants who had perished with their homes; or of French soldiers, who, heedless of danger, had sought for plunder in the burning houses. They had not driven far in this scene of desolation before they were obliged to turn aside, in order to make way for a party of horsemen, among whom, as they rode gaily past, Madame Lindesay remarked a man of handsome figure, whose uniform glittered with

gold, and whose snow-white plume waved proudly in the setting sun.

"That can be no other than one of the old *noblesse*," she observed.

"There you are quite mistaken," rejoined her escort. "You will soon be obliged to give up your aristocratic prejudices. That is the King of Naples, Murat, the *héros à mille panaches*."

"*Vraiment, il est fait à peindre*," cried Madame Lindsay; "I have no doubt that he dances like an angel."

"Ah!" said the Frenchman, laughing, "how can you have existed so long here? But it is not true! You have not been living these years! You are as young as when you graced the Hotel de Rocheguyon."

"How can you speak to me in that manner; to me, a poor desolate widow?"

At this moment they passed another party of officers; to one of whom Captain Rognier made his military salute with so much respect, that Kenneth's attention was roused sufficiently to remark a tall, stout man, with keen, dark flashing eyes; while his mother observed, "That is then another of your great men?"

"The commander of my own corps, *le brave des braves, le lion rouge*," replied the Captain, eagerly.

"*Le lion rouge!*" repeated Mrs. Lindsay.

"Yes, from the colour of his hair. He is now nearly bald; but what hair he has is bright red. When our cannon are heard approaching to assist our comrades, they cry out, '*Courage, le lion rouge grogne, tout ira bien.*'"

"In short, what is his name?"

"*Comment!* do you not know who is *le brave des*

braves?" exclaimed Captain Rognier. "Have you not heard of Ney, Marshal Duke of Elchingen, whom the Emperor has just created Prince de la Moskowa?"

The title fell painfully on Kenneth's ear, for it was given in commemoration of the battle in which his father had fallen.

Before seeking shelter elsewhere, Madame Lindesay wished to ascertain the condition of their own house; but it was with considerable difficulty that they could distinguish one street from another; and it was not till the evening twilight was fast fading, that they found themselves at their own door. It was an unlooked-for satisfaction that the house was still standing, untouched by the flames, and even by the plunderers; the front door locked, and all in the same condition as when they left it.

Madame Lindesay alighted, exclaiming at her wonderful good fortune, and calling on Lady Christian to follow her example; but she received no reply; and Effie, who was still in the carriage, taking her grandmother's hand, immediately gave a terrified cry of, "She does not move! she is not asleep! Grandmamma, dear grandmamma!"

Kenneth sprang to her side, and found in truth that she was motionless and insensible! Pale, silent, and breathless, he nevertheless had strength to lift her from the carriage, with Paulowna's assistance, and, together, they carried her into the house; rejecting, with a kind of loathing, the offered aid of the Frenchman. When placed on a bed, which had fortunately been left undisturbed, they perceived that she still breathed; but her face was distorted; nor could any of their efforts restore her to consciousness.

The offer of Captain Rognier to procure a surgeon was eagerly caught at as a ray of hope; and he took his departure, leaving two soldiers in the kitchen for their protection.

It was a wretched evening that they passed in their desolate house, seated round the bed of the sufferer, in the dismantled room, lighted by one small candle, the feeble light of which only made the darkness, if possible, still more dreary to the eye. Madame Lindesay was so much afraid of that chamber of death, that she tried to induce Kenneth to come to the sitting-room with her, leaving Lady Christian to the care of Paulowna; but the boy would not leave his grandmother; and she, being still more afraid of solitude, sat in an arm-chair near the foot of the bed; her trembling, sobbing daughter leaning against her, and clasped in her arms, pitying herself, and lamenting their situation; until, at length, sleep overpowered them both.

Kenneth, in silent, but not the less agonizing, suspense, stood leaning against the bed-post, watching, with fixed eyes, the motionless figure, and counting the slow, heavy moments as they rolled by; often and often horrified by the fancy that the unequal breathings, the only token of life, had ceased; and then, when assured that they still continued, feeling almost restored to hope and joy. But it is impossible to dwell on the misery of his watch during those slow and painful hours, in which he felt all the wretchedness of seeing the moments pass away in which something might yet be done to save that most beloved and precious life; and his whole soul, as it were, was concentrated in one unformed prayer.

It seemed far on in the night, when at last Captain Rognier returned, bringing with him a surgeon; and, for a moment, in the relief of seeing his arrival, Kenneth felt as if all might yet be well. But the surgeon could only tell — what they already supposed — that agitation and exhaustion had brought on an attack of paralysis. His attempts to restore her were unavailing, and he soon pronounced her state hopeless; saying, that there was little probability even of a return to consciousness.

He departed with Rognier, and the house was again left to its inhabitants. Paulowna made some hasty arrangements for the accommodation of Madame Lindesay and her little girl, but only a few snatches of broken sleep visited Kenneth's eyes, as he sat in the arm-chair, and he instantly started from even such short forgetfulness, in terror, lest the last moment should have come without the farewell and blessing for which he earnestly longed, and yet could not pray for, when he recollected the anxiety which full consciousness of their situation must occasion to her who loved them all so fondly.

He was too utterly wretched even to be weary of the long night, or to feel it any relief when the pale blue light of morning gleamed upon those thin, ghastly features. It rather irritated him to hear the voices of his mother and Effie rousing him from his own mournful thoughts, and breaking the stillness of the house. He was, in great measure, left alone that day; for Paulowna, though miserable every moment that she was not at her mistress's side, was often obliged to busy herself in the service of Madame Lindesay and Effie: Madame Lindesay had too much regard to her

nerves to enter the sick room, and sat below stairs listening to the consolations of her countryman; and Effie, though to gratify Kenneth she spent some short intervals with him, feeling oppressed by the stillness of the room, shrank with childish awe from the changed and senseless form on the bed, and breathed more freely in the company of her mother.

So passed the day; and the evening had long since closed in, when Kenneth, who sat alone in the dark, while Paulowna was gone to provide supper for the party down stairs, thought he heard a few louder and deeper gaspings for breath, and then missed their repetition. He held his own, listening in a sort of agony, — there was none; — heard his own long sigh, with a moment's fleeting hope, — then rushed to the head of the stairs, and shouted for Paulowna. She came. At first his hopes were revived when her candle shewed his grandmother's face unchanged; but the next instant Paulowna herself leant over her, looked, listened, gave a fearful shriek, and fell upon her knees, weeping aloud.

Her cry summoned Madame Lindesay, under the protection of Captain Rognier, and they found that, in truth, all was over; — the faithful servant weeping, wailing, and praying aloud; and Kenneth kneeling by the bed-side, holding the lifeless hand, without the power, as it seemed, of speaking or of shedding a tear, and scarcely of knowing what was passing around him.

At last, yielding to a few kind words from his mother, he allowed himself to be led away; but soon willingly escaped from hearing her talk, by seeking his own room; where, worn out with watching, and heavy with grief, he soon lost the consciousness of

sorrow, and slept soundly to a late hour on the following morning.

Paulowna was the first person whom he met, as he quitted his room the next morning; and, seeing his steps directed to the apartment where last night he had left the object of his grief, she exclaimed, with a burst of tears, "You will not find her! Alas! you will not find her!"

"How! Who has dared —?"

"Ah! that French captain! Woe to the time when he came near our house! He has first been the death of my poor lady, and now he has had her buried beneath the demons of French soldiers! — she who was a saint upon earth!"

"And where?" was all that Kenneth could say.

"Under the linden-tree! They came this morning before it was light; and they have buried her without a prayer or a blessing! O my poor lady!"

And Paulowna sank down on the lowest step of the stairs, and burst into a flood of tears, while her young master used his best efforts to console her; and, if he did not do her much good, his attempts at least served to lessen, in some degree, the heavy load on his own spirits. He felt much happier when he had led his sister down to the linden-tree, and, kneeling beside the low mound which marked the hastily-made grave, read aloud the Burial Service, with many a thought of her who slept beneath their feet, and of his comrades who lay far away among the heaps of slain on the hills of Borodino.

CHAPTER V.

"One little month."

HAMLET.

WITH the beginning of October came some satisfaction to Kenneth, in the intelligence that Moscow was considered no longer tenable by the enemy, and that they were in a few days to march for Smolensko. If he had had no other reason for rejoicing in their departure, it would have been enough for him that the daily visits of Captain Rognier would thus be brought to a conclusion, for nothing gave him greater annoyance than the constant presence of the Frenchman, and the pleasure which his mother shewed in the attentions which reminded her of gaieties long since gone by. The affection which, after the two great losses he had already sustained, her son was beginning to concentrate on her, seemed to render her levity and frivolity even more painful and repugnant to his feelings, — and the entrance of the Captain was almost always a signal for his departure. He spent hours in walking up and down the dreary autumnal garden, crumbling the decaying leaves in his hands, dwelling on the many scenes of quiet pleasure which had there passed, listening to the mingled sounds which reached him from the town, and often looking up at one old friend of his childhood which had survived the general ruin, the gilt cross, namely, on the summit of the dome of St. Iwan's Church, still towering high and bright in the sunbeams above the black ruins around. Great was his indignation when he learnt that it was destined to form one of the trophies of the invading army, and beheld it surrounded with workmen, who

were sawing it from its base; and many an hour did he stand watching their proceedings, and rejoicing with all his heart whenever he saw any hope that their attempts would be baffled.

One day, while he was sauntering along a walk in the garden, with his eyes fixed on the cross, he heard his sister calling to him in a joyous tone; and in a few moments she ran up to him, displaying with exultation a handsome gold bracelet set with pearls.

"Ha!" said he, taking it in his hand, "Very pretty, Effie; but what is this inscription?" added he, reading the name of a noble family who had left Moscow on the approach of the enemy. "Where did you get this?" he asked, in a stern voice.

"It was a present from Captain Rognier."

He started back; then, with the whole force of his arm, threw the jewel over the garden-wall. "From Captain Rognier!" he repeated. "How could you touch it, Effie? it is plunder!"

Poor Effie could not refrain from tears at the unexpected fate of her treasure. "Oh, Kenneth, what have you done? It was so beautiful! And what shall I say to mamma and Captain Rognier?"

"You cannot wish to keep stolen goods; to divide the spoil with the enemy. I am ashamed to think that you have even touched it. Surely you are not crying for that trumpery —"

"Do not be angry, dear Kenneth."

"I am not angry with you. Look there!" and he pointed to St. Iwan's dome. "You would not be partaker with such people?"

"But mamma —"

"I will speak to her. She cannot think it right for you to receive presents from this Rognier."

"Stop, stop, Kenneth, you do not know all. Mamma charged me to tell you, but — but I don't know how."

"What? Let me hear it this instant —"

"She is gone — Oh, Kenneth, don't be angry!" So saying, Effie put her arms round his neck, and whispered in his ear, "She is gone to be married to Captain Rognier!"

He stood thunderstruck; and she, encouraged by there being no immediate burst of violence, proceeded, as fast as she could, with the explanations with which she had been primed. "I only knew it an hour ago. Mamma says she knows it will appear very strange, and she is sorry it was necessary to be so precipitate; but, in our destitute condition, she thought it best to sacrifice her feelings, and obtain for us such a protector. And, indeed, Kenneth, he is very kind to me, and he says he hopes to know you better, for you have *de quoi faire* a very brave soldier. So we are all to go and live at Paris; and Captain Rognier says he can recover for mamma the fine estate that belonged to our poor uncle, who was guillotined; and then, Kenneth, you will be Vicomte de Rocheguyon."

"You say it is done," muttered Kenneth, in a hoarse voice.

"He came to fetch her with two other officers; and they are gone together," said Effie, timidly. "Ah! mamma said you would be vexed that she had not consulted you; but her nerves are so shaken by our misfortunes, that she could not bear a scene and a discussion, and she desired me to tell you that it is

unavoidable; for she has no money, and we should be starved if we were to remain here after the French are gone."

Kenneth could hardly be said to hear the greater part of what his sister said. He stood stunned and confounded by the shock. "Married!" he gasped out. "My mother! and to Rognier!" Then, locking his hands together, he groaned out, "Oh! my father!"

Effie stood watching him anxiously, only in part comprehending his feelings; and more alarmed by his silent despair than she would have been by the angry expressions she expected. At last, after a minute's silence, he suddenly broke forth, exclaiming, "Then I am gone! You may tell her that she has seen the last of me! I am going to our own army, where — where *his* name is not forgotten."

"O Kenneth, you are not in earnest."

"I am, I tell you I am, Effie; I cannot see her again, or that — that Frenchman in *his* place! No, I am gone. One good-bye from you, Effie."

She threw herself into his arms, weeping bitterly, and imploring him, in broken sentences, not to leave her; holding him fast all the time, as if she expected him each moment to rush away. "O Kenneth, my own Kenneth! O don't go! O do not say such dreadful things! They are all gone, and you — O stay, stay with me! O promise me you will not go! O do not leave your own poor little Effie."

He could not feel it an easy task to break from the loving arms entwined so closely round him, to take a last look at that sweet face, to leave her for ever, and in such distress! No, it could never be! he could never, never part with that dear little sister, that only

one, the last thing left him to love! He clasped her in his arms: "Don't cry, Effie, don't cry so sadly, nothing shall part us."

"Promise me! O promise me!"

"I promise; I will never leave you. No, never. I *could not*."

"O, there is my own dearest brother! And you will stay with us?"

"With you always. But Rognier!" He was silent; then, starting, exclaimed, "You shall come with me."

"Where?" asked Effie, trembling, and looking round with a frightened glance; and Kenneth recollected the perils of an escape, the difficulty of passing the French outposts, and then the bleak forests, the cold nights, the rude soldiers, the wild Cossacks. In his present mood, all these would have been as nothing to himself; but even his impetuous determination could not disregard them for her; and he answered her question by sighing, "No, it cannot be! It must be borne; but oh! it is hard! Mother, mother, what have you done?"

"Poor Kenneth," said Effie, in her most soothing tone; "but perhaps it may turn out better than you expect."

"It cannot, Effie; it will be worse, a thousand times worse, than I can ever even imagine; I know it will! Such a man as that! And to drag us into the midst of France. O, I wish I had not promised you!"

"But Kenneth, O dear Kenneth, you will keep the promise!"

"I never break one," said Kenneth; "I never will; unless I go distracted, as I almost wish I could. I should not mind what they did to me; but to think of

Kenneth.

my father! What is it that Hamlet says? 'Hyperion to a satyr.'"

Effie, frightened by his vehement and incoherent language, besought him to be composed; and he did, in fact, grow quieter; but only by a change from passionate anger to gloomy silence. He presently sharply bade her not to drive him wild with talking; and even spurned her hand from him; then, as he saw her pained by his rudeness, he allowed her once more to put her arm round him, and they wandered together along the garden walk, without uttering another word. Alas! that there was no drop of comfort in his cup of bitterness, no prayer for grace to endure, no thought of patience; nothing but violent indignation, keen regret, dismal anticipation, — all resulting in a moody temper of contempt for his mother, hatred for Rognier, and stubborn defiance of their will, be it what it might.

At last old Paulowna came out; her apron, as usual, at her eyes. "My poor little ones, Madame is asking for you!"

"What shall I say about the bracelet?" hastily whispered Effie to her brother, in alarm.

"The truth," said Kenneth. "I am glad of it; for it will shew what they may expect."

They met their mother in the hall, wearing the gayest dress her means had afforded, and adorned with various jewels, procured, doubtless, in the same manner as the bracelet. "Ah," said she, as they entered, "here is my son, who is offended at not having been consulted. Confess that you were much surprised."

He could not bear it, and rushed past her to shut himself up in his own room. Effie remained, and was

interrogated on the manner in which he had received the intelligence; and, though anxious to screen him from displeasure, she made it evident that he was more deeply hurt than his mother had expected, if indeed she had formed any reasonable expectations on the subject.

Her naturally weak and frivolous character had been, in some degree, restrained and improved by intercourse with superior minds; but all her former associations had been revived by meeting with her countryman and old acquaintance. He had shewn great skill in recalling her love of Paris, and, at the same time, enhancing her well-grounded alarm at the prospect of being left helpless and destitute in the midst of a foreign country; and she, unsuspecting that the Rocheguyon estate formed her chief attraction, had listened to his flatteries with a willing ear, and thought herself justified, after a widowhood of a month, in giving her hand to a man far below her in birth, and of a character which Kenneth's honest prejudices had led him to regard with scarcely too much dislike.

She was, at first, annoyed and perplexed by Effie's narration; but she soon satisfied herself by saying, "Ah, he always had ideas of his own! But you, my love, you have not changed your dress, as I desired you. The gentlemen will be here immediately to supper. Come to my apartment."

Effie hung back. "Mamma, if you please, I had rather wear this black ribbon. I do not like to seem forgetful of dear grandmamma."

"Ah! you have your fancies, too. Come, Euphémie, this must not be on a wedding-day! You must not afflict me, my little heart, by making me believe that

your grandmamma had more of your love than your poor mamma!"

"O, mamma, I love you with all my heart, but —"

"But," suddenly interrupted her mother, "where is that beautiful bracelet which your papa gave you?"

"My papa!" repeated Effie, amazed for a moment; then, suddenly recollecting herself, she burst into tears, exclaiming, "O, mamma! pardon me! Indeed, I do love you. But I can never, never call M. le Capitaine by that name!"

"Come, my sweet one! we must not have those pretty eyes dull with tears. You shall do nothing to pain that little affectionate heart! It will all come when you know him better. But, again, where is the bracelet?"

"Mamma, I do not wish to wear it."

"*Comment!* you are quite changed."

"Kenneth says it is plunder, mamma."

"Why should he meddle with it? — provoking boy!"

"But, mamma, he shewed me the name on it; and how could I keep it when it belongs to another?"

"Silence, Euphémie! Leave these things to those who understand them better. Where is the jewel?"

"Mamma, do not be displeased."

"Tell me instantly."

"Pray do not be angry, dearest mamma. Kenneth could not bear to see it in my hands, as he said it was plunder, and he threw it over the garden wall —"

"Ha! What are you saying? Threw it away! The most beautiful bracelet I ever beheld; worth at least a hundred louis. Threw it away! The boy must be

frantic! But I will teach him such proceedings are not to be suffered!"

So saying, she hurried up to his room, passion giving her courage to confront him in a manner from which she would otherwise have shrunk. He was sitting listlessly on his bed, and neither moved nor spoke as she entered, and proceeded to overwhelm him with a torrent of reproaches. — We spare our readers this most lamentable scene of Kenneth's life; and will not attempt to relate either her angry expressions, or to dwell upon the storm of passion which they at length awakened. The provocation which he had received was indeed very great, but it could not excuse the failure in the duty and respect which he still owed to her, but which seemed, as it were, swept away in the tide of his resentment, — when all the thoughts which had so long been swelling and boiling in his mind burst forth in one wild tumult; and he even went so far as to defy the utmost anger of her husband, and denounce him as an unprincipled adventurer, who might tear him to pieces before he obtained his submission.

Frightened, at last, by violence exceeding her own, Madame Rognier sank on the bed, weeping, sobbing, and calling herself the most unhappy creature on earth, who had sacrificed herself for her children, and met with nothing but ingratitude. At length Effie came to tell her that the gentlemen were arriving, and she hastened away, leaving Kenneth leaning against the wall in a moody, silent temper.

Nothing would have been a greater satisfaction to Kenneth, in his present frame of mind, than for his mother to have immediately complained to Rognier, and thus brought matters to extremity; and he found

a certain degree of pleasure in preparing the cool and provoking answers with which he intended to assert his superiority, and brave the utmost anger of the Frenchman. All, however, continued silent; no one sought his room; and, excepting for certain sounds of mirth, which now and then rose to his ears from the lower apartments, he might have imagined the house deserted. Darkness closed in upon him in his solitary apartment, and several hours must have passed away before any one attempted to approach him; but at length his sister's soft little voice was heard outside the door, begging to be admitted. She came, followed by Paulowna, who brought him some supper, and entreated him to eat; but Kenneth only held his hands over his face, and turned away with a long-drawn sigh. Effie sat down by him, and tried to comfort him; but she did not take the right means when she told him of the loud, boisterous merriment of the Captain and his companions, which had frightened her, and, she thought, had also frightened her mamma.

Kenneth was too proud to ask whether the bracelet had been mentioned; but Effie, of her own accord, told him that her mother had said nothing about it. In fact, Madame Rognier, when her first passion had passed away, was unwilling to begin by exciting her husband's anger against her son; and, perhaps, had reason to think that some of his displeasure might fall to her share; at any rate, she acted as she had done many a time before, and took credit to herself for her good-nature in concealing things which went wrong.

Kenneth, therefore, heard no more of the matter. He spent a long night in strange dreams and painful recollections; and, rising before it was light, hurried

down to cool his burning cheeks and aching brow in the fresh morning air. He thought of going to his grandmother's grave; but there was something too rebellious and turbulent in his mind to allow him to feel comfort beside her place of peaceful repose. It only recalled to his remembrance her calm face of rebuke, and his father's reproofs and warnings; and, in his present frame, the repentance which they would have counselled appeared like an insult to their memory.

He therefore only paced up and down the path where Effie had first brought him the tidings, with steps slow or hasty, according to the varied feelings which came over him. At last his sister came out, and persuaded him to return to the house, by telling him that Captain Rognier had gone out, and his mother was asking for him.

Kenneth was a little softened by hearing that she had expressed some anxiety for him, on hearing how long he had been out alone in the frosty autumnal morning; but his better feelings towards her were speedily driven away by the sight of her present occupation. She was engaged in superintending Paulowna and a soldier-servant of the Captain's in packing up a quantity of plate, jewels, and other valuables, among which he recognised great part of the spoil of Kelminko. He did exercise some forbearance in not breaking out into reproaches, but it seemed to him an effort completely beyond his power to make the slightest apology for the manner in which he had parted with her the evening before, and returning short and abrupt answers to her enquiries, he went with Effie to help her in making their own preparations for their journey, by collecting all those articles which, in

their eyes, were most precious, as having belonged to their father and grandmother.

They found that the gold-clasped pocket-book, the few jewels which Lady Christian had retained, and every thing else of any intrinsic value, was already in the possession of their mother and her husband, except her Bible and Prayer-book, her curious old etui-case, and the miniatures of her two sons, which were lying in a corner of her room in the midst of a heap of rubbish, thrown there, apparently, in the course of the researches which the Captain had evidently been making.

"Mamma will take them, if I ask her," said Effie.

"I will not have it done," said Kenneth. "Here, Effie, is a ribbon, — hang this picture round your neck; only keep it out of their sight; then put this case in your pocket; and I have room enough for the rest in my fur pelisse, without burthening them with it, or defiling it with their plunder."

"Hark!" said Effie, starting at the sound of steps and of wheels: "What is all that passing in the street? O, Kenneth, look!"

He went to the window, and exclaimed, "It is the French beginning their march! Moscow will be free!"

"But see, Kenneth, can those be soldiers? Not half of them are even in uniform! See, there is one in a Bashkir cap; and, oh! look! look! that one is rolled up in a window-curtain! And there is one driving a wheelbarrow! And what shouts and cries!" she added, retreating from the window in alarm, and taking her brother's hand: "They are more like robbers than soldiers!"

"They are," said Kenneth. "Shame! Shame!"

cried he, the next moment, stamping with his feet; "there is a wretch driving two poor Russians with huge loads on their backs; he is pricking them on with his bayonet. Oh! they are overloaded; they will sink down! O, if I could but —"

Here he lost sight of them, and ended with a deep sigh; while Effie burst into tears at the very description.

"What is the meaning of it?" she asked: "Are these cruel men really French soldiers?"

"Don't you remember Count Schaffouski saying that the ruin of Moscow would be the destruction of the enemy? Now you see the disorganization it has produced. A fine condition you will be in, Messieurs, for meeting General Kutusoff! I suspect the Cossacks will soon make you leave some of your wheelbarrows behind you!" said he, with a triumphant smile.

"O, Kenneth! but what will become of us?"

"I don't care," replied he. "We may be taken by the Russians; but no! nothing so good can happen to us! But don't look frightened, Effie; I will stand by you, come what may. Do you know whether they mean to take Paulowna?"

"No, poor Paulowna is to be left behind."

"The better for her! Well, if I can bring myself to write, I will give her a letter for the Count, to beg him to take care of her; and another for him to forward to my uncle. But how can I tell my uncle all? Hark! What was that? Ah! here is a regiment which has something more of order."

"O, come away, Kenneth; I cannot bear the sight any longer."

Though the house was not at one of the principal entrances of the city, the living stream did not cease

to flow past it throughout that day and the next, and again and again were Kenneth's compassion, resentment, and contempt excited by the scenes which passed before his eyes, in the never-ending procession of the plunderers and their victims.

CHAPTER VI

"Let them sleep to-night
In winter's lap, beneath the ragged tent
Of a December sky. When morning breaks,
You'll see them lying upon yon hill-side
As dead and sapless as the last month's leaves."

PHILIP VAN ARTEVELDE.

CAPTAIN ROGNIER's regiment formed part of the rear-guard, commanded by Marshal Ney; and it was therefore very late before the time came for his family to leave Moscow. Madame Rognier had even begun to fear that they should be left behind; and his replies to her petulant questions were in a style which made her begin to doubt of her dear Philippe's "*cœur sensible*."

At length the time came. Kenneth committed his two letters to the care of Paulowna; and, together with Effie, took a sorrowful and affectionate leave of her; whilst she wept over them, as if her heart would break; commending them to the care of all the saints, and promising that she would never cease to pray for them.

The impatient call of Captain Rognier cut short their farewell; and Kenneth and Effie hurried to the door, where stood their mother, wrapped in rich furs, and just about to step into a handsome, roomy carriage, drawn by two of the best horses of the Kel-

minko stables, and driven by an unfortunate long-bearded Russian, whom Rognier had forced into his service. Close behind was a waggon loaded with the booty, and with a good store of provisions, which he had contrived to secure, in spite of the famine that every where accompanied the Grand Army. His regiment was in advance of them, and his horse stood at the door awaiting him; he hurried them into the carriage; the door was shut; and Kenneth and Effie left the home of their childhood.

They were soon beyond the walls of Moscow, in a gently-undulating plain, once full of the country houses of the nobility, but now presenting a melancholy scene of devastation. The whole of the way might be tracked by the plunder thrown aside by the fugitives; heaps of the most precious articles lay on every side disregarded; and soon, these were mingled with the bodies of men and of horses, which had perished either in combat, from hunger, or from the bitter frost which had already set in. Every village through which they passed had been set on fire by the foremost troops, who thought only of revenging their own sufferings, reckless of the doubled misery they thus inflicted on those in the rear, by depriving them of shelter.

They halted, at night, among the still smoking ruins of one of these villages; Madame Rognier lamenting herself, and wishing she had never left Moscow; and her husband sharply silencing her, by saying, "You have taken your part, Madame, and must submit with a good grace."

They slept in the carriage; but long before dawn were awakened by the distant thunder of artillery, which caused Madame Rognier to start up with a

scream, insisting on instantly continuing their journey. This could not be; nor in fact was there any present danger, as the Captain assured her; but nothing could tranquillise her, and, continuing her lamentations, she so roused his anger that he used harsh and violent words, and left her weeping.

Such was the history of most of their mornings, noons, and evenings, during those early days of the retreat; scenes of misery and horror without, terrors and discomforts within, and constantly increasing ill-temper on the part of Captain Rognier, whose approach began to be dreaded by his wife and Effie almost as much as it was abhorred by Kenneth.

Kenneth's own feelings were undergoing a modification. He regarded his mother with more of pity, and less of resentment; he grew willing to assist and oblige her; he strove to reassure and comfort her when alarmed; and, though he often shewed impatience and contempt of her causeless terrors, she began to feel that he was her best friend. Sometimes, when evening darkness shrouded from their sight the fearful objects which they were continually obliged to look at, Madame Rognier's spirits would rise at the thoughts of *la belle France*; and she would expatiate on the delights of the drawing-rooms of Paris, the sensation that Effie would produce there, and the magnificent *établissement* she would obtain. Kenneth sometimes tried not to hear her; and when he could not bear it any longer, he contradicted, or gave utterance to expressions which he would have given worlds to recall, when it was too late.

No matters stood when they reached the field of battle of Borodino, which still presented the frightful

spectacle of thousands of unburied corpses lying thick on the ground. Effie and her mother threw themselves back in the carriage, shuddering with horror; they closed their eyes; but Kenneth, leaning his head against the window, gazed with shortening breath and throbbing heart at the hill, where he could just discern the outline of the great redoubt. He was soon conveyed beyond the view of it; but a whole flood of recollection had rushed upon him: he seemed to see and hear the looks and tones of his father, as vividly as if in his presence; and then came upon him that parting warning, the charge in the letter, — the last written by the hand that lay mouldering on those blood-stained heights. That letter lay folded close to his heart; but where was his attention to its warnings? Could he justly blame others for being unmindful of his father, when he himself was regardless of those last injunctions? Yes, he had been provoked; his feelings had been insulted; but had his father made any exception? had he any right to live in sullen defiance of his mother?

The tears of a softened heart rose to his eyes; and he was trying to control the quivering of his voice sufficiently to entreat his mother's forgiveness, when his ears were struck by the harsh tones of her husband, loudly vituperating the driver for having mistaken some of his directions.

Kenneth, who necessarily acted as interpreter between the Frenchman and his unhappy captive, let down the glass to explain; but he only brought upon himself a large share of the torrent of abuse, beneath which his cheek flushed, and his eye glanced with indignation, though he made no answer. Captain Rog-

nier called upon him to interpret his renewed orders and his violent threats; he obeyed as far as respected the first, but on the latter he was silent; as, indeed, he would have been very sorry to repeat half the Captain's words.

"Have you told him all?" demanded the Captain.

"All that was necessary."

"Have you told him what I said?" furiously repeated the Frenchman.

"All that was fit for a gentleman to repeat."

The Captain's rage was great. He abused and threatened Kenneth with the utmost violence, and again required him to tell the Russian all he had said.

"Never," replied Kenneth.

Again the Captain stormed at him; but some other officers coming up, and the necessity of proceeding, at length put a stop to the altercation, and they moved on as before.

"O my son!" cried Madame Rognier, who had all through this scene been mingling her screams and entreaties with her husband's noisy violence: "how could you provoke him? O what will become of us now? O it is a tiger! it is a monster! And now he is in a rage, he will visit it all on me. And if you would not translate his *vilaines paroles*, how foolish to tell him so! he would never have known what you said in Russian!"

Kenneth had begun to perceive that it was useless to argue such points with his mother; but the disdain with which he regarded her remonstrances was quite enough to drive away, for the present, all thoughts of making his submission to her. It was his first personal collision with Captain Rognier; and if he was not

sorry to find himself in open opposition to him, the Captain, on the other hand, was amazed at the firmness he had found in the boy, whom, in his silent mood, he disregarded, thinking that he was spiritless and tame; but who he now began to perceive might be a considerable obstacle to his designs on the Vicomté de Rocheguyon.

Since the time when they had first quitted Moscow, the sky had been perfectly clear, and the earth bound by an iron frost; but on the 6th of November, heavy, misty clouds began to gather in the north, and the wind howled mournfully in the crackling boughs of the pine and birch woods, through which their journey lay. Soon, the gusts brought with them large floating, feather-like flakes, which grew smaller and thicker, till at length the snow spread its spotless veil over the miseries which it steadily increased.

Men and horses struggled in vain against the sweeping blast; bearing the drifting storm of sharp, icy particles; while the deepening snow made each step more painful and exhausting than the last. They gave way, sank down, and in a few moments more were completely buried beneath the thickening flakes. Awful indeed was the strength of winter; the more so, from the silence, the minuteness, the multitude of the weapons of destruction, which, in their dazzling purity, seemed well fitted to be the instruments of His power, who cattereth the ice like morsels.

Days passed on, and that silent storm continued to fulfil its work, overwhelming hundreds of the invading host. But still our party continued their journey; slowly, indeed, and with great difficulty, but, owing perhaps to the skill of the Russian driver, without

disaster; until, at about half a day's march from Smolensko, the Captain discovered that the waggon of treasure was missing. He fell, as usual, on the poor Russian driver, beat him furiously for having lost sight of it, and was much inclined to treat Kenneth in the same manner, for taking his part. Perhaps he was the more provoked by a certain look of satisfaction in the eye of the boy, who felt quite relieved and refreshed by the riddance of this mass of ill-gotten wealth.

The provisions, which the waggon had also contained, were nearly exhausted; and the loss of what remained did not occasion much regret at the moment, as they expected to find ample stores at Smolensko, and to remain there for the rest of the winter.

But what was their consternation on their arrival, to see but a repetition of the desolation they had left at Moscow! The houses, for the most part, in ruins; scarcely shelter for one night to be anywhere procured. Captain Rognier, however, by some means or other, gained possession of a wretched-looking, unfurnished room, where he placed his wife and her children; bidding Kenneth do his best to barricade the door until his return from an expedition to procure some food, and learn the news.

He returned in no amiable mood. The magazines had been pillaged, and he had been obliged to part with an exorbitant sum to obtain even a loaf of bread: as to lodgings, they were but too happy in obtaining this miserable den.

The Emperor had departed for Wilna with his guard, and the other divisions were to proceed on the following days, under the command of Eugène Beauharnais,

Davoust, and Ney; the last of whom was to collect the stragglers, and bring up the rear.

To add to his vexation, his poor exhausted horse was just expiring; and he strode up and down the room, uttering imprecations on the Emperor, the Russians, the weather, and the whole expedition, which had involved them in such disasters.

Madame Rognier and Effie sat cowering together, and trembling, without venturing to utter a word; and Kenneth stood, leaning against the wall, looking with silent scorn at Rognier, who, at last wearied with his own violence, looked round, and perceiving the heap of cloaks and cushions which had been brought in from the carriage, to serve for their accommodation at night, threw himself down in the midst, appropriating the whole, and leaving the others to gain what rest they could on the bare boards, around the nearly exhausted fire in the stove; and such was the fear he had inspired, that his wife, lately accustomed to fret over the disappointment of her most trivial fancies, did not venture to make the slightest remonstrance, nor even to breathe forth complaint or lamentation, until convinced that he was too sound asleep to hear her; and then it was in a low, moaning voice that she bewailed the day when she left Moscow, and put herself into the hands of "*un tel barbare.*"

CHAPTER VII.

"Distracted, spiritless, benumbed, and blind,
Whole legions sink, — and in one instant find
Burial and death: look for them, — and desery,
When morn returns, beneath the clear blue sky,
A soundless waste, a trackless vacancy!"

WORDSWORTH.

It was on the morning of the 17th of November that they quitted Smolensko; Captain Rognier traveling in the carriage with the rest of the party. The few remaining buildings of the town were already in flames; and the churches, which had served as barracks, falling one by one, with a tremulous crash, as the mines underneath them exploded; and in the intervals of these nearer reports could be heard the canon of the pursuers.

The snow lay deep on the ground, and a slight thaw, which had that morning commenced, increased the difficulty of their progress. The horses had hitherto done their work bravely; but they had, like their owners, suffered from the famine of Smolensko, and proceeded so slowly, that Captain Rognier's impatience was again excited, and he began, as usual, to abuse and threaten the driver. This Kenneth never could bear, and he began to represent that it was by no means the fault of the poor man, who was doing the best he could.

"And pray who calls on you to think for yourself?" exclaimed the Captain. "What business have you to defend these villains of Russians, when it is my pleasure to punish them for their laziness?"

"Because I will not see an innocent man ill-treated."

"Will not!" — and the Captain laughed.

"Remember, Monsieur le Capitaine," proceeded Ken-

neth, eagerly, "that you cannot blame the poor man for the horses being weaker and the load heavier."

"The load heavier? Yes; and do you know how I will lighten it? I will leave you, young impertinent, to proceed as you please, and find fault with me at your leisure!"

Probably this was not intended at the moment as more than a threat, but the next it became a resolve, as Kenneth's steady answer, "You will do as you please," added to his rage; and a moment's thought shewed him how much their chance of safety would be increased by the absence of one member of the party, and that one whom he daily regarded with increasing aversion and jealousy.

"Then away with you this instant, Sir!" he exclaimed.

Madame Rognier and Effie shrieked with horror; but, fiercely exclaiming, "No screams! no scene!" he continued, "You think I am not in earnest, but you will soon see whether I am jesting. I leave the boy this moment, unless, Madame," he added, with a harsh laugh, "you prefer remaining here yourself."

"O my son! O Philippe! you cannot be so cruel!"

His reply was to dash open the door, saying, "There, Madame, make your choice; if you wish to see Paris, here he remains."

"O my son! my son! — but Paris! How can I bear not to see Paris! O Philippe, do not abandon me!" cried she.

Little Effie had thrown herself upon her brother, and, with her arms clasped tightly round him, added her broken and terrified entreaties; but Captain Rognier, snatching her from him, threw her back on the

seat of the carriage; and, maddened, as it seemed, with passion, although Kenneth sat mute with amazement and offered not the slightest resistance, he struck him violently on the head with the butt-end of his pistol and hurled him violently to the ground, stunned and motionless.

Effie, scarcely knowing what she was doing, struggled to escape from the carriage, and sprang to her brother's side; crying, "Stop! Monsieur le Capitaine! Stop! Kenneth — Mamma! he is hurt! he is killed!"

"Come here, foolish child, or I shall leave you! come this instant!" called the Captain; but Effie neither heeded his summons nor her mother's cries; she scarcely even heard them, as, in an agony of terror for her brother, she implored him to look up and speak to her. The Russian was just coming to the aid of his generous champion, when the Captain, by threatening him with his pistol, forced him to resume the reins and drive on; while he himself held his wife with an iron grasp, and strove to stifle her shrieks. In another moment, Kenneth, recovering his senses, opened his eyes, and sitting up, said, "Hush! Effie, hush; do not scream! I am not hurt."

In a transport of joy she threw her arms round him; but the next instant she was filled with a fearful feeling of blank dismay, as she perceived that the Captain's cruel threat had been executed, and that they were deserted in the waste of snow.

"Mamma, mamma!" she shrieked: "Stop, Monsieur le Capitaine, stop! They are gone! O Kenneth, where are they gone?"

As she uttered this piteous cry of terror and lamentation, a party of officers came hastily up, and, with bro-

ken sentences of indignation, asked Kenneth if he was hurt.

"No, Monsieur, I thank you," he replied, as he regained his feet.

"Who was in that carriage?" inquired the officer, who was evidently of the highest rank.

"My mother, and Captain Rognier."

"And they have had the cruelty to forsake you here?"

"He said the load was too heavy," said Kenneth.

"Villaret," said the leader, turning to an officer who stood near him, "send after those unnatural wretches; turn them out of their carriage; and let these poor children be placed in safety."

"O, Monsieur, spare my mother!" cried Kenneth.

"Take care of my sister, I entreat; but leave my mother in safety."

"Rognier is not your father?"

"No, indeed!" said Kenneth proudly: "our father was killed at Borodino; our mother has married again."

"Who was your father?"

"Colonel Lindesay, a Scotsman, in the Russian service."

"Russian, eh?"

"Yes, Russian, Monsieur," repeated Kenneth, firmly, looking up into the dark flashing eyes of the Frenchman.

The boldness of the avowal had no unfavourable effect, and the officer, asking no further questions, turned to the person he had before addressed, saying, "Will you see that they are taken care of?" and proceeded on his way, followed by all the rest, excepting Colonel de Villaret and a slightly-made, pale-faced youth of

eighteen or nineteen. These two held some conference, of which the children caught a few words.

"*Voilà une belle charge!* what is to be done with them?" — "'Tis a pretty little girl." — "Overtake the carriage?" — "No, no, it would be only exposing them to the same treatment; and besides, it is better to trust to one's own feet." — "Could we find some woman?"

"Uncle," said the youth, "do you remember the Breton whom they call *Le Dévot*?"

"Well imagined, Louis, if he is still in existence; but I thought I had seen the last of my poor fellows at the Wop."

"I saw him this morning, and I believe I can find him."

"He is an honest, good man, and their best chance will certainly be with him," said the Colonel.

"And, fortunately, here he comes!" exclaimed Louis, hastening to meet him; while the Colonel, turning to the children, said, "I believe the best we can do for you is to put you under the charge of a soldier who will be kind to you."

"Thank you, Monsieur."

In another moment Louis walked up with the man he had gone in search of, a wild, rude-looking figure, who made his military salute to the Colonel, and stood waiting his orders. "Léon," said Colonel de Villaret, "the Marshal Duc d'Elchingen desires that you will take charge of these children. Do all in your power to bring them on in safety, and the Marshal will remember you. And you, my young friends, keep up your spirits, and take care not to lose sight of this good man, who will do his best to protect you. Adieu for the present! I will not forget you."

Poor little Effie shrank close to her brother, and could with difficulty refrain from imploring the two gentlemen not to leave them to such a guardian, whose aspect, in truth, was sufficiently startling, considering how completely they were left to his mercy, and that probably no one would ever demand an account of them. Over the ragged uniform of a private soldier, he wore a piece of Turkey carpet by way of cloak; his shoes were secured to his feet by torn strips of cloth; and his head was covered with a Tartar cap, beneath which streamed forth a quantity of shaggy, black locks, that, with a bristly beard, gave a fierce, and almost savage, expression to the black eyes that glanced beneath them; and the brown, gaunt, hollow cheeks, which shewed plain tokens of his privations. He looked at the children for a moment, with a good deal of embarrassment; then, in a voice far more soft and kind than accorded with such an exterior, and speaking in an accent which shewed that French was not his mother-tongue, he expressed his readiness to serve them, and remarked that it was bad walking for Mademoiselle.

Effie looked up to thank him; and then, for the first time, catching sight of her brother's full face, she exclaimed, "O Kenneth, you are really hurt; your forehead is bleeding!" and he became sensible that the blow he had received from Captain Rognier had inflicted a considerable bruise, and broken the skin.

He had been unconscious of it in the excitement of the events that followed, but the cold began to make it painful, and a dull, stupifying head-ache was coming on; in spite of which, he assured Effie that he should

do very well, when she had bound it up with his handkerchief. Still she seemed much alarmed, and their new guardian took it upon himself to reassure her, by telling her how trifling a matter was a broken head. "Though to be sure, women will never believe it," added he. "What a fright poor little Rosennik was in, when I knocked my head, by falling out of the old apple-tree! Poor child, she little thought I should be in the way of worse knocks."

"Is she your little sister?" asked Effie.

"No, Mademoiselle; she is the daughter of our neighbour, Perron Morven, at the next farm to our's. He was my mother's kind friend through all her troubles; and plenty have fallen to her lot."

"Where is your home?" said the little girl.

"In Brittany, in the parish of Treguillac, close to the sea-shore; in the good old Pays de Vennes, Mademoiselle, there is our little farm, where lived my poor mother and my brothers and sisters; working hard, no doubt, now that they have lost me, who had the strongest pair of arms among us."

"Then why did you leave them?" asked Effie.

"Not with my own good-will, Mademoiselle, nor my poor mother's. She would have given all she had in the world to keep me at home; for my father had been killed amongst the Chouans, fighting for our poor little king, and my brothers were all very young; but I was drawn a conscript, and we had not wherewithal to pay a substitute; though Morven himself would have helped me, but our houses had been burnt, and our cattle driven off by the Blues!"

Much of this speech was unintelligible to Effie, but

she understood enough to give her an interest in her guide; and it was her nature to find occupation and amusement in whatever was passing at the moment; so that, for the time, she was as completely absorbed in the narration of their guide, as if she was listening to it in a very different situation. Her sympathy had a most happy effect in winning the kindness of the Breton soldier, who was only too much rejoiced to find some one who would listen, and take interest in the home where he had left his heart. It was well, too, that their long and weary march should be beguiled by a story interesting in itself, and rendered still more so by the strong feeling of the narrator.

Effie learnt from him that the gentlemen who had put them under his care, were his Colonel, the Count de Villaret, and his nephew, Lieutenant de Chateauneuf, of whom Léon spoke with considerable pride, and even affection, as he told of his kindness of heart, and of the distinction he had so early gained. As to the regiment, it was hard to say what had become of it; it had suffered greatly at Borodino, where the father of the young Chateauneuf had been killed; the remains of it had been completely dispersed, early in the retreat, at the passage of the river Wop; and it now consisted of so small a number of stragglers, that all attempts at order had long since been given up, and each man was left to shift for himself.

It was well for Effie that this day's march was not one of the longest, for she was nearly worn out with fatigue; and the good-natured Léon had been obliged to carry her for the last hour, before they came to a halt for the night, in a ruined village. Little shelter could be obtained within the roofless walls, and round

the desolate hearths; but even this was preferable to the open plain, swept by blasts of icy coldness.

Léon, having found the corner of an empty hut, where they were in some degree protected from the wind, collected some pieces of the wood of the fallen roof, lighted a fire, and, while the children were warming their hands over its feeble flame, left them in order to seek for food, and presently returned, in high glee, with a shapeless lump, red, raw, and disgusting enough, for it was horse-flesh! He however congratulated himself greatly, saying it was one of the best meals he had seen since leaving Moscow; and hacking and tearing off a piece of it, he proceeded to toast it upon the point of his bayonet, and offered it to Mademoiselle. Although already accustomed to no dainty fare, she could scarcely feel grateful for this attention; but, having tasted nothing since her breakfast on black bread, she could not afford to be fastidious, and with courteous thanks she received in her little, delicate hands the untempting morsel; and was quite hungry enough, not only to swallow it, but to assure Léon that it was much better than she expected.

Dizzy, faint, and giddy feelings, and a throbbing, aching head, would have been sufficient of themselves to take away Kenneth's appetite, even had the meal been less uninviting; and he could scarcely even look at the food of which Effie and Léon begged him to partake. Half-stupified by the blow, he was scarcely yet alive to the complete consciousness of all that had passed, and the full horror of their situation, until Effie, throwing her arms round him, made him lay his aching brow on her shoulder, and, as she fondled and pitied him, exclaimed at the cruelty of Captain

Rognier, and wondered when they should meet mamma again.

"But how is it that you are here, my poor Effie?" asked he in English: "I thought Rognier's violence was against me alone. Were they so cruel as to turn you out too?"

"I do not know," said Effie; "I cannot understand. All I can tell is, that I jumped out to see if you were hurt; I believe they called me to come back, but I am not sure; I was so frightened to see you lying there; — and then, just as you began to revive, I saw that they were gone."

"My own dear sister!" said Kenneth, the tears springing to his eyes, as he pressed her closely to him; "then you stood by me when all forsook me!"

"But why did they go away? why did they leave us? When shall we see them again?"

"Don't ask, Effie; they forsook me, — and you, O, my own, my only one, my dearest Effie, — how shall I ever love you enough!"

His tears flowed fast as he held her in his arms.

"Dearest brother!" said she, returning his embrace; then after a pause, during which he was trying to check his tears, she added, "Then, Kenneth, do you really mean that that Psalm — you know which I mean, — has come true? O don't say so."

"We will remember the last part of the verse, Effie," said he, with what calmness he could command.

"*Courage, Mademoiselle,*" interposed the rough but kind tones of Léon; "all will go well: you have the best of friends in the *Lion Rouge*, who never forgets those whom he has once promised to befriend."

"*Le Lion Rouge!*" repeated Kenneth, recollecting

that this was the sobriquet by which Rognier had mentioned Marshal Ney, when they saw him in the streets of Moscow. He had scarcely noticed that Colonel de Villaret's recommendation of them to Léon was in the name of the Duc d'Elchingen, the title by which Ney was at present usually known; but at this moment it flashed upon his memory, and with it came the image of the officer who had promised them his protection,—the erect, tall figure, the broad shoulders, the high, bald forehead, the red whiskers, the dark eyes, glowing and flashing with that strange fiery light.

"Effie," said he, "we may well trust the promise of that Psalm, since help was sent us in our utmost need, and it was one of the greatest in the army who promised us protection."

And now the orphans knelt in prayer to the Father of the fatherless; and, with minds for a moment relieved, they prepared for rest. Kenneth wrapped Effie in her cloak and laid her in the warmest nook; and then throwing himself on the ground, soon fell into a heavy sleep.

Many recollections thronged upon Léon as he watched them; their prayers, in the wild, dark night, carried him back to a scene of days of yore, when, at midnight, far out at sea, on the rugged coast of Brittany, a little spark of light was seen, and towards that lonely light, from every creek and inlet on the shore, many a little boat made its way, plashing over the dark waves. Then, from that little fleet of boats, assembled round the guiding star, arose the chanted prayer and psalm, led by the persecuted and proscribed pastor, who had thus gathered his flock around him for worship, be

tween the starry heavens and the deep blue sea. He had been carried thither when very young; but the mystery, the awfulness, and the grandeur of the scene had left a deep impression on his mind. The sound of the low, deep, solemn chant, joined with the murmur of the billows, seemed still to resound in his ears; and with them came a vision of the lonely farm, among the granite rocks and wild moors of Brittany. He remembered the good Curé, who, hidden now in one house, now in another, had guided and instructed the children. He thought of his mother, and his betrothed, and their distress when he was taken from them by the conscription; he recollected that his mother's grief at his departure, and fears for his life, great as they were, had not equalled her dread of his learning the vices of the men among whom his lot was cast; and he remembered his parting promise to her, and to the good priest, that he would abstain from all deeds of cruelty and wickedness, and never neglect his prayers. That he had in some degree been mindful of their counsels, his nick-name testified; but his good principles had been losing their force, and he felt that he was far from being what they desired. Still his heart was not yet hardened, and he resolved, perhaps as a sort of atonement for past misdeeds, to protect these deserted children to the utmost of his power.

Then, after murmuring over the Latin prayers which he had learnt in his infancy, he fell asleep, with dreams of returning to his mother and Rosennik, such as they hoped to receive him.

CHAPTER VIII.

"Or learn the fate that bleeding thousands bore,
March'd by their Charles, to Dnieper's swampy shore.
Horseman and horse the stormy showers benumb;
Freeze every standard-sheet, and hush the drum."

CAMPBELL.

It was still dark on the following morning, when the two young Lindesays were roused by their guardian; and Kenneth, restored by sleep, when he had stretched his stiffened limbs, and eaten his portion of horse-flesh, was able to comfort his sister with the assurance that the pain in his head was quite gone.

During the previous day they had seen numerous traces of a disastrous march. They had found the bottom of each ravine which they traversed strewn with dismounted guns, overturned carriages, the carcasses of horses already half-devoured by wolves; and on the present day these signs of misfortune were even more frequent. As they were descending into the ravine of the river Katova, they found the snow reddened with blood, and covered with caps and helmets, broken artillery, abandoned weapons, frozen bodies of men and horses; and it became evident that they no longer saw merely indication of the distress and confusion of this dreadful march, but that they had reached the scene of a severe action. It was a horrible sight! Effie shuddered and hid her eyes; while Léon told Kenneth which regiments had been engaged; for their uniforms, and the numbers on the caps, could still be distinguished. Hurrying past these melancholy relics, they advanced along the road; and after some time the column began a long, gradual descent, beyond which,

at the distance of about a mile, the view was bounded by an elevated range of hills, which, having the centre retired and the extremities considerably advanced, appeared to enclose them on all sides excepting that by which they had come. The troops were all embarked in the descent, and Léon with his charge had just attained the brow of the hill, when their advance was suddenly checked.

"What is the matter?" inquired Kenneth; and Léon, in reply, pointed to the height before them. Its crest was darkened with troops and bristling with bayonets, in strong relief between the snowy hill and grey wintry sky.

"Are they not part of this army?" asked Kenneth.

"No, indeed," was the answer; "it is the enemy."

Happily for Kenneth and Effie, they chanced to be near a waggon forsaken by the driver; into this they climbed, Léon and Kenneth piling up the luggage it contained, so as to make a kind of rampart against the Russian fire, in case of an engagement. Effie crouched down behind it, calling her brother to do the same, but he was resolved to see all he could, and took up his position nearly on the top of the pile, whence he had a clear view of all that passed on the opposite hill, and in the intermediate valley. Suddenly a flash like lightning, followed by a tremendous report from the opposite heights, so startled him, that, slipping from the box on which he was leaning, he fell backwards on his sister, who for a moment believing him killed, gave a violent scream; and it was some minutes before he could pacify her, especially when she discovered that Léon was not at hand.

Kenneth could scarcely reassure her by pointing him

out talking to another soldier at a little distance; and she clung fast to her brother, to prevent him from getting up again. At the repeated sound of the cannon, however, he broke from her, and started to his place of observation. "Oh!" he exclaimed, "how beautifully the smoke is curling round the top of the hills; the grey smoke, the white snow, and the blue sky! Now it is floating away, and the bayonets are coming out again. Oh! what a bright flash, and such thick smoke! It is a whole amphitheatre of volcanoes! Effie, you cannot imagine how grand it is! do get up and look."

"Oh no, no!" cried Effie; "come down, Kenneth! come down! Oh, if you knew how frightened I am! And you stay there talking, as if it was something pretty to look at!"

"So it is; the finest sight I ever saw in my life!" I only wish the sun would shine brighter. Besides, it is quite refreshing to see some of our own troops."

"Kenneth, Kenneth! how can you talk so, when we are in such dreadful danger?"

"There is no great danger for us," said Kenneth; "we are at a good distance from the Russians, and well sheltered from their shot. We are safe enough, unless they were to charge."

"O, Kenneth, do not talk of such a thing. Only think of those frightful Cossacks coming down the hill, killing every one!"

"The shot is killing fast enough below there," said Kenneth gravely.

"Kenneth, Kenneth! I cannot bear to hear you say so; and still you stand there to be shot!"

"You know I told you there was no danger; they

are too distant," replied Kenneth, with a little impatience.

"But I should be so much happier if you were here: pray, pray come down."

"Don't be so silly," he answered hastily: "I shall come down when I please; you are quite teasing."

Effie began to cry, and he was instantly at her side trying to soothe her; but her spirits were exhausted by fatigue, and while in a broken voice she strove to tell him that she was sorry that she had been troublesome, she could not restrain her sobs. Her brother's kind caresses only called forth more tears; but after a time she became more quiet, as she sat with her arm round him, and her head on his shoulder.

The darkness of evening was fast coming on, the firing continued incessantly, cries and shrieks resounded from the valley, and every now and then she raised her head in a startled manner, exclaiming that the Cossacks were coming, or that Léon would never come back; and it was not without some misgivings of his own that Kenneth strained his eyes through the deepening gloom, before he could assure her that their protector was still near.

The occasion of this check was, that Davoust, who ought to have waited to support the rear-guard, had marched on; thus enabling Kutusoff, with 80,000 Russians, to interpose himself between the rest of the French army and Ney, with his corps of but 7,000 effective troops. So perilous did his situation appear, that Kutusoff, believing that no way of escape was open to him, sent him a flag of truce, and summoned him to surrender, almost immediately after his arrival in the ravine. "A Marshal of France never surren-

Kenneth.

ders," was Ney's answer. While he was still speaking several cannon were fired from the heights above. indignantlly seized the messenger, gave him in chains as a prisoner, and resolved to fight to the last.

He made a desperate attempt to charge up the hill and cut his way through the enemy; but being baffled he remained, with unflinching valour, exposed to the fire of the Russians, which did frightful execution on the long train of wretched stragglers which followed him; until at length, when the approaching night in some degree sheltered his movements from observation he gave orders to return towards Smolensko; and was then that, to the great relief of Kenneth and Edith they heard the good-natured voice of the Breton call to them, and asking whether Mademoiselle was afraid.

One of the horses belonging to the waggon which had been their shelter, was still near it, — a small shaggy, hardy-looking animal, which had apparently as yet, suffered little from the hardships of the retreat. Léon determined to appropriate it to the young lady's use; but he was forced to hold her on, as there was no saddle nor any harness, except an old rein and halter.

Recrossing the battle-field, over which they had passed in the morning, the troops continued to retrace their steps, until they reached a narrow, deep valley along which flowed a small rivulet, crossing the line of march. Since it was evident that this was a tributary of the Dnieper, — which river it was Marshal Ney's object to interpose between himself and the enemy, — he turned from the high-road, taking the direction of the valley, and made his way thro

ploughed fields, and over hedges and ditches, which his followers passed with great difficulty.

On arriving at a small village, deserted by the inhabitants, they halted; and Léon procured a small quantity of hard black bread. Every house was already full of soldiers; and whilst they were still seeking shelter, the cry of the Cossacks in the rear summoned the men from their brief repose. They came crowding out at the doors; and Effie, sorely disappointed, was quickly carried out of sight of the fires, which looked so tempting.

After another hour they found themselves in sight of the broad, black stream of the Dnieper, winding between its snow-covered banks, on which numerous dark figures were seen lying, sitting, or standing in groups.

"What can they intend to do now?" said Kenneth: "the frost cannot yet be so hard, that the river can be fit to cross."

"Never fear, Monsieur," said the Breton; "trust to the *Lion Rouge* for finding the way out of a *mauvais pas*; but, in the meantime, we had better take advantage of this halt; for an hour's sleep will be the best preparation for whatever may happen. I see a sheltered nook in that hedge, where Mademoiselle may be as much at her ease as under the best feather-bed in Finisterre."

"Thank you, Léon: how kind you are! good-night!" and Effie was soon sound asleep; nor were her companions long in following her example.

Nearly two hours had elapsed when Kenneth was awakened by a voice calling out, "Ah, Léon, are you

there? And are those children safe? How is it with the poor little girl?"

"As well as it is with those whom the angels protect, Monsieur," was Léon's answer. "There never were such children; and I am sure a blessing must go with them."

"*Comment!* Léon, the subject makes you quite poetical; one would imagine they came from Bretagne." Then, as Kenneth sat up, and perceived that it was the youth whom he had seen with Colonel de Villaret, he added, "Ah! pardon; I am afraid I waked you; and every moment of repose is precious."

"Thank you; do not think of it," said Kenneth: "I must have been a long time asleep, for that bright star is much higher than when I saw it last."

"It is eleven o'clock," said the young officer, looking at his watch by the strong reflected light of the snow. "Nine hours more of darkness! an agreeable prospect, under our circumstances!"

"Are we really to cross that river?"

"Such is the intention of the Marshal; but whether we shall all of us reach the other side, is another matter."

"But is it frozen?"

"Not the whole stream; but look there, — just at that bend, which has checked the course of the floating flakes of ice, there is a narrow line of ice, — such a bridge as that into the Mahometan paradise, — only that I am afraid we shall find no paradise on the other side. Let me see, I think you said you were Russian?"

"Born in this country, but of a Scottish family."

"Well, since you are *chez vous* here, what do you

think of the plan? Is it the custom of the country to trust to such bridges?"

"It seems a fearful undertaking," said Kenneth.

"One of the staff has crossed and recrossed in safety, and pronounces it practicable for the men and horses; but of course all the carriages must be left."

"And the sick and wounded?" said Kenneth.

"You must not think of them," said Louis de Chateaufort, with an expressive gesture; "I can only hope, that if your Russians come up soon, they will shew themselves merciful."

"There's no doubt of that, if they are troops of the line," said Kenneth; "it would be the best fate that could befall those poor creatures."

"What are you looking for so earnestly?" asked the Lieutenant.

"I wish I could see our own carriage!" said Kenneth, with a sigh.

"That would be of little advantage to you, for it is impossible that it could cross the river. Besides, you would surely not desire to rejoin those who were giving you such affectionate farewells."

"My mother!" said Kenneth, in a low tone, which went to the heart of the kind young Frenchman.

"Ah! you cannot forget that she is your mother," said he, in an altered tone. "But it must have been a very hard heart that could forsake you and that *pauvre petite!*"

"It was not her fault," said Kenneth; "it was the effect of Rognier's violence."

"Rognier of the dragoons? Yes; all the world knows him to be a rogue, much better suited to his former profession than his present one. I am sorry to

see that he has left you a parting *souvenir*," said Louis looking at Kenneth's bandaged forehead.

"O that is nothing," said Kenneth; "it aches good deal yesterday; but to-day I scarcely feel it."

"What do you think of Léon?"

"I cannot tell you how good and kind we find him."

"Certainly he does not look like a young lac squire," said Louis; "but I believe you would hardly find a better heart. It is a horrible situation for your poor little sister at the best! How does she bear it?"

"Wonderfully: she is so patient, gentle, and cheerful, that she has quite won Léon's heart."

"Ah, here comes my uncle," said Louis; "I am sure he will be interested for you;" and he advanced to meet Colonel de Villaret, who came up, saying, "O here you are! I was wondering what had become of you."

"I was with our friends of the gates of Smolensk," said Louis; and the Colonel, with a kind greeting to Kenneth, said, "The time is come for attempting this desperate passage: we had better be prepared."

"Ah! there are two persons moving down the bank," said Louis. "How steep it appears! where are they?"

"Lost in the shadow," said Kenneth; "there they do not reappear."

"Ah, yes! I see;" and they breathlessly watched their dangerous progress, with such exclamations as these: "They are gone! — no; there they are! — that dark spot must surely be water! — he is fallen! — there they mount the opposite bank! — it is possible!"

"We will go down to the bank, and seize them at the moment," said the Colonel, probably intending to

his nephew; but M. de Chateaufneuf contrived to make the invitation extend to the rest. "Come," said he to Kenneth, "wake your sister, and let us go;" and he hung back, and delayed his uncle, until Effie, still half-asleep, had been lifted on her horse. They were soon in the midst of the dense crowd which was converging towards the narrow bridge, and struggling violently to get forward. Louis made Kenneth take his arm, and, supporting each other, they preserved themselves from being trampled down, or separated from the rest; and, at last, by the help of Colonel de Villaret's authority, seconded by Léon's vigorous elbows, and dextrous management of the horse, they succeeded in forcing their way to the borders of an open space, kept clear by some of the soldiers, who still preserved their weapons and their discipline, in the midst of whom stood Ney himself, and some officers, directing the passage.

Having gained the foremost ranks, they halted, and cast many an anxious glance at the long and perilous crossing which seemed to move along with the course of the stream, and to crack and open beneath the feet of the unhappy passengers. Many lost their footing on the slippery surface, or sunk into chasms which gaped unseen: their cry was heard for one moment; the next they were borne along upon the stream.

"Kenneth," whispered Effie, "will God protect us?"

"We are His children," answered Kenneth.

"Tell me of a verse in the Bible."

A verse came to his mind at her summons: —

"When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee; and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee."

"If we were but better children!"

In the meantime the Colonel had been speaking to some of the officers on the bank; and presently turning round, exclaimed, "Now!" Kenneth, lifting Effie from her horse, assisted her to scramble down the steep, slippery descent. Louis, who was the first to reach the bottom, uttered an exclamation on finding himself stepping into water a foot deep, and insupportably cold; "But it is firm beneath," added he, turning round, and holding out his arms to receive Effie, as she was handed down to him by Kenneth, clinging with one arm to the root of a tree.

"*Pauvre petite!*" said he; "you will be half-drowned as well as frozen:" and he prepared to carry her.

"I shall incommode you, Monsieur," said she.

"Take care, Louis!" called his uncle, by no means pleased to see him thus burthened. "She will be safer on her own feet! you would both lose the advantage of your light weight."

"A thousand thanks, Monsieur," repeated Effie; "but indeed I prefer walking."

The bitter cold of the water made this speech end rather abruptly, as Louis set her down; but he still retained her hand; and Kenneth taking the other, they helped her along the smooth, wet, slippery ice, — a long line of flakes, but slightly bound together, and almost giving way under their feet, with frequent startling cracks, which made them look round at each other with terror, to see who was missing. A fall would have been fatal, for it was next to impossible to arise and many were the desponding shrieks which reached their ears, from unfortunates who, vainly attempting to recover their footing, were breaking the ice away

beneath them in their struggles, and feeling themselves drawn under it by the force of the stream. Dreadful as these cries were, it was impossible to attend to them, for assistance would have been vain; and, in fact, they were scarcely even heard by many, so intent was every one obliged to be upon his own steps.

At last, after a half-hour, which seemed as long as a whole night, they found themselves on the rugged ice, close to the opposite bank, which rose steep and rough before them. Kenneth was the first to scramble up on hands and knees; and, with the assistance of Louis, he dragged Effie after him; then followed the Colonel; and lastly, Léon, still leading the horse, which, owing, perhaps, to being a native of the country, had shewn remarkable sagacity in choosing its way.

With clasped hands the children breathed a silent thanksgiving, and a petition for their mother's safety, as they surveyed the abyss which lay behind them; and then Effie looked up in the face of Louis de Chateauneuf, and thanked him for the help he had given her. There was always something very winning in Effie's manners; and the contrast of her refined pronunciation, her soft voice, and complete good-breeding, with the wild and desolate scene, gave her a great interest in the eyes of the young soldier. He was scarcely eighteen; it was his first campaign; and his heart was full of the kindly and romantic feelings of a high and, at the same time, a gentle spirit. These children, so strangely cast upon the world, would have excited his interest even without the personal qualities that were securing all his warm and quick sympathies. He lingered with them when his uncle joined some other officers; and as they pursued the march, which

led them on through long, lonely, desolate woods, and waste-looking fields, he drew from them the whole of their history.

"And what shall you do," asked he, "when you arrive at the end of your journey?"

"I have not thought," said Kenneth.

"We shall find mamma," said Effie.

"I will tell you," said Louis. "My mother is at Gumbinnen. She followed us as far as the Russian frontier, where she is still awaiting my return. She will be charmed to receive you; I am sure she will be enchanted with you. Do you accept my invitation?"

"If we cannot find mamma!" was poor little Effie's first answer; then, fearing she had been ungracious, she made warm protestations of thankfulness, in which Kenneth joined.

"Then it is a settled thing," said Louis; "an arranged invitation. Madame de Chateauneuf, at the good Frau Slackenbach's lodgings, Gumbinnen. I can already see how she will fondle and caress you, *ma petite!* how she will prepare the warm room, the hot coffee;—but it will not do to talk of such things," said he, smiling, as a simultaneous sigh broke from his audience. "We shall, at any rate, never forget how to value them."

At this period of the conversation, Colonel de Vilaret was seen at a little distance before them, waiting for his nephew, and beckoning him to join him.

"You are not going away?" said Effie, almost ready to cling to her new friend.

"Not far; I will not lose sight of you," said Louis. "We are not going to part company long." So saying, he walked on to his uncle, whose first address to him

was, "Why, Louis, you are quite *épris* with those children; I always find you at their side."

"I mean to make you share my attachment for them," said Louis; "poor things! they stand in great need of a protector."

"Which office you design for yourself and me, — as if the care of our own persons was not a sufficiently difficult task, in this universal *sauve qui peut*. I thought I had done wonders for them in finding them so respectable a guardian as your Breton *Dévo*t."

"Wonders indeed, uncle! as you would think, if you were to have five minutes' conversation with them; but the wonder would be at the state of things which has made a common sollier the only attendant and protector we chose to afford to such a child as that little girl."

"Ah! my friend, I know you too well; one should be under twenty to listen to your histories, otherwise than as a romance to beguile the way."

"Call it what you will, so that you will but listen," said Louis; and he commenced his history, glad to perceive that it soon attracted his uncle's attention. "I have heard something of this," he said. "I remember being told that the clever rogue Rognier had contrived to make prize of a rich widow, who would be worth more to him than all the booty of Moscow. An emigrant, you say! — yes, without doubt, noble! — their father an officer of rank! We will not lose sight of them; they have probably relations who may rejoice to claim them."

And thus convinced that the two strangers were worth patronizing, he waited till they came up, greeted them cheerfully, and soon obtained credit from them

for as much genuine kindness as his nephew. And to do him justice, he was before long sincerely interested in their favour.

This was a very long march, and all were nearly exhausted; when, in the morning, they were permitted to halt at a small village, which, lying out of the regular track of the army, had escaped destruction, and afforded food and shelter sufficient for the fugitives, reduced, as their numbers were, by their losses on the Katova and Dnieper. The inhabitants had fled on the first notice of their approach; but the houses were still warm, and the glow of fire within looked most inviting.

Our party stopped at a tolerably comfortable little abode; and Louis, forcing open the door with a violent shake and push, proclaimed that there was an excellent fire, and a noble cauldron of fragrant broth simmering over it.

"It was not without reason that I spoke of a comfortable supper!" said he. "Enter, Mademoiselle! enter, my friend! Come, Léon, we must share alike in these days."

"Thank you, *mon officier*," said Léon, after a sign of consent from his Colonel; "I will only see first what supper I can find for the horse."

Colonel de Villaret helped Effie to dismount; but she was so worn out with cold and fatigue, that she could hardly stand or speak; and he was obliged to carry her to a chair near the fire. His conduct, and that of Louis, was indeed a most agreeable contrast to that of Captain Rognier: they treated the little maiden with the courtesy of gentlemen; and, weary and in need of refreshment as both were, their first attention

was to provide for her comfort. A few spoonfuls of the broth soon revived her; and after all had made a hearty breakfast, they disposed themselves to sleep: Effie curled up in the large chair by the fire, in what seemed to her the most perfect comfort.

The day was completely lost to most of the party, who slept too soundly to hear the constant firing on the outskirts of the village, where a considerable body of Cossacks was, throughout the day, kept in check by the intrepid and indefatigable Ney, with a handful of men.

It was not till evening had again closed in that they again set forth, with recruited strength and spirits, which brought them cheerfully on their way.

Léon, who was becoming very fond of his young charge, and solicitous for her comfort, had spent much of the time allotted for repose in contriving a saddle for Effie. Rudely and hastily made as it was, it contributed not a little to her comfort; and her eager thanks gratified him much.

CHAPTER IX.

"This poor condemnèd army,
Like sacrifices, by their watchful fires
Sit patiently, and idly ruminate
The morning's danger; and their gestures sad,
Investing lank lean cheeks and war-worn coats,
Presenteth them unto the gazing moon
So many horrid ghosts."

K. HENRY V.

FROM the 18th to the 20th of November matters continued nearly in the same state; the troops, or rather the crowd of disbanded stragglers, proceeded along the banks of the Dnieper, perpetually harassed

by the enemy, and owing their preservation to the unwearied vigilance of their leader, who on this occasion well earned his right to the title of *le Brave des Braves*.

Kenneth and Effie continued under the care of the Breton soldier, and Colonel de Villaret and Louis de Chateauneuf shewed them much kindness. They were constantly on the watch for their mother and her husband, but they could neither see nor obtain any tidings of her; and their friends, whenever the subject was mentioned, strongly advised them not to dwell upon the hope of rejoining her.

On the 20th, Ney's division at length reached the town of Orcha; and here, at a little distance from the walls, they were met by a number of the officers and soldiers belonging to the corps of the Viceroy Eugène Beauharnais. Great were the rejoicings universally expressed at their having thus again united themselves to the main body of the army; so great, indeed, that it almost appeared as if they had escaped from the enemy's country; and, on the other hand, they were welcomed with equal delight by their comrades, who had well-nigh given them up as lost.

Colonel de Villaret and his nephew were soon exchanging cordial greetings with a party of officers, amongst whom they disappeared from the eye of their two young *protégés*. Kenneth secretly felt, and Effie openly expressed, some consternation at thus losing sight of them, but Léon assured them that they would not be forgotten; and as they entered the town, they were delighted to see Louis de Chateauneuf coming back to meet them. He conducted them to a house where he and his uncle were to sup with some other

officers, and where he had succeeded in obtaining a small room for them.

A good meal and a comfortable night's rest prepared them for the fatigues of the next day, and they were quite active and alert when, early in the morning, Louis summoned them to renew the march. They found Léon waiting at the door in charge of the horse, and contemplating with great satisfaction a small keg of brandy which the Colonel had secured at an exorbitant price, and had confided to him. Louis helped Effie to mount, and they hastened away, as in truth it was high time to depart, for several houses had already been set on fire by the departing soldiers, and stifling clouds of vapour were rolling across the street. It was a relief to leave this scene of wanton destruction, and enter upon the road which lay before them, bordered with double rows of beech-trees, the boughs of which hung down under the weight of snow, and glittered with sparkling icicles.

The little party were in good spirits, for they expected to find their situation much improved, now that the long-desired junction with the rest of the forces had been effected. In this hope, however, they were grievously disappointed, for, from the time they left Orcha, their privations were constantly on the increase. Provisions were rendered more scarce by the greater number of mouths that came in to consume them; besides which, the country over which they were moving had been already devastated during the advance; and such was the famine that prevailed, that, but for the constant solicitude of Colonel de Villaret and his nephew, the two young Lindesays could never have obtained sufficient to sustain life. Lumps of horseflesh roasted

on a ramrod were their usual food, with sometimes a sort of muffin composed of oats, with a little gunpowder to give it flavour. At first they possessed no drinking vessel, and were thus put to considerable inconvenience; and when Kenneth picked up a beautifully chased silver cup, the joy expressed at this good fortune was not occasioned by admiration of its rich workmanship, but by its usefulness in holding the snow, which was melted over the fire and mixed with the spirits.

The order of each day varied very little. At seven in the morning the night-march was concluded by a halt, when time was given for a little repose, too soon broken by the advance of the enemy. The day passed in skirmishes, and at five in the evening a general attack was made which drove back the Cossacks, and the first hours of darkness were spent in tolerable tranquillity. At ten o'clock the march was renewed, and usually continued until dawn began to break.

Effie, except when she walked for the sake of attempting to gain a little warmth, was mounted on the horse; while Léon, Kenneth, and frequently the two officers, walked near her. It was wonderful that her little fragile frame possessed such a power of supporting hunger, cold, and fatigue; she appeared to lose neither health, strength, nor even spirits; awoke from her sound and peaceful slumbers, on the snowy bank under the ice-crust ed pine, as much refreshed as if she had slept in her own curtained bed at Moscow; and could always find appetite even for the most unpleasant looking diet. In fact, she had far less to endure than any of her companions, for she reaped the full benefit of the chivalrous courtesy of the true French gentleman she was always treated as the first object, and sedu

lously guarded, as far as possible, from danger, hardship, and even from horrible sights. She was handed to her rough pony, helped to her lump of horseflesh, and invited to drink her melted snow and brandy, with all the polite attentions suitable to the guest of the Comte de Villaret.

Her return was in many a ready expression of gratitude, and in many a little service. Her little contrivances and arrangements would sometimes almost persuade her companions to imagine themselves comfortable, and certainly gave them many a pleasant feeling, recalling home in the midst of that desolate waste. And indeed her presence was of incalculable benefit to all, since it was that which chiefly served to preserve them from sinking into the selfish, desponding indifference which characterized so many of the other sufferers.

Seldom, however, did any one shew himself more devoid of selfishness than Louis de Chateauneuf. He bore his full share, nay, perhaps, even more than his share, of all their privations; but as if he was unconscious of them, as far as himself was concerned, and only thought of the comfort of Effie first, then of his uncle — Kenneth — Léon — any one but himself; while, to hear the gay, lively tones of his voice, no one would have guessed the distress which he had daily to endure.

"Can any one deny," said he, as they sat down to their wretched meal, "that these are provisions seldom to be found, even at the most exquisite tables? Do you talk of the bread we had before reaching Orcha, — hard black stuff, which it is a happiness to dispense with? Here we have meat, actually a *ragout à cheval*!

Kenneth.

Your health, Mademoiselle Euphémie, in iced water, a luxury highly prized at Paris."

"And look at our glass lustres," said Effie, pointing to the icicles which hung from the pine above the heads, glazing over the deep green of the leaves of the tree, and the white snow reflecting the red light of the fire, and here and there glancing with the exquisite prismatic colours.

"Yes, the saloons of Paris possess no such pendants as these!" said Louis, looking up. "What would my aunt give me if I could transport such an ornament to her grand reception-room?"

"Our costume is scarcely worthy of our magnificent saloon," said his uncle.

"Ah! that is a tender subject! A coat and shawl *à jour*, blanket buskins, and a cloak with a fringe of rags, are not precisely the dress I would have selected for my first introduction to a fair lady."

"It might be worse, if she was in better condition herself," said Effie.

"Well, you must take me on trust, and excuse me for not devoting as much time to my toilette as that old gentleman I saw yesterday elaborately shaving himself."

"Is it possible?"

"It is true! There he stood; the hoar frost whitening his hair; his dressing-case, complete in its appointments, open before him, his glass hung against a tripod, performing his toilette with the utmost precision."

"Fortunate man!" said Colonel de Villaret; "if he loses his life, he will at least have the satisfaction of being recognised as an officer; whereas I shall probably be taken for some black-bearded old Jew. It is

your fault, Louis; it will be a fine story for your mother, that you were so busy in rescuing that unfortunate who was drowning in the Wop, that you could not see what they were doing with the baggage."

"Well, I suffer for it," said Louis, gaily. "I lost some goods there that I would not have given for any price. But I have still the most precious of all."

"A lady's picture!" said the Colonel, laughing. "You see, Euphémie, that you must not lose your heart."

Effie raised her eyes, like a child scarce old enough to be confused by such a joke, and answered, "It is Madame de Chateauneuf's picture."

"And I shall not soon love anything else better," said Louis, laughing; but with an earnestness better appreciated by the children, with their full belief, than by his uncle, with his incredulous smile and shake of the head. He had already shewn Effie the miniature, spoken to her of the kindness and affection with which his mother would greet her, and smiled with pleasure at the little girl's exclamations of, "How beautiful! how gentle! how kind she looks! I am sure I shall love her! Do not you love her very much?"

"*Si je l'aime!*" said he, looking at, almost into, the portrait, with eyes over which a mist of tears was gathering; then, as they dropped on the glass, tenderly brushed them away, raised the portrait to his lips, and, after another fond look and deep sigh, returned it to its place on his breast.

"Shall I ever see her again?" sighed he; and he went on to speak of the grief, as well as the joy, that must attend their meeting, if, indeed, it were in store for him. He told of the many troubles she had already

endured, of the reverses his parents had met with in the Revolution, of their emigration, and the pinching poverty with which they had to contend. He himself could well remember the small lodging, in a narrow street in London, where his earliest childhood had been passed; and he delighted to narrate to such listeners as he now found, the history of his mother's exertions; her daily toils as a teacher of French and music; the patience and affection with which she spent night after night in attending her husband's father, — an infirm and peevish invalid; and, above all, the exceeding happiness of the few moments which she could now and then spare for himself and his little brother Eugène.

Kenneth heard, and a heavy sickness of heart seemed to oppress him at the thought of the difference between the fond, devoted, enthusiastic attachment with which Louis gloried in his mother, and his own wretched feelings, — a compound of grief and remorse, with affection, which served to render them all doubly bitter. He could not restrain a long, deep-drawn sigh, which fell painfully on Louis's kind ear. "My poor friend!" said he, turning to him, and taking his hand affectionately, "I am sorry I said all this; I did not recollect that it might give you pain. Forgive me."

"Forgive you!" said Kenneth, looking up with a sad smile; "What, for having no remorse in the thought of your mother? O Louis, if I could see her but once more, and have her forgiveness, I could die in happiness!"

All the comfort that could be afforded by kindness and sympathy was given to Kenneth by his young friend, whenever this most painful subject was alluded to; but this was but very rarely; for Kenneth had

sort of instinctive feeling, that, if he dwelt on it, he should be unable to bear up under the sufferings which were already beginning to have their effect on him. Fever too often lighted his eye, and flushed his cheek with a hectic spot that betokened failing strength; a frequent cough was wearing him down; and his torn shoes began to render each step painful; and, above all, he suffered from sleeplessness: he was either too restless to compose himself at all; or, if fatigue overpowered him for a short time, it was only to bring him dreams of the frightful objects he had just witnessed, or of some spell, compelling him to work his mother's harm, or of his sister in some fearful peril. The illusion was often so vivid, that, when he awoke, it was only with considerable effort that he could drive away the shuddering horror with which it had inspired him. He then had recourse to the Bible or Prayer-book, if, as often happened, light sufficient for reading was afforded by the moonbeams reflected by the snow, or by the aurora borealis. Never had the Psalms of praise appeared more majestic than on that vast snowy plain, beneath the deep blue vault with the countless stars, and that mysterious brilliance beaming over the northern horizon, glancing forth, in all directions, innumerable fleeting streams of glowing red, gold, and white; never did the promises of aid and support cheer a more desolate mourner; and never the hopes of pardon speak of hope to a more broken spirit. It was, too, an additional bond of friendship with Louis, that having once, by chance, discovered the employment of Kenneth's wakeful hours, he would ask him to read aloud, if he too lay awake, or would borrow the books, when he took his turn of watching the fire. If it was

too dark to read, Kenneth had, thanks to Lady Christian, a good store of collects and psalms to repeat to himself; and when these were exhausted, he had recourse to all the poetry he could remember, till at length he fell into his troubled slumber.

These restless nights of course occasioned much greater fatigue and exhaustion on the following days. He felt as if he could hardly rise, when the moment arrived for renewing the march; and each foot was like a heavy weight every time he lifted it, with its load of snow: but his resolution was fixed not to utter a complaint, — and he kept it; though it was often not without a struggle that he could find a cheerful look or reply for his sister. The struggle was, however, made, and with such success, that Effie scarcely guessed at half what he had to endure, as he toiled on beside her horse, striving to enliven her by anticipations of a speedy change for the better, or to amuse her by repeating the old Scottish legends, which, in truth, she knew as well as he did himself, and which ranged from the nursery tale of the “Milk-white doe,” to the gallant deeds of the Highlanders on behalf of Prince Charlie.

The stories, as Effie called them, of the whole party, were at her service, to beguile the hours of the night-march. Louis was made to relate every particular he could remember about England, of which, unfortunately, his reminiscences were not very agreeable; or he was called on for descriptions of Paris, stories of his adventures at his military college, and accounts of the gay parties of his young aunt, the Comtesse de Villaret.

The Comte de Villaret had been a very young man

at the time of the Revolution, and, being with his regiment in a distant province, had escaped the dangers to which his rank and title would have exposed him at Paris. He had safely weathered the storm; preserved not merely his head, but his estate; and, when affairs became more settled, was able to recall his sister and her family from England, and, in some degree, to restore their ruined fortunes. He enjoyed a tolerable share of favour at court, where his old title was almost as much esteemed as the beauty and grace of his young wife, — one of the most accomplished pupils of Madame Campan.

From the time that Effie discovered that he had a little daughter of four years old, she gave him no peace till he had told her all he could recollect about her, and perhaps rather more; for he was a busy man, with little time for home, and it was many months since he had seen Clémence; but he spoke of her with great affection, and promised Effie that she should be a great friend of hers.

The best of all Effie's story-tellers was, however, Léon, rich in the wondrous lore of the very home of romance, in strange, mysterious verses on the rites of the Druids, in ballads on the great Arthur himself, in chivalric poems, in songs lamenting the loss of the independence of Brittany, or expressing her unflinching loyalty and devotion, and in the strange, wild, fairy tales on which half of those of modern days have been modelled. He had himself played the part of the persecuted Saint Tiphaine, in one of the great tragedies acted on the threshing-floor, where whole parishes met, as to a religious festival; and he had always been an attentive auditor when the travelling tailor visited the

farm-house, and, while mending or making thick cloth coats, and huge *bragons bras*, related the countless traditions of which he was the depository.

Léon would certainly have been far more fluent, had he rehearsed his legends in his native tongue, instead of having to translate them into French; and he was very shy of any auditor but Mademoiselle, — hesitating before Kenneth, and stopping short on the approach of either of his officers. His tales were a great resource; and scarcely less amusing were his accounts of the customs of the peasants of the Pays de Vannes; while his histories of the noble deeds of the royalists of the Bocage and of Brittany would so fill Kenneth's mind, as to make him almost forget the miseries he had to endure. Best of all did the honest Breton like to tell Mademoiselle of his home, and of his little neighbour Rosennik; the hours they had spent together when children, tending the cows on the moor; the pledges they had exchanged at the Druidical monument, and at the broken cross; and how the tailor (the manager of the formalities of a Breton wedding) had carried one-half of the accustomed ceremonious messages between them: when the day of conscription arrived, the village was filled with soldiers, and there was no escape, — the lot fell upon Hervé Léon, and he was marched off, bearing with him a promise from Rosennik that she would live and die as his betrothed. He liked to hear Effie earnestly repeat her absolute conviction that Rosennik would keep her promise; but it always ended in his shaking his head, sighing, and going off into a most dismal tale, for which he seemed to have a peculiar liking, — a Breton version of the legend on which Burger founded his ballad of "Lenore."

It happened one day that Kenneth, in talking to Louis, spoke of England as his country; and soon after, looking back, saw Léon with such a face of disgust and consternation, that, in great surprise, he inquired the cause.

"Monsieur," said he, as if it cost him an effort even to use this term of civility, "you would not deceive me: only tell me if it is possible that I have served one of the English, — I, a Breton born, the hated Saxons!"

"We are not English," replied Kenneth; "our country is Scotland, a part of the same kingdom, but not England itself. But what is there in that, Léon?"

"I would as soon touch a viper as a Saxon," said Léon, still holding aloof. "You are sure you are not of that accursed race?"

"I am Scottish, as I told you, Léon. The country has often been at war with England; and, in many parts, as I have heard, they dislike the word Saxon nearly as much as you do yourself."

"No doubt of it," said Léon, greatly reassured; "they are the same everywhere; and I rejoice from my heart that you have none of their vile blood in your veins."

"But why, Léon, should you be such a bitter enemy to the English?" said Louis. "It is a pity you are not in Spain, where you might satisfy your rage against them."

"Ah! I should fight with them *de bon cœur*," said Léon, almost ferociously. "The dogs! who devastated our country, and murdered our duke!"

Leon's historical knowledge was not particularly exact; but, by diligent cross-examination, Louis and

Kenneth pretty well satisfied themselves that the murdered duke was no other than Arthur Plantagenet; and that it was the wars of Edward III. on behalf of the house of Montfort that were still remembered with so vindictive a spirit by the unforgetting, unforgiving Celtic race. Indeed, so fierce was the manner of the usually good-natured Breton, that Kenneth was by no means convinced that, had they been really English, they might not have had to suffer for Prince Arthur's wrongs.

"But come," said Effie, "now you are satisfied, Léon, do not let us speak any more of that sad history; for I think we have quite horrors enough around us, without speaking of what happened so many hundred years ago. Do tell us instead that pretty story which you told me yesterday. I want Kenneth and Louis to hear it."

"Ah! Mademoiselle," said Léon, looking abashed, "it is not worthy of these gentlemen; they would laugh at it."

"O no, indeed, I promise you I would not," said Louis; "I like your old stories too well, Léon."

"*Mais, mon lieutenant, je ne saurais,*" hesitated Léon.

"Never mind then," said Effie; "I will tell the story, and you shall set me right if I make a mistake. I hope it will last till the time comes for stopping. Well, then, there was once a poor man called Bernéz —"

"Pardon me, Mademoiselle," said Léon, "it does not begin there. It begins with 'Plouhinec is a small town between Hennebonne and the sea —'"

"O, Léon, what matters it where Plouhinec is? I want the story —"

"I do not know, Mademoiselle; but those who told it to me always begin with 'Plouhinec is a small town between Hennebonne and the sea —'"

"Ah! very well, and there lived this poor Bernez —"

"*Mais non*, Mademoiselle," persisted Léon, much to the amusement of Louis and Kenneth. "Plouhinec is a small town between Hennebonne and the sea; it is surrounded by barren heaths and woods of small fir-trees; and there never is grass enough in the whole parish to fatten a bullock, nor barley-meal to suffice even for a pig."

"O, go on, Léon."

"But if there is not much of corn or cattle, flints there are enough to rebuild L'Orient; and on one part of the heath there are two ranges of huge stones, which might be taken for an avenue, if they led to anything. Near Plouhinec, then, on the banks of the river Intel, there once lived a farmer named Marzinn. He was rich for that country; killed a pig once a-year, had abundance of black bread, and bought a new pair of sabots every year for Palm Sunday. On the strength of these riches he had refused his sister Tinah to several youths who lived by the sweat of their brow, and among others, to Bernez —"

"Here he is for you at last, Euphémie," whispered Louis. "Well, Léon."

"To Bernez, a good workman and a worthy Christian; but with no inheritance save the good-will of his neighbours. Bernez and Tinah had known each other from children, and his love for her was so great that her brother's refusal nearly broke his heart, yet he still did not lose all hope, for Tinah always received him

kindly, and would even sometimes laugh at him. It was Christmas-eve, and as the weather prevented them from going to the midnight mass, all the labourers on the farm, and several of the young men of the neighbourhood, with Bernez amongst them, were assembled at the house of Marzinn, who had prepared for them a supper of broth with puddings in it, and milk porridge with honey. All eyes were turned to the hearth where the mess was cooking, except those of Bernez, who was looking at his dear Tinah.

"Just as the benches were placed at the table, an old man pushed open the door, and wished them all a good appetite. He was a beggar who was dreaded by all honest people; for he was never known to go to church, was accused of bewitching the cattle, of trading in magic herbs, and was even suspected of sometimes changing himself into the *Loup garou*. However, as he asked hospitality in the name of the poor, the farmer was obliged to let him come in, sit on a three-legged stool by the fire, and take his share of the feast. When he had finished his supper, he asked where he was to sleep? so the farmer shewed him into a stable, where there was an ass almost bald from old age, and a lean ox. The beggar placed himself between these two animals for warmth, and rested his head on a bag of heather. Just as he was falling asleep, the clock struck twelve; and the old ass, shaking his long ears, turned to the ox, and said, in a friendly tone, 'Well, old comrade, how has the world gone with you since we spoke together last Christmas?'"

"What, they only speak at Christmas?" asked Louis.

"Surely, Sir," said Léon, "the gift of speech on

Christmas night has been granted to asses and oxen ever since that first holy Christmas at Bethlehem," — and the good Breton crossed himself devoutly. "Well, where was I? Oh! at the answer of the ox! The horned animal cast a look towards the beggar, and answered in a surly tone, 'The gift of speech on Christmas night is of little use to us, if we are to be overheard by this good-for-nothing beggar.'"

"Do you not see that the sorcerer is asleep?" returned the ass. 'Ah!' said the ox, 'his witchcrafts have not done him much good; he has sold his soul very cheap; he has not even been told of the chance he may have in a few days.' 'What chance?' asked the ass. 'Do you not know,' answered the ox, 'that once in every hundred years the stones of Plouhinec go on New Year's Day to drink in the river, and that while they are gone, the treasures which they conceal are exposed?'

"Yes," said the ass, 'but they return to their places so quickly, that it is impossible to escape them, and they will certainly crush you, unless you have a bunch of vervain and five-leaved shamrock to preserve you.' 'And, besides,' said the ox, 'the treasures will all turn to dust, unless you give up to the demon the life of a baptized Christian; he will on no other terms let you enjoy the riches of Plouhinec.'

"All this time the beggar was listening, hardly daring to breathe, but thinking to himself, 'Dear little creatures, you have made me richer than all the citizens of Vannes and L'Orient; you shall no longer reproach me with having sold my soul for nothing.' Early the next morning he began his search for these enchanted herbs; and on New Year's Eve, there he

was at Plouhinec, looking as blithe as a weasel that has found his way into a dove-cot. As he was passing over the heath, he saw Bernez busily chipping away at one of the biggest of the stones. 'What are you doing?' said he, laughing; 'Do you want to hollow out a house for yourself?' 'No,' said Bernez, good-humouredly, 'but as I am out of work just now, I thought that to make a cross on one of those accursed stones would be a godly work, and that I should be rewarded some day or other.' 'O, so you have a favour to ask?' said the beggar. 'All Christians have to pray for their salvation,' said good Bernez. 'And have you not something to say about Tinah?' added the beggar, in a lower tone. 'Ah!' said Bernez, looking at him, 'you know that secret. After all, there is neither sin nor shame in confessing it. I wish I could marry her; but, alas! Marzinn wants his brother-in-law to count more crowns than I have pence!' 'And if I put you in possession of more pounds than Marzinn expects of crowns?' said the wizard, in a whisper. 'And what would you ask in return?' 'Nothing, but to be remembered in your prayers.' 'You require nothing that would put my soul in danger?' 'Nothing is needed but courage.' 'Then tell me what there is to do,' cried Bernez, letting his hammer fall: 'I am ready to meet twenty deaths for the sake of Tinah.' So the treacherous beggar told him the whole history, all excepting the way of protecting himself on the return of the stones, and the price which the demon required; and Bernez, who thought that nothing was needed but to be bold and quick, said, 'Old man, I will profit by the opportunity; and a pint of my blood shall always be at your service for the kindness you have done me. I will only finish

the cross that I have begun upon this stone; and at the proper time I will meet you at the little fir-wood.'

"When Bernez came to the appointed place an hour before midnight, he found the beggar with a sack in each hand, and a bag hung round his neck. 'Come,' said the old man, 'sit down and think what you will do with your silver, gold, and precious stones, when you have taken them.'

"If I had plenty of silver,' answered Bernez, 'I would give my dear Tinah all she wants, all that she ever wished for, from linen to silk, from bread to oranges.'

"And if you had as much gold as you pleased?' 'I would make all Tinah's relations rich, and all her friends throughout the parish.' 'And if you had plenty of precious stones?' 'Then,' cried Bernez, 'I would make every one in the world rich and happy, and tell them that Tinah desired it.'

"Whilst they were talking midnight came; they heard a great noise on the heath, and, by the light of the stars, they saw the great stones leave their places and hasten down to the river, tearing up the ground, and knocking against each other like giants which had drunk too much; thus they passed the two men, and were lost in the darkness. Then the beggar ran to the heath, followed by Bernez, and in the places where the stones had stood they found deep pits, filled to the brim with gold, silver, and precious stones. Bernez crossed himself, and cried out with joy and wonder, but the wizard lost no time in filling his bags, listening in the direction of the river. Just as he was finishing the last, and Bernez had filled his pockets, they heard a sound like a distant storm. It was the stones, which

had done drinking, and were coming back to the places very quickly, bending forwards and crushing everything in their way. 'We are lost!' cried Bernez. 'Not I,' said the wizard holding up his vervain and shamrock; 'this secures me; but in order to keep me rich it was necessary to sacrifice a Christian, and your evil angels threw you in my way. You will see Tinah no more; think no more of her, but prepare to die.' While he was yet speaking, the army of stone arrived; he held up his herbs, and they turned from him to poor Bernez, who fell down on his knees and shut his eyes, thinking all was over with him. But behold! the largest stone, which came first of all, stopped suddenly just before him, and stood in front of him like a wall, to guard him from the rest. It was the stone on which he had cut out the cross, — thenceforth it was a baptized stone, and had no power to hurt a good Christian. There it stood, till the other stones had taken their places; then, springing like a sea-bird to its own, it met with the beggar, who walked slowly, loaded with his three bags. As the greatest stone came near he presented his plants; but magic herbs had no power over a Christian stone, — it passed over, and crushed him like a worm.

"Bernez, besides his own pockets-full, had the wizard's three sacks for his share; and became rich enough to marry Tinah, and bring up a family as numerous as the brood of the little King Wren."

CHAPTER X.

"Few, few shall part where many meet;
The snow shall be their winding-sheet,
And every turf beneath their feet
Shall be a soldier's sepulchre."

CAMPBELL.

ABOUT a week after leaving Orcha, they reached the bank of the Berezina, where for the next two or three days they remained nearly stationary, while the engineers were engaged in the erection of the two bridges by which the river was to be crossed.

These were completed early on the 27th of November, and Colonel de Villaret, an experienced campaigner, was of opinion that no time should be lost in effecting the passage of his little party, since the enemy might be upon them at any moment, and cut them off from the bridges. Young de Chateauneuf, looking at the bridges already encumbered with dense crowds of passengers, and perceiving little promise of food or shelter on the low flat morass on the opposite side, was unwilling to stir from the spot where they had been encamped so much longer than usual, that it seemed comparatively comfortable, and proposed to wait till the next morning; but the Colonel adhered to his opinion, and they set forth. With great difficulty they succeeded in reaching the bridge, and when once there, they were carried along in the midst of the crowd, until, squeezed, crushed, and almost stifled by the pressure of these numbers, they reached the opposite bank before evening had quite closed in.

Here they found themselves in the midst of a vast morass, where the tall reeds just shewed their heads

Kenneth.

in the midst of little hills of snow. The sky was dark: thick, large flakes, or rather masses, of snow fell incessantly, and they struggled on, slowly and wearily, in the hope of meeting with some tree or hedge which might serve as a protection, but in vain. The drift came thicker and faster, the reeds impeded their steps, they sank deep into the snow, which lay less firm and hard over the bog than over other ground, and before long the night came on in all its blackness. It was the worst night of all, and how they survived it they could scarcely imagine. They moved about whenever they could, without being able to guess in what direction they were going; their only guide being the steps and voices of others as ignorant as themselves; but it was the only hope of preserving themselves from freezing; and when exhaustion obliged them to stop, leaning against each other, or crouching under shelter of the horse, they speedily found a wall of snow forming against them; nor was it without great effort that they were able to extricate themselves.

After a time the snow ceased, and a sharp wind, which seemed to pierce them to the bones, dispersed the clouds; the stars shone out, and the reflected light from the snow enabled them to see how near the river they still were. Morning too came at last, and put an end to all their wishes that they had remained on the other side; for now commenced that frightful scene of carnage which formed the climax of the horrors of the retreat. Tchitchagoff commenced his attack, and horrible beyond description or imagination was the spectacle of the living, struggling mass of agony wedged upon the bridge, mowed down by the enemy, crushed by the frantic efforts of the stronger. Louis shuddered

at the thought, that, if his wishes had prevailed, they would have been among those sufferers; and Kenneth, turning away sickening from the sight, breathed a silent thanksgiving for their safety; while, guarding Effie as much as possible from the view, they entered upon the road to Zembin, the cries and shrieks of anguish ringing on their ears. Even when beyond the actual sound of them, those fearful sounds still seemed to haunt them, and to accompany each report of the cannon, the sullen thunder of which appeared to be exulting over its work of destruction.

It was shortly after this frightful passage that the Emperor left his wretched army to its fate, and hastened on to France, — forsaking the unhappy men whom he had involved in these almost unparalleled miseries. It was well that, of his principal followers, there were some few among them, Ney and Eugène Beauharnais, who were prevented, by a sense of duty and a more generous spirit, from following his dastardly example, and who continued to strain every nerve, and dare every peril, in order to secure the escape of the unhappy fugitives.

The pursuit was now followed up more closely than ever by the Russians, and a number of skirmishes took place between the Cossacks and the rear-guard, in which the latter often suffered severely. It was shortly after one of these that Colonel de Villaret, coming towards the rest of his party, called Kenneth to walk with him a little apart from the rest; and, after a moment's consideration, said, "Look here, my friend; do you recognise this?"

Kenneth started and coloured, for the Colonel held out to him the well-known black shagreen pocket-book,

with its golden clasps and corners. "It is my grandmother's," said he, eagerly seizing it. "O where did you find it?"

"Rognier gave it to me for you, with a message of regret for his shameful treatment of you and your sister; and, to make what amends he could, told me of the fine property to which —"

"You saw him, then?" interrupted Kenneth. "And my mother?"

"She was lost at the Berezina," said the Colonel. "But do not distress yourself, my friend," he added, perceiving the agitation of Kenneth's countenance. "You had, in reality, lost her long before; and I do not think your life would have been the most agreeable if you had rejoined her."

"O no, no!" cried Kenneth; "do not say so! Oh!" he groaned aloud, "Gone! gone for ever! I shall never see her again!" A long silence ensued; but at length Kenneth recovered voice enough to ask his friend where he had met with Rognier?

"About half a league off," was the reply. "When the Cossacks made that last charge, they did us the favour of freeing us from that amiable subject. He saw me pass after he fell, and knowing, by some means, that you were under my charge, he called me; and though I anticipated little satisfaction in hearing his last dying speech and confession, I listened for your sake, and thus had my reward before I left him."

"Left him? Left him, alone, dying!" repeated Kenneth.

"Why, is it not what we do every hour to better men?" said the Colonel. "You are but a young soldier,

my friend. He was shot through the chest; and what could I have done for him, if he had been my best friend, and the most estimable of mankind? But you have not examined your pocket-book. He says that it contains papers of value."

"I cannot now," said Kenneth, in a broken voice. "Thank you, Monsieur; but I must speak to my sister."

Effie wept bitterly when Kenneth related the Colonel's intelligence. She thought of her mother only as her kind and indulgent mamma; and had never given up the hope of rejoining her: but she was too much of a child to dwell very long or seriously on the subject; and the hardships which she was constantly undergoing, together with the various adventures of every hour, so far occupied her attention, that, after that one fit of weeping, she seemed to bestow little more thought upon her new sorrow. By Kenneth, however, the loss was felt very deeply. His mother appeared to his mind with all the winning graces, the fond caresses, of days long gone by. He remembered the pride which she had so often expressed in him, "her beautiful boy;" the tender endearments which she had lavished upon him; her frequent intercessions for him when in well-merited disgrace. All besides was forgotten, save the impatience with which he had even then too often met her fondness, the sullen contempt with which his stern sense of justice had often made him reject her kindness when he was under punishment; above all, his defiance of her authority, and the lamentable weeks since his father's death.

What a requital for her affection! thought he, as he felt almost crushed beneath the misery of the re-

collection that now they should never meet again, arm would never be round his neck, and that would never know that kiss which he had longed to seal the forgiveness of all wrongs. That horrid bridge, where she had met her death, would often before his remembrance, with many a wild imagination of what might have been, had he been at hand to rescue her. O what would he not have given to be able to have given his life for her, — to have heard her call him once more “her own dear boy,” — then have died in peace!

Yet in Kenneth's case, as in his sister's, protracted suffering and exertion had the power of deadening, for a time, the sense of grief; and it was happy for him that it was so, or he could never have continued to exert the energy and endurance which were daily becoming more indispensable. As long as the hope of rejoining his mother had remained to him, he had been unable to form any plans for the future; but he now proposed to proceed with the Grand Army to Prussia, whence he hoped to be able to make his way to London, according to his father's wishes. He knew that some of the papers in the recovered pocket-book might be turned into money; and he trusted to Colonel de Villaret's kindness in advising and assisting him to make arrangements. His friend was not, however, pitious to these designs; he considered that to go to England would be giving up every chance of recovering the Rocheguyon property, and tried to persuade Kenneth that the best thing for him would be to take up his abode in France, where he promised him a home at his own house, and often talked to Effie of the delight with which Madame de Villaret would receive

The matter was, therefore, left in suspense until they should reach Prussia, and be able to make inquiries respecting the means of reaching England. As to the estate and title of which the Colonel seemed to think so much, Kenneth would willingly have never heard of them again; for he could not cease to regard them as the cause of all his present misery. Had it not been for them, Rognier would never have cast his eyes on Madame Lindesay; they were the lure which had tempted her to return to Paris; and Kenneth could not help secretly agreeing with Colonel de Villaret that they had probably added to Rognier's eagerness to get rid of him.

The Colonel, perceiving that the subject was unpleasant to him, refrained from harassing him with it; and, indeed, he always shewed a courtesy and attention to his feelings, for which Kenneth was almost as grateful as for his more substantial proofs of kindness.

Still there was not about him the same tone that made Kenneth feel completely open and at ease with Louis. The Colonel was a man of the world, and, though kind-hearted, had little comprehension of Kenneth's deeper and higher strain of mind; but Louis, little older than Kenneth himself, and educated by a mother whose faith and love were high and pure, had not yet lost the freshness of her training, and, with all his high spirits and lively manners, the under-current of his soul was so true, pure, and earnest, that the friendship now commenced between the two youths, bade fair to be a life-long happiness to each.

Such a gay and cheerful temper as his, was, indeed, of no small advantage in the midst of their present distresses, when a smile or a laugh might almost

be said to serve as a support, and it might surely reckoned as a positive excellence in one on whom the sufferings of the march were pressing heavily. Worn, exhausted, half-frozen, and half-starved, it was no slight exertion of self-denial to leave for others the best share of the scanty meal, the warmest place by the wretched fire, and to shew himself content with what fell to his lot, — not only to abstain from complaint, but to enliven all with his bright spirits. Little had Kenneth ever dreamt of finding such a friend one of the Grand Army.

CHAPTER XI.

“Deep in the gloom of the churchyard trees,
Making shrill music with the breeze,
There stood a cross of carven stone,
Rising all solemnly alone.
There, at its foot, the knight sank down;
While slowly in sleep his eyelids close,
And softly he sinks to his long repose,
Like snow beneath a summer sun,
Smiling, as though his work were done.”

(THE OWL.)

THE hopes of all were now fixed on Wilna, where a fresh supply of provisions was reckoned upon with certainty, and where, as was believed, the garrison was sufficiently strong to afford protection to the shattered remnant of the Grand Army, while recruiting strength. They were about three days' march from thence, when one evening our friends found themselves just when the order to halt was given, close to a little lonely church in the midst of a burial-ground, shaded with tall linden-trees.

There were lights and voices within the building

it it had so often happened that persons had been rushed to death by crowding in too great numbers to such places of shelter, or had perished in the flames which they had allowed to spread from their fires, that Colonel de Villaret, as a general rule, always avoided such precarious shelter. Close within the wall of the churchyard they, however, found a corner where they were in some degree protected from the wind; and while the Colonel lifted Effie from her horse, Léon and Kenneth went to gather wood for their fire from the neighbouring trees.

"Here is wood to be had nearer, and drier wood too, than we have enjoyed for some time," observed the Colonel, pointing to the crosses which marked the surrounding graves.

"O, Colonel!" exclaimed Kenneth, "we could never touch them."

"They say the Russians are but heretics, Monsieur Kenneth," added Léon; "but I must say I never did break down a cross yet, many as I have seen overthrown by my comrades."

"Very well," replied his Colonel, quickly. "I cannot say I anticipated such scruples either in a soldier of the Grand Army, or in a Scot; but they are your own affair, provided you can find any other fuel, for that is the important matter at present."

"There are others who are not troubled with your scruples," said Louis, as Kenneth came up with a bundle of sticks; "I doubt whether a single cross will remain to-morrow morning."

"Ah! but this one that you are leaning against we may at least save," said Effie.

"You must tell my mother the history of to-day's

halt," said Louis, in a voice that, though cheerful, was feeble and drowsy.

"O, when shall we come to her?" sighed Effie.

"In a few days," said the Colonel. "Even if we should be disappointed in our hopes of a little repose at Wilna, the present state of things cannot continue much longer; we must soon be beyond reach of the enemy."

"I am afraid you are very tired, Louis," said Effie; observing that he sat still on a grave, resting his head on his hand, instead of being, as usual, the most active in the arrangements for the night.

"Thank you," replied he, raising his face, while a faint, though still a bright, smile played on his thin blue lips and heavy eyelids; "it is lazy in me to leave all the trouble to our friends, especially when your brother has had so long a march to-day; but—. Ah! well done, Léon, that is a noble faggot; but take care you do not smother the feeble spark which *Madoiselle* is fanning so carefully."

"And see what I have found!" cried Kenneth triumphantly, as he came up with his arms full of rotten thatch pulled from the roof of a deserted hut, which he had been so fortunate as to be the first to discover, and throwing it down before the lean and wretched-looking horse.

"Ah! *Rosinante*," said the Colonel, "I suspect you will fare better than we shall to-night. I know of nothing except that oat-cake which you, Louis, saved at breakfast this morning. You could procure nothing more, I fear, Léon?"

"No, *mon Colonel*," replied Léon: "I hoped to have had a loaf of bread to-day, but it was gone before I came

up; and what is worse, there is scarcely a drop of the brandy left."

"Well," said Colonel de Villaret, "let us see whether our comrades within can spare us anything."

The soldiers within the church had a small supply of food, but not more than sufficient for themselves; and neither Colonel de Villaret's rank, his representations of the destitution of his party, nor even his offers of a considerable price, would induce them to part with one morsel of their provisions.

When the Colonel came back, slowly and sorrowfully, from after his fruitless attempt, Louis for a moment raised his head with an almost famished look of eager expectation; then, when he heard of the failure, let it sink down again on the arm which rested on his knee; and Kenneth, who alone marked the gesture, remembered that Louis had that very morning given a portion of his scanty meal to Effie, and reserved another part for the evening. It was this single oat-cake that was now to serve them all; and so small was it, that every one declared that it was useless to divide it, and it was given to Effie, who could scarcely be prevailed on to eat it, and offered half to each of her companions in turn. Louis thanked her, without looking up; "No, no, eat it yourself; I mean to make rest serve instead of food," said he, stretching himself out on the grave on which he had been sitting, and speaking in a weary tone: "I shall sleep soundly; good-night, Euphémie — good-night, uncle — good-night, Kenneth;" and lastly, he murmured in a lower, more sleepy voice, "Good-night, mother."

The Colonel said, with a smile that had something sad in it, "Poor boy, he is asleep already; his dreams

are at home. But make haste, it is time we all were resting."

They then diluted the small remains of the brandy with a far larger proportion of heated snow-water, and after drinking it, prepared for their short repose. Effie was placed between the fire and the wall of the churchyard, — a bed which six weeks ago she would have looked on with the utmost dismay, but which now gave her an idea of comparative comfort; and, rolled carefully in her cloak, with a snow-ball for her pillow, she fell sound asleep.

It was about midnight when she was awakened by Kenneth's cold hand touching her cheek with a tremulous pressure, and then an eager kiss, as she moved and opened her eyes. The strange emotion of the manner, so different from usual, startled her; and looking into his face by the pale, silvery light of the moon, she saw an expression there which caused her to exclaim hastily, "What is the matter? Let me see, Kenneth? Where are the rest?"

Still he did not move from between her and the others; but flinging his arm round her he whispered, "Dear Effie, we have had a great loss!"

"Come, my friend," said Colonel de Villaret from behind, in a broken voice, "we have no time to spend in mourning. Your sister must mount directly, if, indeed, she can yet be awakened."

Kenneth helped Effie to rise, still keeping his arm round her waist. She turned, trembling, and saw the patient horse, held by Léon, at a little distance, while Colonel de Villaret hung over the grave along which lay Louis de Chateauneuf, just as he had fallen asleep in the evening, his head resting at the foot of the

cross, and his arm thrown round it. His cap had been taken off, and his fair hair had fallen in thick masses round his placid features, composed as in a tranquil sleep, and scarcely more colourless than they had been from the time she had first known him. "He is asleep!" she cried. "You have not tried to waken him."

"Do you think we have not, Euphémie?" said his uncle. "O, my sister! my sister! how shall I meet thee?" and he gave way to so violent a burst of grief, that Effie shrank, terrified, to her brother's side. She touched the hand, and almost screamed at the chill it sent through her frame; but still she clung to hope, and whispered, "But, Kenneth, our hands are often very cold, and if we rub them with snow —"

"It has been tried," replied Kenneth, "and it is all in vain; and there would be little hope, even if we could have revived him for a moment: every morsel of food, every drop of liquor, is gone."

"O, Kenneth, how could you make me eat all?" cried she, bursting into tears.

"We must go," said Colonel de Villaret, kissing the icy brow.

Effie whispered to her brother, "Cannot we take his mother a lock of his hair?" And the Colonel, catching the words, said, "Thank you for reminding me, my dear; it is the only memorial she will ever have of her son."

Effie took from her grandmother's treasured case a pair of scissors, severed a long fair lock, matted and hardened with frost; her little trembling fingers, cold and stiff as they were, fastened it to a ribbon on which the Colonel wore a miniature of his wife, and then she allowed him to place her on horseback. Kenneth,

meanwhile, knelt silently, and with closely-clasped hands, beside the grave; feeling as if a whole lifetime of intimacy had been comprised in these few weeks of fellow-suffering, and as if the future was left doubly blank, without so true a friend. Yet the repose of the tranquil face passed into his mind, and left an impression that he who lay there in peace was the happiest of the party.

Perhaps a thought like this was in Effie's mind; for the first word that she uttered, as her horse was led out of the churchyard, was, "His mother will like to know it was there we left him."

With heavy hearts, and frames faint and exhausted with hunger, they could scarcely drag themselves along, and each had secret forebodings of being the next to be left lifeless and frozen beside the watchfire. Towards the middle of the day, however, they found the carcass of a horse, already stripped of most of the flesh; and while Léon was employed in cutting off and laying up a store of what was now considered as so great a prize, Kenneth and Effie exclaimed with a sigh, "Ah! if we had but had this yesterday!"

CHAPTER XII.

"When pressing on thy desperate way,
Rais'd oft and long their wild hurra,
The children of the Don."

SCOTT.

At length, on the evening of the 9th of December, they reached Wilna; but even there it was difficult to obtain shelter, for the streets were completely choked

the multitudes who had preceded them. They were forced to spend several tedious hours in sight of courts to which they could gain no admittance, — a delay which Effie endured less patiently than any of her former trials; but after a time, Kenneth, speaking Russian, persuaded a shopkeeper to open her doors to them; and they were received by her with hospitality.

To sit on a low stool near the stove, free from her threadbare cloak and battered bonnet, and to taste good bread once more, seemed to Effie the height of luxury, and the good woman of the house, full of pity and kindness, was employed in dressing the wounds on Kenneth's feet, which had now begun to suffer severely. Much did they wish that Louis de Chateaufort had been with them to partake of these unwonted comforts; and yet, as Kenneth thought, how could they wish it?

After a hasty meal, Colonel de Villaret left them, in order to see some of the superior officers; and soon returned, in great haste, to inform them that he was ordered to join one of the more advanced divisions; and he feared that it might be long before he saw them again. He obliged Kenneth to share the contents of his purse, and told him that he had spoken of them to Marshal Ney, but had little hope that, occupied as he was, he would remember or pay any attention to them.

"However," said he, "I hope that, with Léon's aid, you will be able to get over the few remaining marches without much difficulty, and that we shall meet at Gumbinnen, at my poor sister's lodging: or, should I never arrive there, here is a note which you must give her; and here is another for you to carry to my

wife, when you go to claim the Rocheguyon estate. And, Euphémie, this will be safest under your care."

He put the lock of his nephew's hair into her hand; and cheering her as well as he could, took his leave. While they were still lamenting his departure, the report of cannon struck their ears, and the cry of the Cossacks warned them that their time of rest was not yet come.

"Must we go?" asked Effie, piteously; "I hoped for one quiet, warm night at least."

"Oh! never mind, Effie," said Kenneth, as cheerfully as he could; "the sooner we go the sooner it will be over. You would think the snow worse, after one night in comfort."

"But your feet will be more hurt by walking again," said Effie. "Oh! it will be worse than ever."

"*Allons, Mademoiselle,*" said Léon, entering the room; "the horse is ready; and they say there are but three days' march to Kowno."

Their hostess supplied them with two loaves of bread, which they hoped would last them through the remainder of the retreat; and did what she could to increase the comfort of Effie's clothing. She tried to find a pair of shoes for Kenneth; but all she had were so large and heavy, that he preferred his own, torn as they were. He attempted to repay the good woman with some of the money that the Colonel had left them, but she would receive nothing; and bade them farewell, with tears of compassion for the pale, gentle little maiden who had shewn such warm thankfulness for her kindness.

It was midnight when they quitted the house; but so slowly did the disorderly crowd disengage itself

on the streets, that the sun was shedding a delicate
 light aslant upon the snowy plain, before they
 and themselves once more in the open country. They
 did reason to rejoice in this long delay, since, without
 the advantage of daylight, they could scarcely have
 avoided the dangers of the hill of Ponari, that frightful
 scene of confusion, where the last remains of discipline
 were lost; where French and Cossacks were mingled
 together, engaged in the same work of plunder; and
 where the cross, torn from the church of St. Iwan, was
 at length abandoned.

The semblance of a rear-guard, now almost entirely
 consisting of officers, avoided the ascent, and passed
 round the foot of the hill; and the more prudent and
 less rapacious of the stragglers followed their example;
 leaving the Cossacks so fully occupied with some wag-
 ons of treasure which had been overturned, that they
 were free from their attacks during the rest of the day;
 and having, therefore, made more progress than usual,
 they halted in the evening at some distance beyond
 Ré.

Léon and Kenneth had just collected materials for
 their fire, and were assuring Effie, as they had so
 often done before, that their troubles were almost over,
 when Marshal Ney passed near them, and, recognising
 Kenneth, stopped and asked whether they wanted any-
 thing. Their condition had been so much improved by
 the good woman of Wilna, that Kenneth returned a
 cheerful answer in the negative, and the Marshal walked
 away to a fire which had been prepared for him and
 the Bavarian General de Wrede, at about a hundred
 yards' distance.

The supper this evening was less melancholy than

usual. Effie amused herself with watching what was passing at the Marshal's fire, which was plainly visible, from being on ground slightly higher than their own. She took much restless interest in his proceedings. "How many people come to speak to him, — I am sure he must be tired! That man has been at least half-an-hour talking to him! Oh! he is going at last, but then there is another coming! I would send them all away, and tell them to wait till to-morrow, if I was the Marshal."

"A fine Marshal you would make!" said her brother. "You would not be the hero of the retreat, as he certainly is."

"To be sure, it must be a fine thing to be a hero!" said Effie. "I hope you will be one some time or other, Kenneth; I am sure you are brave enough."

"But come," said Kenneth, "no one is hindering you from sleeping. Let me make you a mummy in your cloak, and go to sleep."

She allowed him to wrap her up, but she could not help peeping out of the folds every now and then, to see whether the Marshal was left at rest. At length, having seen the last of his visitors depart, she expressed her satisfaction, and fell asleep. Kenneth felt liveryish, and disinclined to sleep, and therefore proposed to take the first turn of watching the fire, whilst Edou rented.

It was a gloomy, clouded night, and as far as his eye could reach, all was darkness, here and there speckled with low, glimmering watch-fires; the more distant dwindling in appearance to sparks close together, and the nearer, apparently at far greater intervals, shedding on the snow-covered ground a dim red

light, just sufficient to enable him to distinguish the dark forms sleeping round them.

Their fire was apart from the rest, and the stillness which had succeeded to the turmoil of the day gave Kenneth an undefined sensation of awe and loneliness. He endeavoured to overcome the feeling by taking the Prayer-book from Effie's basket, and reading the Evening Service; but he found the light of the fire too feeble and uncertain for this to be possible; and, shutting the book, he recalled to memory those portions which best suited his present circumstances; and it was not long before his mind was comforted and refreshed.

Some time had passed in this manner, when he suddenly imagined that he heard a noise in the distance. It grew more distinct, and seemed to be occasioned by a movement among the troops. He started to his feet, and saw that some of the fires were eclipsed for a moment, then appeared again, as if persons were passing in front of them. Still he hesitated to summon his companions, for, on looking towards Marshal Ney's fire, he saw that all was quiet there, and felt convinced that no order had been given.

But the sound became louder, the rushing noise of numbers in motion; yet he stood irresolute until he heard the cry he knew full well, "The Cossacks! the Cossacks!" It awoke Léon, who, instantly springing up, caught the horse, arranged the bridle, and lifted Effie, scarcely awake, to her usual place, all before Kenneth could make himself heard.

"Léon," said he, "I believe this to be a false alarm; I have been watching the Marshal all this time, and I must have seen if he had moved, or given any orders."

The cry of the Cossacks was quite enough for

Léon; who, in too great haste to attend to this representation, just looked in that direction, muttered something unintelligible, and was moving off, when Kenneth, laying his hand on the horse's bridle, said, "If it is really the Cossacks, he ought to know it."

"O, it is them! I heard their howl! I am sure I did!" cried Effie. "Come, Kenneth, never mind."

"I cannot see him left asleep and unwarned," said Kenneth, quietly. "I shall go and tell him that his men are deserting him."

"Are you mad, Monsieur?" exclaimed Léon: "the enemy is upon us, the troops are flying, and we shall scarcely be able to overtake them. It is certain death to turn back."

"It must be done," replied Kenneth, with determination.

"Oh, Kenneth! Kenneth! stop!" screamed his sister; "do not go, — it is madness! The Marshal is gone; I am sure he is!"

"You could not see him in the darkness," added Léon. "He must certainly be with the troops."

"I cannot believe that, when I have him before my eyes," said Kenneth. "I shall be with you in five minutes."

He darted away, and the next moment was lost to sight. The Breton paused for a second, but his fear of the enemy overpowered his anxiety for Monsieur, and he began to lead the horse in the direction which the other fugitives were taking.

"Stay, stay, Léon!" implored Effie. "Kenneth said he would come back. He will not find us, — he will be quite alone, — he will be lost in the snow! Oh,

Léon," she added, with a scream and struggle, "pray wait for him!"

"No, no, Mademoiselle," answered Léon, urging the horse forwards, and speaking as fast as he could, to drown her entreaties. "Do not make such an outcry! If Monsieur chooses to run into danger, that is no reason why we should stay here to be seized by the enemy. Besides," proceeded he, in a more consolatory strain, "if he finds the Marshal, he will keep near him, and not come searching for us in the dark. There! Did you hear the Cossacks? *Allons*, we shall soon meet *Monsieur votre frère!*"

Effie cried bitterly, without attending to him, — only looking wistfully back from time to time through her tears, in which the receding fires danced in flashes of red, dazzling light. At last a rising-ground concealed them from her sight, and she hid her face in her hands, and sobbed as if she would never be consoled. Léon, after trying in vain to encourage her, ceased to speak, and they proceeded in dreary silence through the rest of the night and the following day; the poor little girl, at last, growing so exhausted with fatigue and sorrow as to fall into a heavy slumber as she sat on horseback. Léon put his arm round her, and supported her thin white cheek on his shoulder, while still they journeyed on their melancholy way, till the word to halt was given, when he lifted her down, and with some difficulty awakened her sufficiently to partake of a little nourishment, without which there might have been great danger that her present sleep might be her last. Even during this interval her mind was not aroused, and she sank to sleep again the instant he left her undisturbed.

In the early dawn, however, she awoke to the full and sorrowful perception that her brother was not near, but, refreshed by her repose, she was in a state of mind to be cheered by Léon's assurances that they were very near Kowno, where they might learn tidings of Kenneth, or, at any rate, find out whether Marshal Ney was still with the army.

Two hours' march brought them to the frontier town of Kowno, but they had no opportunity of gaining the earnestly desired information. Indeed, they had not even a minute for repose; for they had scarcely gained the principal street before the report of artillery was heard, and the alarm was given that the Russians were at hand. In the summary method well known to the French soldiery, Léon possessed himself of a piece of meat sufficient for the evening's meal, and then hurried his little charge through the gates and over the bridge across the Niemen; asking each group of weary fugitives whom they overtook for news of the Marshal, and hearing nothing in reply but vague conjectures.

They now entered Prussian Poland, and were beyond the pursuit of the enemy. The thunder of hostile cannon and the savage war-cry of the Cossacks no longer rang in their ears, but they were still far from rest and shelter, and had a long tract of desolate forest country to traverse, before they could reach Gumbinnen, on which place all Effie's earnest hopes were fixed.

Léon encouraged her to hope for the best, and uttered numerous rejoicings at their escape, as they travelled onwards along the well-trodden forest paths. The empty and deserted shed of a charcoal-burner afforded them shelter for the night, and in the early

morning they renewed their journey; but it was by the light of the setting sun that they first saw before them the roofs of the town of Gumbinnen.

For a whole month had Euphemia Lindesay owed her safety, and almost every comfort, to the faithful care of the rough but kind-hearted Breton soldier; and now, when he pointed to the town saying, "There, Mademoiselle, there you will find your friends, and return to all the comforts to which you were born," she felt sorrowful at the prospect of parting with him; and she replied, "And you, Léon, what shall you do?"

"Me, Mademoiselle? I shall go to my quarters, where I shall find some of my comrades. The Colonel said the Marshal would remember me; but Heaven knows whether either of them remain alive."

"If Colonel de Villaret is safe, I am sure he will do all he can for you," said Effie; "but I wish we could do anything to shew how thankful we are to you, Léon. I am sure, if poor Kenneth is safe, that he will tell you so; and when he is a man, he will find some way to reward you. But what will happen to you next?"

"A poor soldier knows little of what is likely to befall him, Mademoiselle. Probably, when the other stragglers have come in, and our regiment is in some order, we shall be marched to another of the Emperor's wars."

"If all his wars are like this, I should think he would soon be tired of them," said Effie; "but, Léon, take care you let us know what becomes of you, for you have been very kind to us."

CHAPTER XIII

"CAPT. It is perchance that you yourself are saved.

VIOLA. O my poor brother! and so perchance may he be."

TWELFTH NIGHT.

NEAR as Gumbinnen had appeared when Effie spoke, it was already dark before they entered streets, where she gazed about as if she had entered a new world, so strange to her eyes was the aspect of a town unscathed by war, the shop-windows and doors open, and passengers walking in peace and security. Léon too looked around in some perplexity, made read the address of the letter to Madame de Chateaufort, and proceeded to make inquiries from some of the inhabitants. Finding his French incomprehensible he was beginning, in despair, to have recourse to native Breton, when one of his fellow-soldiers came for his assistance, and presently obtained the required direction to the house where Madame de Chateaufort had lodged since the advance of the Grand Army. They were just turning the corner of a street, when Léon exclaimed, "There is the Colonel himself!"

"O where?" cried Effie. "Is Kenneth with him?"

"No! but Mademoiselle, where are you looking? Do not you see the Colonel among those officers, before you?"

"Where? which? That is not the Colonel!"

Effie was wrong, for at that same moment they were remarked by the person to whom Léon pointed, and hastening to meet them, he affectionately greeted Effie and anxiously inquired for her brother.

"Then he is not come! He is quite lost!" said

poor Effie, bursting into a flood of tears; while Léon explained how they had parted from him.

"Cheer up, my dear child," said Colonel de Villaret; "we need not despair. Those officers know that the Marshal was with the army at Kowno; so perhaps your brother may have found him. Courage, Euphémie! here is the house of my sister, who longs to embrace you."

For the last time he lifted her from the lean, toil-worn animal which had carried her so many weary miles; he led her into the house, and, opening a door, said, "Here is one of our young friends; I hope we shall soon see the other;" and then withdrew to speak to Léon. Effie stood gazing vacantly round, dazzled by the light, overcome with the warmth, positively amazed by the appearance of order and comfort. A lady in black came to meet her, put her arm round her, and spoke to her in a tone of great tenderness, first in French, then in English; but Effie seemed neither to hear nor comprehend, and kept her eyes fixed on her, as if in a trance. The lady led her to the fire, and began to disentangle the knotted rag of a scarf which secured her cloak, and this appeared in some degree to recall the poor child's recollection; she put her hand into her bosom, and holding out the lock of Louis's hair, said, in a dreamy voice, "Here it is. We left him at the foot of the cross."

His mother could not speak, but she drew the little orphan close to her, and covered her pale cheeks with kisses and tears. The next moment Colonel de Villaret re-entered the room, so altered by the absence of his black beard, and by the handsome undress uniform

which had replaced his ragged pelisse, that his appearance only added to poor Effie's confusion of ideas.

"Welcome, my dear little girl," said he. "Here are our troubles at an end! And is my sister taking care of you? You have not warmed those poor little hands yet;" and he began to rub the one which he had taken. The familiar voice seemed to awaken her, and she said, "Are we really in a room?"

"Really; and in one from which we shall not be chased, as we were from our last refuge," said the Colonel, hoping thus to recall her recollection. "Did you get a stock of provisions at Wilna?"

"Yes, the good woman gave us two beautiful white loaves. But is it really all over?"

"Quite over, Euphémie," said the Colonel, smiling. "You know you were to come to us at Gumbinnen, and here you are."

"But Kenneth, — where is he?"

"I hope he will soon be here," said the Colonel, with an assumed air of confidence. "We shall hear of him when the Marshal comes. But I must make you know my sister, — Madame de Chateaufneuf, — poor Louis's mother, of whom he loved to talk to you."

Effie raised her large hazel eyes to the kind face that was bending over her, and said, like one making a confession, "They made me eat up that last morsel of oat-cake —"

"She does not know what she says, poor child," said the Colonel, though he understood her full well. "You had better put her to bed, and give her a good supper, and she will be herself again to-morrow."

"Come with me, my dear," said Madame de Chateaufneuf, rising to lead her away.

"But where is poor Léon?" asked Effie, still lingering.

"Safe at supper in the kitchen," said Colonel de Villaret. "I will see him well taken care of."

"And Kenneth will come to-morrow?"

"Yes, yes, surely," replied her friend.

"And now you are tired and hungry," added Madame de Chateauneuf, "you shall come with me to my room, and let me try if I cannot make you comfortable."

Effie willingly obeyed the guidance of the soft warm hand which was so tenderly clasped round her own, but as the Colonel bade her good-night, she opened her eyes wide, saying, "It is really Colonel de Villaret!"

"It is himself," said Madame de Chateauneuf, smiling: "Why do you doubt it?"

"He looks so very well," said Effie.

"Ah, my dear," replied his sister, "you would not say so if you had seen him a few months ago."

And she led her away to her own apartment, where in a short time she had provided her with every comfort within her power. "How nice! how comfortable! how kind you are! Thank you. Oh, thank you very much," — came fast, and again and again, from Effie, who seemed hardly able sufficiently to value the warm supper and soft bed, or to be grateful enough for the kindness with which she was attended. She knelt and prayed fervently for her brother; then, exchanging a few tender caresses with Madame de Chateauneuf, she laid her weary head on the fresh soft pillow, and closed her aching eye-lids, while Madame de Chateauneuf gently glided out of the room.

It was but for a short time that she slept. She awoke, restless and feverish, oppressed by the weight of the coverings, almost stifled by the warmth, and longing for the free, clear frosty air she had been so long accustomed to breathe. At her first movement there was a kind face instantly at her side, and a gentle voice begging to know if she was comfortable. Again and again she slept and woke, and each time the light of the lamp shewed her the soothing vision of a mild countenance of resigned sorrow, as Madame de Chateauneuf either bent over her, knelt in prayer before a small ebony cross, or sat gazing on that curl of fair hair.

Dreadful had been the agony of suspense which had left its traces on those pale, tranquil features. Day after day had been spent in all the misery of lonely anxiety and sorrow, as the reports of the distresses and losses of the army became constantly more alarming; then, in confirmation of the very worst, appeared the wretched stragglers, like the very spectres of the gallant men who had so lately marched through those same streets; their tales of woe, and the misery depicted in their countenances, rendering her each moment more hopeless. And then, as she sat by the window, at one instant despairing, the next clinging to the last remnant of hope, and trying vainly to quell those rebellious throbbings of her heart which would not let her be resigned, she saw a worn, haggard figure wandering up and down before the house, stopping irresolutely in front of the door, and then turning away again. In spite of the ragged dress, in spite of the altered countenance and bent figure, she recognised her brother. Alas! too well she understood why h

shrank from her presence. She knew that her darling, her brave and loving first-born, was never to return to her arms; that his bright blue eye and joyous voice would never again gladden her heart; that the tall, active form on which she had gazed with so much pride and delight, lay cold and stiff on the snows of Russia. But still her thought was not of self; she went forth to welcome her brother with love and thankfulness; she spared him the most painful attempt of preparing her for his intelligence; and waited upon him, and ministered to his comfort, as if no grief oppressed her. He marvelled to see how little she gave way, for he knew little of her support, and guessed not the many lonely hours spent in prayers and tears, with which she had prepared herself for resignation to the lot which was in store for her.

It may well be supposed that she felt it a great relief to attend to the little orphan, whose desolate condition would in itself have claimed her care, and who was doubly endeared to her by having shared the hardships of her son. At length, under her soothing care, Effie's restlessness yielded to fatigue, and she slept soundly till the sunshine was pouring into the room at almost its mid-day height.

She turned, gazed round, and, as Madame de Chateaufort came to her side, eagerly asked, "Is Kenneth here?"

"Not yet, my child. Have you slept comfortably?"

"Yes, thank you, very soundly. But where am I? We are in a house again! I thought it was a dream!"

"No, my dear, it was no dream: you arrived here last night; this is Gumbinnen."

"I remember now!" said Effie. "And you, Madame,

are Louis's mother? Louis said you would be very kind to us."

"I will love you as a mother," said Madame de Chateauneuf, bending over the little girl, and tenderly embracing her. Effie laid her head on her neck, and clung to her with all the confidence of affection.

"Indeed I will love you!" said she; and there was another fond caress; then Effie laid her head back on her pillow; and, as Madame de Chateauneuf began to prepare some coffee for breakfast, she began again, "Then it was Colonel de Villaret last night, only it was all so changed! And Léon, is he safe?"

"Quite safe, my dear; he came to the house early this morning to inquire for you."

"And the good old horse? I hope he has a comfortable stable?"

"I have little doubt of it, my dear."

"Then it would be all right if Kenneth was but here. And you really think he will come, Madame?"

"Colonel de Villaret thinks there are great hopes as long as Marshal Ney does not come without him," said Madame de Chateauneuf. "All who have arrived this morning speak of the Marshal's brave defence of Kowno; and so we may hope that your brother found him."

"The fire was very near ours," said Effie; "he could not have missed him in the snow. O, he will be sure to come to-day!"

And Madame de Chateauneuf, though she blamed herself, could not bear to deprive the poor child of her fond hope.

"I hope he will," said she, with the unselfish sincerity of a spirit which could sympathize with others

in the midst of its own deepest affliction, and then turned away to bring her patient the breakfast which her own kind hands had long since prepared for her; and never certainly was breakfast more enjoyed. It caused a smile to play upon her lips to hear Effie's commendations and thanks, so disproportionate did they appear. The little girl even entreated to be allowed to save some for Kenneth; and it was not till after a few minutes' recollection, that she could remember that there was no scarcity here, and she might be satisfied and still leave enough for the others.

"I cannot remember that it is all over," said she; "and it grieves me, too, to think that it is; for first, Kenneth is not come, and then, I do so much wish for poor mamma, and for Louis! He used to tell us so often how you would take care of us, and it seems wrong that he should not be here."

"It cannot be wrong, my love," said Madame de Chateauneuf, kissing her.

"O no! but when I am here, so comfortable and so happy, — that is, when Kenneth comes. I cannot bear to think of that snowy grave where he is lying!" and she burst into tears; then, looking up again, said, "but I ought not to grieve you. Indeed, I would not have spoken of him if I had thought a little more, but I could not help it."

"Nothing can give me more comfort than to hear of him, my dear," said Madame de Chateauneuf; "but you must not tire yourself with talking."

Effie protested that she was perfectly well, and went on to beg that she might be allowed to get up to receive her brother. Her friend yielded after a little persuasion; and some clothes having been with diffi-

culty procured for her, she came into the sitting room, pale indeed, and stiff and weak, but by no means the bewildered, frightened little creature she had been the evening before.

The Colonel, who was sitting by the table, turning over a heap of French newspapers, rose as she entered, and, holding out his hand, said, "Ah! *bon jour*. It is my turn now to be surprised, for I see you much changed from what you were last night. Well, do you know me yet? I do not think she is half convinced of my identity," he added, turning to his sister.

"I know you when you speak, Monsieur," said Effie; "but that is what puzzles me, — it is like another person, and yet the same."

"Then you must make haste to forget the ragged individual you once knew," said the Colonel, smiling.

"I don't think I can," said Effie; "I shall always remember when you came and helped us at the river."

Colonel de Villaret went out to seek further news, and Effie was left with his sister. For a long time they talked; each word that Effie spoke of Louis, of his generous self-devotion, of his cheerful endurance, and his earnest affection for his mother, being at once a wound and a balm to the heart of Madame de Chateaneuf. Many a time, however, when she was hanging on the simple words that told of her beloved son, Effie, in the unconscious selfishness of her age, would wander off to her own griefs, and then her kind friend, with a painful but unseen effort, would turn her mind to listen and sympathize with the little girl's hopes and fears for her brother.

Every time there was a sound in the house, Effie started and sprang up to greet Kenneth on his en-

trance; then her countenance fell; and, after standing for a moment or two gazing from the window, she returned to the sofa with a sigh, and tried to make Madame de Chateaufort again assure her he would come. As the evening twilight came on, Effie's hopes began to sink, which she shewed by growing more and more urgent for the assurance of his speedy arrival; and, at the same time, Madame de Chateaufort, feeling convinced that his coming was hopeless, became unwilling to allow her to harass herself any longer with hope deferred, and gently strove to prevent her from dwelling too absolutely on the expectation.

But Effie clasped her hands together. "O Madame, do not, oh, do not tell me not to hope for him! He is all I have left, — they are all gone but him, — and he is the kindest and dearest of brothers; and I have prayed, oh! so earnestly for him, — and I cannot think that God will take him too from me! O Kenneth! Kenneth! Yes, he must come, — he must!"

"I hope and trust he will, dearest," said Madame de Chateaufort; "but still it may be the will of God that it should be otherwise, and you must try to bear it."

"O, but I have prayed," repeated Effie.

"Alas! my dear child, our prayers are not always granted as we intend them."

"Ah! you have prayed for Louis!" said Effie, "and yet —"

"And yet I hope that we are not parted for ever," said Madame de Chateaufort.

"But then," said the little girl, "it will be such a long, long life first, — and all alone; — and I never was good, like Kenneth! O, I cannot be without him!"

He must come! — Hark! there is a sound at the door! — No, no! O, he will not come!” And she threw herself on Madame de Chateaufneuf’s neck, giving way to an agony of tears and sobs, which rendered her incapable of listening to any consolation.

Madame de Chateaufneuf lifted her on her lap, laid her head on her shoulder, and called her by every soothing term of endearment. At last, quite exhausted by her grief, her sobs gradually lessened, her hand sank, and she lay profoundly asleep, partly on the sofa, and partly on her friend’s kind bosom.

The room was only lighted by the fire when the Colonel entered, so slowly and quietly that he did not arouse her.

“*Pauvre petite!*” said he, looking sadly at her.

“You give up the hope?” asked Madame de Chateaufneuf.

“Ney does not arrive; indeed, not a man has come in for the last two hours! No, the Marshal has sacrificed himself, — without doubt, killed or taken, — and with him we lose all hope of that brave boy! And he was a noble little fellow! — daring as a hero of romance! And as to that poor child, she loved him most devotedly! — Well, it is strange how those two children occupy me. I never thought to have taken so much interest in them! I wish I could forget that boy, — and I dread the waking of this poor little thing!”

And, with a deep sigh, he sat down, and looked at the fire in a melancholy reverie.

CHAPTER XIV.

"Through forty foes, his path he made,
And safely gain'd the forest glade."

SCOTT.

As they sat thus, Madame de Chateauneuf with Effie asleep in her arms, and Colonel de Villaret wrapt in gloomy meditations, a loud noise, as of opening the front door, suddenly startled them all. The next moment the room door flew open, and disclosed a tall man, wrapped in a large cloak, his beard long and red, his whiskers burnt, his face blackened with gunpowder, his large black eyes glancing wild and fierce.

Effie screamed aloud, and Madame de Chateauneuf was much alarmed; but, as the Colonel stepped forward, the stranger held out his hand, saying, "Villaret! do you not know me? I am the Rear-Guard of the Grand Army! I have fired the last musket-shot at the gate of Kowno, — I have thrown the last of our arms into the Niemen, — and have walked hither across the forest as you see me!"

Effie heard only the first few words of this remarkable speech; for at the same moment some one rushed past the Marshal, a well-known voice cried "Effie! Effie!" and the arms of Kenneth were around her. Until that moment, neither of them had known how much beyond their hopes was this meeting, and their ecstacy was such as that they heard and saw nothing but each other. When, at last, they looked up and listened, the Marshal was refusing Madame de Chateauneuf's offers of hospitality, saying that a carriage was waiting to take him to Konigsberg, and that he

had only come to the house for the sake of leaving the boy, who had said that Colonel de Villaret would receive him. Then, looking round for Kenneth, he said, "So you have found your sister! I was right when I told you not to despair!"

"Ah, my friend," said Colonel de Villaret, turning round, and welcoming him cordially; "I am delighted to see you safe at last. We had almost despaired of you!"

"Yes; take care of him," said Marshal Ney. "He has the spirit of a true soldier. I should not be here, but for his coming to warn me that night when the rogues deserted me. He is not fit to go further to-night, and I leave him to your care; but remember, my boy, that you belong to me."

He shook Kenneth warmly by the hand, took leave of Madame de Chateaufort, and hastened away, the Colonel following him to the door; and they heard him continuing, "You will take charge of him for the present, then? He is well worth it. If you had only seen how he stood by me at Kowno, when all were flying! — But I must not delay. Adieu! I shall soon see you at Konigsberg."

Kenneth, Effie, and Madame de Chateaufort had all been listening in silence: the two children stood fondly leaning against each other, their hands clasped together, as if to make sure of each other; and Madame de Chateaufort stood opposite, unwilling to interrupt them.

The Colonel, returning the next moment, took Kenneth's hand and said, "Well, my friend, so you have returned to us a hero; — but sit down; rest yourself —"

"O, Kenneth," said Effie, going a few steps from him, as he sank wearily down on the sofa, "how much thinner you are! And how is your forehead, and your poor feet?"

They might well be struck with his appearance; and Madame de Chateaufort was especially shocked. His hair streamed in tangled locks over the handkerchief which bound his forehead; his face was haggard and ghastly pale, except for a burning red spot on each cheek; his eyes sunk deep in their hollow sockets, but looking unnaturally large and bright; his dress soiled and singed with fire; and his torn shoes shewing bandages covered with blood. With all this misery, there was a look of delight, of excitement, of feverish happiness, that shone in his eyes, and smiled on his lip, making his demeanour a strange contrast to his appearance.

"I don't know; I don't care for anything, now I have you," was his reply to Effie's question.

"But how your feet have bled!" exclaimed she. "O, poor Kenneth! you are so thin; — have you had enough to eat? have you been very cold? did not walking give you terrible pain?"

"I cannot tell; I did not think about it. It was to find you. Is Léon safe? When did you come here?"

"Yesterday evening; and Madame de Chateaufort has been so very kind to me. You have not spoken to her, Kenneth?"

"Pardon me, Madame;" and he was rising, when she begged him to sit still; and he desisted from what was evidently a painful effort; only holding out his hand, and saying, "Thank you, Madame."

"You must become my patient now," said Madame

de Chateauneuf. "I shall prescribe some hot coffee, and a night's rest, before any more talking."

"Thank you, Madame," said Kenneth; "but I am not in the least tired."

"You will scarcely persuade us of that, my friend," said the Colonel, smiling.

"Not ready to sleep, at least," said Kenneth; "indeed I could not; nor eat, thank you, Madame," he added, in reply to her offers of refreshment. "Pray let me sit here a little while, and make sure that I have Effie, before I go to bed."

"Dear Kenneth! O, I have been so miserable! Léon would not wait for you, though I did cry so, and entreat him."

"No, it was much better not," said Kenneth; "I could not have found my way back again; and my great fear was that you might have waited, and I have missed you."

"And so you found the Marshal?"

"At last; but I thought I should never have done so. He was not so near as we supposed. I lost sight of our own fire, and had nearly given myself up, when I suddenly saw his fire again, close before me; and there he was, with General de Wrede, fast asleep."

"Did not they thank you very much?"

"Not then," said Kenneth; "there was no time; they scarcely even looked at me; but sprang up and marched on as fast as they could, to overtake the troops. I looked round for you, but could see nothing; and so I was obliged to keep up with them."

"Was the whole division flying?" asked the Colonel.

"Yes, absolutely the whole! we passed through the midst of the fires, and there were their muskets as they

had left them, — the cowards! — and we could see the Cossacks dashing about in front of us. Once, a party were so close that I could have touched them; but, if they saw us, they did not take any notice of us. The Marshal said he believed they were quite tired of making prisoners; and they little guessed what a prize they might have had. At last we came up with some of our own men; and, at the sound of his voice, how they started! He did all he could to make them face about and defend themselves, but they would not, though he threatened them; and he even struck two or three of them with his sword: but it was in vain; they seemed quite out of their senses with fear, and to hear nothing; and, indeed, they could not have fought, for most of them had left their arms behind them. And will these men ever call themselves brave again?"

"Yes, when they attack the enemy, instead of retreating," said the Colonel, smiling. "Very few can resist the force of a panic terror, as you seem to do so easily. But let us hear how you proceeded."

"When the Marshal found all his attempts were useless, he gave them up, and marched on in the midst of the men, only hurrying on to Kowno. Then he had time to notice me; he remembered who I was; thanked me for coming back to call him; and told me to keep near him. And so I was obliged to do; for there was no hope of finding you in such a crowd; and I knew if you were safe, I should meet you here. But, oh!" — and a long sigh expressed the agony of the separation.

"Well, go on, Kenneth. Did not he praise you?"

"O, I don't know, Effie; only if it will please you,

I heard him say to General de Wrede, that if but a score of the men had as much courage, he could yet drive back the enemy. But he was so furious at their cowardice, that he thought of little else; and there was worse to come. At last we came to Kowno, and there I thought I should find you out; but no such thing. We had just come to the citadel, and the German officer in command was receiving the Marshal, when, behold, in came one of the aides-de-camp, in great haste, to say that Platoff was advancing on the Wilna gate. The Marshal ordered out the garrison, — there were three hundred Germans, — and away we went, back with them, to the gate."

"But why was that, Kenneth?" said his sister. "Why did not you go on across the bridge, as we did?"

"O, Effie! you will never be a soldier!" cried Kenneth, indignantly. "Was he to care for only his own safety, and leave the whole division to the mercy of the enemy? No, that would not have been like the hero that he has been throughout the retreat!"

"And there was another disgraceful scene of confusion?" asked the Colonel. "I have heard something from the fugitives."

"It was horrible!" said Kenneth, shuddering. "The enemy's fire had already opened on us, and when the order was given for returning it, it appeared that the artillerymen were gone. The Marshal was just ordering some of the garrison to the guns, when their commanding officer — the German, I mean — fell down, wounded in the leg by a ball. Then," and Kenneth's breath came shorter, "wretched man! he drew out his pistol, and shot himself dead on the spot! O, it was

frightful! and his men, in their horror, threw down their arms and ran off,—nothing could stop them; and there was the Marshal left alone with three or four of his staff."

"And where were you?" my friend.

"O, I was there. He said I was to keep near him."

"In the midst of the enemy's fire!" exclaimed Effie.

"O, we were behind a rampart and a palisade. But listen now, for this is something glorious. The Marshal went first to try to fire the cannon, but the rogues of artillerymen had spiked them; then he took up the muskets which the Germans had thrown away, and fired through the gate: and he kept back the enemy! He alone, with four men, held his ground against Platoff's whole force! There, Effie! does not he deserve to be called the bravest of the brave?"

"And you, Kenneth?"

"I brought him the muskets, and loaded them. I thought it might be the saving of Effie and Léon, if we could defend the gate a little longer; and then how could any one stand by such a man as that, and not try to help? It was like seeing Leonidas. O, it was worth all we have gone through! It was a thing rather to dream of than to see."

The Colonel smiled: "And how long did it last?" he asked.

"For some time; I can hardly tell for how long; but it was not till dark that the gate was broken, and then the Marshal called to me to come with him; and somehow, I can scarcely tell how it was, we got through the crowd in the streets,—every one made way at the sound of his voice, and I kept close to him. At last

we were out of the town, and on the bank of the river, but the enemy had possession of the bridge. He fired the musket he had carried with him, threw it into the river, and crossed on the ice, — the last of the Grand Army."

"And you came here with him?"

"Yes; he asked our history and projects. I said we hoped to make our way to England; but to that he would not listen; and told me we must go to Paris, where he will send me to one of the military colleges; and he assured me of his protection in the army."

"And what did you answer?"

"I said I could determine nothing till I knew what was become of you, Effie, and whether —"

"Perhaps," interrupted Colonel de Villaret, "since she has not the prospect of such distinguished patronage, she may not have forgotten that a certain Comtesse de Villaret is waiting to receive her, with open arms."

"And now he has told his story," said Madame de Chateauneuf, "you really should let him have some repose. I am sure he is feverish."

Colonel de Villaret joined his sister in trying to prevail on him to take some rest; but he continued to protest that he did not feel fatigued; and went on asking after Effie's adventures, and dwelling on those deeds of desperate courage which had won his admiration.

The son of a soldier, born in stirring times, loving from earliest childhood to feed his imagination with tales of courage and enterprise, by nature fearless and enthusiastic, he had seen acted before him such intrepid achievements as had been the theme of his most

cherished visions. Actions too, performed by himself in simplicity, and without effort, he heard extolled by the very idol of his imagination. It was no wonder that he forgot the cause in the man; and, elevated by such approbation, could figure to himself no more glorious career than to follow the triumphs of *Le Brave des Braves*. At present, indeed, his feelings were exaggerated by the fever which glowed in his cheek and eye with wild unwonted brilliancy; while, in almost incoherent language, he talked on in a way most unlike his natural shy and reserved manner.

After a time, he suddenly ceased, rested his head on his hand, then attempted to rise; but the effort was beyond his power; he sank back, the room reeled round with him, the lights danced, he closed his eyes, and fainted.

CHAPTER XV.

A FAR more robust frame than Kenneth's would have been severely tried by the fatigues which he had undergone during the last two or three days, and in which spirit rather than strength had upheld him. He had been either in a state of painful anxiety for his sister, or of enthusiasm for Marshal Ney, and hope and excitement had carried him on, almost without rest or food, in a condition which could not but entail a most dangerous reaction.

His fainting-fit did not last long, and he was soon able to reassure his trembling sister, and join in Madame de Chateaufort's entreaties that she would seek the repose which she still so much needed. He con-

tinued all night in a feverish, half-unconscious state, dozing for a few moments, then startled by some painful dream, and even when awake, tormented by the phantoms conjured up by fever and weakness.

Sometimes it was Effie, perishing in the snow; sometimes, taking Madame de Chateauneuf for his mother, he implored her pardon, and entreated that his sister might not suffer for his fault; or he exclaimed and shuddered with horror at the frightful suicide of the German officer, which had left a deep impression on his mind; then seemed to be excusing himself for having, as it were, taken part against the Russians, — "It was for Effie's sake," he said; "and I did not fire." Now and then too he murmured, in broken sentences, a name which filled with tears the eyes of her who was watching by his restless pillow, even as she would have watched over that Louis whom he had loved so well.

With the morning, clearer recollection returned, but accompanied with great languor and depression. He was hardly able to summon up a smile and feeble greeting for his sister when she crept softly to his side, and stood looking at him, as if but half-convinced that he was restored to her. His friends were much alarmed at his condition; and the Colonel went out in great haste to try to procure medical attendance. This was a matter of great difficulty for one out of so many sufferers; and when at length the Colonel succeeded in obtaining a visit from one of the surgeons, he did little to reassure them. He dressed Kenneth's frost-bitten and bruised feet, and the wound on his forehead; but he pronounced that he required the greatest care and attention; and of this he had none to bestow.

All, however, that tender nursing could effect was **done** by Madame de Chateauneuf, who watched him **day** and night with unwearied care and kindness. Her cool hand and soft touch soothed his burning forehead; her mild tones dispelled his wandering dreams; and **even** when scarcely able to recognise her, he felt himself guarded and supported by her presence; but, in **spite** of her utmost care, his feebleness and oppression **daily** increased; the nightly fever never diminished; **and** the close damp weather, which had succeeded to the frost, seemed to weigh him down. He was too **weak** to talk, or, indeed, to think much; — a greeting to his sister, or to Colonel de Villaret, and a half-expressed acknowledgment for some little service, was the utmost that he ever uttered, excepting during his delirious nights, when he often talked so much and so fast, that Madame de Chateauneuf was afraid he would completely exhaust himself.

To add to their anxieties, the enemy were in the immediate neighbourhood, rendering it impossible to remain any longer at Gumbinnen; so that there was no alternative but to proceed to Königsberg, although very doubtful what accommodation they might meet with in a city already overflowing with French troops, and inhabited by a people who hated their unjust yoke. It was fortunate for the remains of the Grand Army, that the indignation of the Prussians did not lead them to forget the duties of compassion towards the wretched instruments of the tyrant's ambition. They fed and sheltered the unhappy fugitives with great kindness; but when waggon were constantly arriving with loads of wounded, whose miseries were almost beyond imagi-

nation, those whose condition was in any respect less wretched had little right to expect attention.

Colonel de Villaret, having some acquaintance with the family of a Prussian officer who lived on the outskirts of Königsberg, wrote to ask hospitality for his sister and her young companions, and received a ready and cordial invitation to his house. To transport Kenneth thither was still a matter of great anxiety, but wrapped in cloaks and blankets, and propped up in the carriage by pillows, he supported the journey better than they had ventured to hope.

The little party was welcomed with the warmest interest and sympathy on their arrival at Königsberg. It was with almost respectful care that the good Herr von Reichfels assisted in lifting the sick boy from the carriage, and carrying him up-stairs to the room where the kind, motherly, fat Frau, shedding tears at the sight of his white, wasted features, was bent on providing him with every comfort, until, relieving him from her bustling presence, she carried off Effie, to set before her every delicacy that could be devised.

No sooner was the patient settled in his new apartment, and left in peace and quietness, than he fell asleep. He was asleep when Effie stole to his door after the evening meal; asleep when she came again to wish Madame de Chateauneuf good-night, and to whisper that all the six young Reichfels were very good-natured, only she could not understand their French; asleep when the Frau came to make her last kind offers of all the house afforded, wakened for an instant by her closing the door, but soon again asleep; nor was it till Madame de Chateauneuf had counted many

an hour, that he awoke, quiet, refreshed, and completely conscious.

From this time he began to recover. He was soon able to be lifted to a sofa, where he lay, still too weak for conversation, teased by attempts to amuse him, and never so well satisfied as when left to his own dreamy musings, — so vague and unconnected as hardly to deserve the name of thoughts, and serving to add to the depression of spirits which seemed chiefly to retard his recovery. At first it was rather a dull sense of sadness, a weight which hung over him, and which he either did not understand, or shrank from looking into; but by degrees his mind regained sufficient vigour to recall the past scenes and trials through which he had, as it were, been hurried, without time to taste their full bitterness. Self-reproach awoke, with all its stings, and many a moment was spent in guesses how it might have been had he never grieved his mother, and in longings for the unburthened heart with which he could then have met misfortune.

His mood varied much towards his sister; sometimes the gaiety and brightness which she was fast regaining seemed a reproach to him; sometimes it jarred on him, as thoughtless, and almost unfeeling; sometimes he would lend unwilling attention to her efforts to entertain him, but at others he would reject them with fretfulness. Her tears were a rebuke which he always felt, and, in his weak state, so agitated him, that his distress taught her self-command enough to restrain them another time, and to bear his impatience with great sweetness of temper. It suited him best when she sat by him in silence, when he could look at her or hold her hand; and he was well pleased when

she waited upon him; but though she would have been contented anywhere with him, and was never so happy as at his side, Madame de Chateauneuf thought, and he fully concurred, that it was better for her to spend most of her time with her kind German hosts.

Madame de Chateauneuf's silent attention was his great comfort, as she sat with her work or book, her eye not actually upon him, yet marking every change of countenance or gesture of weariness, and ready with some pleasant suggestion or remark, which gave a fresh turn to his mind. Even the contemplation of her meek, placid face had a soothing effect on him, and, more than any words could have done, subdued and tranquillized his restlessness. He spoke seldom even to her, for reserve was natural to him; and the weight that hung on him often seemed too great for utterance; but she had a way of replying to his sad tones, and even to his sighs, which always did him good; and there was tranquillity in her very presence.

Already, even in the worst of his illness at Gumbinnen, he had inquired for the safety of the few articles which he could call his own; both on his journey, and on his arrival, he had asked if they had been cared for; and one day, when Effie was down stairs, he begged Madame de Chateauneuf to let him see them.

She willingly complied with his request, thinking that strong emotion, by breaking through his reserve, and leading him to open his heart, would probably relieve his mind, and be of great benefit to his spirits and health. She brought the box where she had placed them, and laid it on a chair by his side. He thanked her, and asked her to prop him in a more upright

position with the cushions: she did so, and went back to her place; while he sat for many minutes looking with hesitation at the box. At last, after glancing to see that her eyes were engaged with the letter she was writing, he stretched out his long thin hand, lifted the lid, and touched the treasures one by one, reverently, as if to satisfy himself that they were all there, — the Bible, the Prayer-book, the picture, the étui-case, the pocket-book, the seal. He took up this last, held it to the light, and looked at the engraving with something of a smile at the appropriateness of the motto, — "*Astra castra, Numen lumen.*" As if a sudden thought had struck him, he laid it down, and began, with trembling, hasty hands, to turn over the other things in search of something. Madame de Chateauneuf looked up, and he said, "There was a letter —"

"I put one into the pocket-book," said Madame de Chateauneuf, coming to help him; for his hands shook so that he could scarcely undo the clasp; but still he was unwilling to be assisted, though his agitation increased so much that he could hardly turn over the papers. At last the well-known sheet, with its worn corners and familiar writing, lay before him; but it was long before he ventured to unfold it, and then — oh! the agony of reading those few words of commendation, and thinking what had followed. He hid his face, as if from his father's reproving eye, and his whole frame was shaken by his suppressed sobs. A kind hand was laid upon his, and a tender voice prayed him to look up, and say if anything would comfort him. He turned, at first, with somewhat of impatience at any intrusion on his feelings; he would have spoken to thank her coldly, but the effort itself

overcame him, his weakness broke down the barrier and as he struggled in vain to speak, he burst in tears. He had heard of the death of his father, he watched his grandmother's departure, had been forsaken by his mother, and learnt her fate, all in silent grief too deep to be relieved by one tear; but now body and mind were alike too weak for proud self-command and, after a fruitless attempt to check himself, he gave way, and wept like an infant.

How Madame de Chateauneuf soothed him as hardly he told in words; indeed, at first she scarcely spoke, and shewed her sympathy rather by actions than by looks; and these above all won his confidence, and led him to pour out the heavy weight that burthened his heart. Indeed, the words which he had once uttered in his delirium had given her some insight into the most oppressive portion of his grief; and she was the better able to frame her consolations, without appearing either to know, or to seek to know, more than he was freely willing to tell, so as to lead him to that fulness of confession which was what he so much needed.

And Kenneth told all, — the whole history of the impatient, undutiful, disrespectful conduct, which, if all but himself, might seem excused by the provocation; but which he himself could never excuse. He spoke of the warnings which he had received in early days, and of his father's parting injunction; and, in his present exaggerated state of mind, almost thought his mother faultless, and himself the cause of all their misfortunes.

It was Madame de Chateauneuf's endeavour to call and sober down these feelings into a more just app

ciation of his fault; she let him go over each circumstance with her step by step, and perceive where, and how far, he had been to blame. Where he had been wrong, she listened to his regrets, and led him, rather by word and sign than by exhortation, to look where forgiveness might be found, though his mother's pardon could never gladden his heart. It was a great comfort to him when she pointed out the Providence which had preserved Effie's life by that very separation from her mother which he regarded as the especial punishment of his own disobedience; and, by the time the conversation was over, Kenneth was beginning to obtain a more just view of his case. He had been sorely tried, had fallen short, and repentance and sorrow were much needed; but instead of the morbid, almost angry, feeling which had led him to repine in the temper not unlike that which prompted the words, "My punishment is greater than I can bear," he now looked upon himself as having received great mercy from Heaven, in the deliverance of himself and his sister from such fearful perils, and as entering upon a fresh life, which might shew his thankfulness. The frame of mind, in which he fancied that he should live a broken, blighted, almost marked man, — live, indeed, rather for his sister's sake than his own, — was likely to pass away with his illness; the danger was in the reaction; and it was well for him that his friend could be his guide as well as his nurse, and direct his feelings into a channel where they might safely recover their tone. His present dejection would soon pass away, and it would then be desirable that cheerfulness should not be thoughtlessness, as it would have been had the past continued in gloom, exaggerated in depth by imagination, into which

he never dared to look. Now it was indeed dark; but in the midst were lights of hope, peace, and love, on which his mind might dwell: repentance had taken the place of remorse.

This long, agitating conversation exhausted him greatly at the time, and his doctor, who came shortly after, thought Madame de Chateauneuf much to blame for having permitted it; but the event proved that she had not judged amiss, for from this time his mind seemed to recover its spring. He was, indeed, often sad, but seldom moody; and even the very next morning, his greeting to Effie made her feel more as if he was the brother Kenneth of childish days, than she had since the death of their father.

Effie began to be quite happy when she could get Kenneth to smile and laugh as he used to do, and could again meet with sympathy when she came to him with all her little pleasures. She was caressed by all; she felt that her troubles were over: Kenneth would soon be well again; and she was going to that wonderful Paris, to which so many of her childish visions had been directed. She was but a child, and she was happy in present rest and peace, happy in future plans of enjoyment, and not unhappy even in past memories. Much of what had occurred was to her a dark dream, neither fully understood nor remembered; and, going further back, she only dwelt on the love and joy which she had always known in her home; and, above all, she still had her dear Kenneth, after all her fears. So she waited on him, played with the young Reichfels, and clung to Madame de Chateauneuf as a mother, free from trouble and anxiety, and without care for the morrow.

As Kenneth's health improved, his thoughts were much engaged with his future plans, especially as it became evident that Madame de Chateauneuf could not remain much longer at Königsberg; for Colonel de Villaret was daily expecting a summons to Berlin, and report said that the line of the Vistula was to be abandoned. Both his friends took it for granted that he was to go with them, and he heard many plans made for sparing him fatigue; for he was still very weak, and so lame that he could scarcely shuffle across the room without the assistance of an arm, or, what he liked better, of Effie's shoulder. All his wishes were with them, and his enthusiasm for Marshal Ney was as keen as ever; but the more he thought of his father and of home, the more doubtful he grew whether it was right in a manner to pledge himself to enter the Buonapartist army, or to cut off himself and his sister from the Church in which they had been brought up.

Sometimes, indeed, the conviction of his father's disapproval was so strong, that he seriously revolved the possibilities of reaching London. He believed that there were the necessary funds in the pocket-book, and he knew that both he and his sister would be welcome to remain with the hospitable Prussians till he was sufficiently recovered to undertake the journey. He nearly resolved upon it; but then came the anticipation of the awkwardness of announcing his determination, the fear of being considered ungrateful, the certainty of giving pain to Effie, and the prospect of vexations, difficulties, and embarrassments, all to reach an unknown relation, to whom they might be unwelcome, and who certainly could not have for them such affection, and even admiration, as he believed himself secure

of with his French friends. How could he sacrifice the brilliant career opened to him by the protection of one of the most distinguished of Napoleon's Marshals? How take Effie from that best and kindest of friends, Madame de Chateauneuf? How assume the sole care of her in a foreign land, at a time when he could not stand without support? His father having never contemplated their present situation, his wishes could not be binding; and as to his opinion of the French army, he had never known either Louis or the Comte de Vilaret. Then, with respect to their religion, he had often heard his grandmother say how long she had lived in Russia before there was any English chapel; and this was a perfectly satisfactory precedent. He persuaded himself that he was justified in letting the impossibilities overpower the possibilities, and determined to let the matter rest.

He found, however, that he could not so easily satisfy his mind. Doubts and hesitations would come back upon him, and had more power to annoy him as he was condemned to inactivity, and had but few books. He would have liked to consult some one, but he thought it was out of the question to ask Madame de Chateauneuf whether she considered it right for him to enter the service in which her husband and son had died; and though she had never entered on the matter with him, he knew her to be a sincere member of the Roman Catholic Church, and therefore could say nothing to her on that head. Her brother, as he knew full well, would treat his scruples as childish folly, and might, very probably, completely frustrate his plan of going to England. He had seen very little of the Herr von Reichfels, and that little did not dispose him to

make him a confidant; and there was no one left to whom he could speak but his sister.

He did talk to her, more for the sake of giving utterance to his perplexities, than with the hope of gaining any counsel; and, as might be supposed, Effie was completely averse to the proposal of going to London, which she heard of with great dismay. Her head was full of a kind little note which Madame de Villaret had enclosed in a letter to her husband; and though she would go anywhere with Kenneth, it would be very, very sad to leave Madame de Chateauneuf and the Colonel. And as to its not being what dear papa wished, she was sure he would be very glad to know how every one praised Kenneth. "Did I tell you, Kenneth, about the ladies that called this morning, and said that they longed to see the hero of the retreat? And one of them said you ought to have — O, some droll German word — which Lina said meant a wreath of heroic song."

"What nonsense, Effie! I am sure I hope we shall set off before I begin to sit in the parlour to hear such absurd stuff."

"But it is all true, Kenneth; and I have heard the Colonel talk it over with some other officers, and they say that such coolness and spirit as yours are some of the most valuable qualities an officer can possess. And you know Marshal Ney has spoken of you frequently since he has been at Berlin. The Colonel says your reputation is made. You cannot give all that up."

Kenneth was very much of the same mind, but he thought his conscience would be better satisfied if he left a letter for his uncle, with a full explanation of his

motives; Herr von Reichfels undertaking to forward  to England as soon as the French army had departed.

Paper, pen, and ink were accordingly brought him and he proceeded as far as "My dear Uncle;" but he found his hand more unsteady than he had expected, and his head was scarcely equal to the labour of putting into words the painful transactions with which he must necessarily commence. He thought till his head ached; made beginnings and scratched them out again; and at last, when Madame de Chateauneuf came into the room, she found him looking so harassed and distressed that she instantly put an end to his occupation, at least for the present. She offered either to write from his dictation, or that her brother should himself write to Mr. Lindesay; but Kenneth was not disposed to accept either proposal, as the latter would assuredly give his uncle the most unfavourable view possible of his poor mother, and the former would not only involve the same head-work, but would not give him the same opportunity of excusing his present projects. So the letter was deferred till he should be more fit to write it; and a certain lurking doubt as to how his uncle might regard the reasons which satisfied himself, made him put it off until the opportunity of sending it was passed.

Thus his long cogitations only resulted in a request to the Comte de Villaret that nothing might be done to draw Effie to the Roman Church; when he received for reply that he might be perfectly easy on that head, since no one was less likely than Madame de Villaret to have any thoughts of proselyting. Something, too, he asked on the other subject, — how far he would be bound to enter the French army; but it was an awk-

ward topic, and he never arrived at a clear expression of his meaning. The Colonel guessed at the cause of his inquiries, and tried to satisfy him by saying that much might happen before he was called on to serve; and so the matter ended.

CHAPTER XVI.

"They've robbed that maid, so poor and pale,
In silk and sandals rare;
And pearls for drops of frozen hall,
Are glistening in her hair."

SCOTT.

THE time had come for leaving Königsberg, and Kenneth and Effie were very anxious to see their kind protector, Léon, once more, to express to him a small part of the gratitude with which their hearts were filled. Effie had taken great pleasure in preparing, with the help of her young friend Lina, a little present for him, but disappointment awaited them. The Comte de Vilaret — though custom has induced us to continue his former appellation of Colonel — had been promoted to the rank of General, and therefore had nothing to do with the remnant of his old regiment; but he found, on inquiry, that it had been ordered off to Dantzic a fortnight since; and though he promised to try to find out the honest Breton, he did not give them any hopes of his success. They were much grieved, especially by the fear that the faithful soldier might feel himself neglected; and Kenneth blamed himself much for not having sooner stirred up his friend to make inquiries; but there was no help for it; and Effie consoled herself, as best she could, by a magnificent project of making his fortune and Rosennik's in future years.

It was also a great grief to her to part with the friendly Prussians, from whom she had received so much kindness, and by whom she was treated like a child of the family. They loaded her with keepsakes and caresses, and were never weary of assuring General de Villaret of the satisfaction he had given them, by affording them "the privilege of cherishing the dear little orphan." The day had come: Effie was embraced again and again by the whole family; and then stood with her hand in that of her chief friend Lina, exchanging promises of never forgetting each other; while Madame de Chateauneuf was giving her parting thanks to the good Frau von Reichfels, and the General was assisting Kenneth in his slow and difficult descent from the room where he had so long been a prisoner.

Kenneth held out his hand to the master and mistress of the house, and thanked them for all the trouble that had been taken on his behalf; and then, when the Frau had insisted on tying another handkerchief around his throat, was helped into the carriage, where in another moment he was joined by the rest of the party, — Effie long leaning from the window to exchange her last signals with her dear Lina, and then sinking back into her place with a long sigh.

General de Villaret accompanied them as far as Berlin, where they arrived on the third day of their journey. The town was so full of troops, that it was with difficulty that they could obtain rooms even for one night, — a great obstacle to their previous plan of resting there for a few days, during which the General, and perhaps Kenneth, might see Marshal Ney, and learn his intentions.

It was therefore resolved that, as the patient seemed

rather benefited than otherwise by the journey, Madame de Chateauneuf should proceed immediately with the two children, and that her brother should write as soon as he had seen the Marshal. He took a very kind leave of them, charging Effie with numerous messages for his little Clémence, and exhorting Kenneth to recover as fast as possible, and make as good a figure at the *Ecole Militaire* as he had already done in the grim face of war.

Madame de Chateauneuf travelled onwards by easy stages, and it was a journey much enjoyed by both Kenneth and Effie, for the country presented scenes quite new to their eyes, accustomed as they were to a town, and to a town which has not its like in Europe. Everything was a novelty, and their wonder was often amusing to Madame de Chateauneuf herself, who exerted herself to be no check on the youthful spirits to which she rejoiced to see them so fast returning.

Kenneth's health and strength were also daily improving, and his lameness was almost gone by the time they entered France. Now came the last day of the journey; the passports had been *viséd* for the last time, and Effie, as she settled her travelling basket in her own corner, smiled and yet shrank a little at the thought that she should take it out again at Paris, at her new home. They had, however, another stop to make first; they were to dine, in the middle of the day, at an inn a few stages from Paris, — an operation which Effie, in her impatience, thought a great waste of time; and perhaps Madame de Chateauneuf was of the same opinion, though she was too considerate to yield to her own eagerness.

Several times during the meal she started at the

sound of an approaching step, and looked at the door, saying that she did not think it impossible that her son Eugène might come to meet her. At last the rapid gallop of a horse was heard, and in another moment a youth little older than Kenneth, wearing the uniform of a Hussar regiment, hurried forward, and, with an exclamation of joy threw himself into his mother's arms, which were clasped round him with such a fond, ardent pressure as sent an instant's sharp pang of remembrance to Kenneth's heart. It was but for a moment, and, taking his sister by the hand, he drew her into the window, so as to leave the mother and son, as far as possible, unrestrained. In fact, their presence was not for some minutes recollected, while Madame de Chateauneuf and her son exchanged their fond greetings, and shed tears at once of joy and grief, as they joined the names of the father and brother with their expressions of affection. "O mother!" said Eugène, "it seems as if I only now knew that I had lost them, now that I meet you alone! And how pale you are! Poor mother! what you must have suffered in your loneliness at Gumbinnen!"

"It is over now, my Eugène; and while I have you left, I must still be thankful, — and now here are those who loved your brother, and have mourned with me."

Effie had, indeed, tears in her eyes as Madame de Chateauneuf drew her towards her with a kiss; and Eugène took her hand, saying, "Ah! yes, we all already regard them as a part of the family. My aunt has been making preparations for your reception all day; and you," he added, shaking hands with Kenneth, "my uncle writes of you in such terms, that you will

Find yourself quite a hero. *A propos*, here is a letter from him which arrived yesterday; and another for you," turning to his mother.

Kenneth was glad of the occupation afforded him by the letter, and withdrew to the window to read it, with Effie looking over him; leaving Madame de Chateauneuf and her son to each other's company. The contents made Kenneth's colour mount to his cheek, and Effie looked at him with proud delight. The General wrote immediately after seeing Marshal Ney, who had spoken of his young *protégé* in very high terms, and related the whole history of his conduct during the three days he had been under his eye. The steadiness with which he stood by his side loading musket after musket, during that fearful interval at the gates of Kowno, had especially struck him, and the General jestingly blamed Kenneth for having done himself little justice in his own narration. His fortune, he said, was secured, whether he succeeded in obtaining the Rocheguyon property or not; for Ney never forgot those to whom he had once promised patronage, and, in fact, seemed already to look upon Kenneth as his own property. By his desire the General enclosed a letter to the head of one of the military colleges, where Kenneth was to enter as soon as his health was completely re-established.

By the time the letter had been twice read and commented on, the carriage was brought out again, and they took their seats in it, with Madame de Chateauneuf. Eugène's fine charger also awaited him at the door, and he rode by the side of the carriage. He was a fine handsome boy of sixteen, tall, and well-made, with bright blue eyes, and hair of the same

shade as that lock which Effie had cut off at the foot of the cross. The mournful feelings excited by the first moment of meeting his mother after their affliction, had passed away, and left only pleasure at her return; and, as he rode along, his rich and brilliant uniform glancing in the sun, and his cheek flushed with the satisfaction of appearing before his mother in the new light of a man and a soldier — (he had only received his commission a week before) — managing his spirited horse with ease and grace, and talking gaily both to his mother and her companions; it was strange to them, and chiefly to Kenneth, to find how often a tone or a glance recalled those brighter moments which had enlivened the miseries of the retreat.

They entered Paris; and Kenneth's meditations were broken off by the novelty and wonder of all he saw, and by the laughing replies which Eugène was returning to Effie's numerous questions and exclamations. They stopped at the door of a large, handsome house, and Eugène, springing from his horse, handed his mother and Effie from the carriage; while the door, being thrown open, displayed a spacious hall, a magnificent staircase, and numerous servants. Effie felt at once elated and alarmed at all this grandeur, as she was conducted up the broad stone steps to the entrance of a suite of apartments resplendent with silk, gilding, and mirrors. Here they were met by a lady, who held out her arms most affectionately to Madame de Chateaufort, exclaiming, "Ah! my sister, poor dear sister, how much you have suffered!"

The embrace was returned with great fondness; and Madame de Villaret, then turning eagerly to Effie, exclaimed, "Ah! here she is, then! Come to me, ma

chère petite! I have already learnt to love you! You will love me, will you not?"

Effie felt not a doubt of it, as she flew to that kind bosom, and was kissed repeatedly; and the lady then extended her hand cordially to Kenneth, saying, "Welcome too! You are well known to me already. I hope you are quite recovered?"

"Quite well, thank you, Madame," said Kenneth.

"But I am sorry to see you still so lame," added she. "Does it give you pain to walk? — But let us all come to my cabinet, where we can talk more at our ease."

She conducted them to the elegant little apartment, where she had been sitting by a bright, clear fire. Her first care was to offer a sofa to Kenneth, and beg him to put up his feet upon it, paying so little regard to his assurances that he was no longer an invalid, that he was obliged to submit to the attentions he was too shy to repel.

Then she again threw her arm round Madame de Chateauneuf, and, looking in her face, said, "Alas! alas! how changed you are! O, sister, I have wept for you!"

"Dear Adèle, I knew you would feel with me," said Madame de Chateauneuf. "But you are not asking for your General —"

"Ah! I almost feared. It has seemed so wrong that I should be happy where so many are miserable. But tell me," she continued, with great eagerness, "how does he look? Is he very much changed?"

"You should ask Euphémie," said Madame de Chateauneuf, smiling; "she thought him looking so

improved, that she could hardly believe he was the same person."

The sisters-in-law sat down together, and a few eager questions and answers passed between them on the same subject; but Madame de Villaret still shewed that she had not forgotten Effie, by holding her hand with a kind pressure.

The little girl was all the time surveying the group in the mirror opposite, and studying the appearance of her new friend. She was much younger than she had expected, — not above three or four and twenty; her countenance was remarkably pleasing, though not absolutely beautiful; her figure full of grace; her voice soft and silvery; and her manner had a peculiar winning sweetness. Her attire was costly and elegant, and Effie felt half-abashed at the contrast with her own very plain deep mourning, especially when the Comtesse proceeded to take a more particular view of her, holding her a little way off.

"Mary of Scotland herself!" exclaimed she. "Sister! you never prepared me for anything so charming! I must scold my General for not doing justice to her, unless, indeed, he wished to cause me an agreeable surprise."

"She has rather more colour than at our first meeting," said Madame de Chateauneuf, as Effie blushed deeply on finding Eugène's eyes fixed upon her with considerable admiration.

"Ah! poor child!" said Madame de Villaret; "I know what you have endured! and so very young! How old are you, my dear?"

"Thirteen last week," answered Effie.

h! it makes me shudder! But we must make
happy that you may forget it all."

thousand thanks, Madame; but I would not
all."

ot all that is too frightful to think of, my
"

, all is not frightful. We could never forget the
d's kindness, nor poor Léon's, nor —" and she
her arms around the neck of Madame de Cha-
uf.

ear child!" said the Comtesse. "And now,"
she, in a gayer tone, "you must take your
whether you will be my sister or that of little
ce. Mine, I think; for I can never assume the
mother to such a great girl. But come, you
e tired, and glad to rest. Eugène, you will take
f your friend."

Madame de Villaret accordingly conducted her
to their apartments. Effie's was so large and
ously furnished, that at first she hung back,
as if it was presuming to enter it; but the Com-
herself installed her there, begging her to make
at home, and shewing her that it opened into
rn dressing-room, where she would always be
re.

ter another embrace in answer to repeated thanks,
ft her; and Effie was timidly reconnoitring the
and wondering whether she should ever feel at
there, when a *femme de chambre* came to offer
sistance at her toilette. It was a favour which,
re dared, she would gladly have declined, so
ed did she feel of exhibiting to the smart Pari-

sian damsel the scanty wardrobe procured in haste at Königsberg.

While dressing, she heard the merry voice of a child in the next room, and presently Madame de Villaret herself knocked at the door, leading her pretty little girl, of five years old. "There, Clémence," said she, "you must kiss this young lady, and love her with all your heart. She is the playfellow whom your papa promised to send you."

"Your papa has often spoken to me of you," said Effie, embracing Clémence, who responded with the ready grace of a French child, — that grace which is so utterly unlike English habits that it often, in the narration, seems like acting, though done in all simplicity. It was this that made so great a difference between Kenneth and Effie: the former had the downright honesty and bashfulness of an English boy; the latter had inherited all that ease and readiness so peculiarly French.

She always had the right reply at the right moment, and her face and manners were exactly such as to complete the favourable impression produced by her history. Madame de Villaret was perfectly enchanted with her, and did not know how to make enough of her all the evening, while they sat together round the fire. Now Kenneth was by no means at his ease when complimented, and called on for narrations of his own exploits; he blushed, answered bluntly and in confusion, and was heartily glad when his sister or Madame de Chateaufneuf would take the reply upon themselves. Both he and his sister, however, perfectly agreed in great admiration of Madame la Comtesse, whom Effie would have looked upon as something almost unap-

reachably great and beautiful, but for the great kindness with which she had, as it were, come down to meet her. To live in such a house, to sleep in such a room, to see such splendours, and not only to see, but share in them! Effie did not wonder at the terms in which her mother had always talked of Paris.

The next day did not lessen Effie's pleasure, while it added to Kenneth's ease and satisfaction. Madame de Villaret began to perceive how to treat him, and, by leaving him more to himself, soon freed him from his embarrassment; and he returned to the simple, well-bred, though retiring, manners that were natural to him.

With Eugène de Chateauneuf, too, his acquaintance proceeded very prosperously. There was much that the two boys had both to tell and to hear from each other. Eugène was eager to hear all respecting the Russian campaign, and Kenneth had many inquiries to make about the *Ecole Militaire*, which Eugène had but just quitted; and what with serious histories, and droll stories, questions, answers, and counsels, they soon seemed to be as much in each other's confidence as if they had known each other for years. Eugène managed to inspire his new friend with increased ardour for commencing his career at the *Ecole Militaire*, that he might the sooner enter upon the course of glory that he promised himself; and, in truth, Kenneth was growing weary of the inactive life, both of body and mind, which had now continued nearly two months. He was ready for something more manly than lying on sofas, playing at chess, and talking to ladies; his lameness was fast departing, and he certainly did not

make the most of it, as Effie tried to make him do, in her dread of parting with him.

Eugène accordingly went with him to present Marshal Ney's letter to the head of the *Ecole Militaire*, where his reception was as flattering as was natural after such a recommendation, and an early day was appointed for the commencement of his residence.

Eugène too was going: an order had just arrived for him to join his regiment in Germany, and he was to set off on the very day fixed for Kenneth's departure. The intermediate time was therefore spent in preparation, with constant attempts on his part, and his aunt's, to keep up his mother's spirits. They did not visibly fail, excepting, perhaps, when he was talking the most gaily, and forming the brightest visions; and then she would look upon him long and wistfully, and reply with a smile that was more sad than tears. At other times she was, as usual, gentle and placid, and constantly busied in all the little services which could be rendered to either him or Kenneth.

Madame de Villaret wondered at her, and almost wished she had not been so much above all the kind comfortings which she would have willingly bestowed, but she found plenty of occupation in that way with poor little Effie.

Endeared to each other as the orphans were by the sufferings they had together undergone, their separation might well be more than commonly painful. They were the only remnants of their family, and their love had supported them through all their troubles. Effie looked up to her brother, and relied on him with her whole heart, and Kenneth, as her sole guardian, regarded her with a depth of affection almost parents

in its anxiety, but still without the maturity of reflection a few more years would have given. Convinced that she would be happy with Madame de Vilaret, he looked not deeper, excepting so far as making her promise that she would never omit reading one chapter in the Bible every day, and the whole service on Sunday.

"O yes, Kenneth, that I will, for it will make me think of dear grandmamma, and of home, and of you too! O what shall I ever do without you?"

"You will soon be used to do without me, Effie. This is only what every one has to bear in turn."

"O, but no one can love as much as I love you, dear, dear brother! I shall not care for anything when you are gone, except for your letters."

"But you must be happy, Effie, or your letters will be no pleasure to me. I am sure you ought to be, with so much kindness as you meet with here; in such a beautiful house, too!"

"O Kenneth, it is quite unkind of you to think I could care about house, or people, or anything else, as I do for you!"

"No, no, Effie, I do not think any such thing; only, as we cannot always be together, I am glad to leave you in such a pleasant home, with such kind people. And one thing more, Effie, I wish you would promise me, — never to do anything that you do not think dear grandmamma would quite have liked."

"I will promise you anything you please, dear Kenneth, and then I shall be able to think I am pleasing you, though you are away."

"And pleasing her, too, Effie, and papa; and pleasing One above all, too," said Kenneth.

"Yes, yes, Kenneth, I know we ought to be very good indeed, now that God has kept us through such great dangers, — and both of us too. I read that Psalm — you know which I mean — over again the other day, and now I do really understand what dear grand-mamma meant. But it does not quite come right, even now, for us; for it says, 'One thing have I desired of the Lord, which I will require, that I may dwell in the house of the Lord all the days of my life, to behold the fair beauty of the Lord, and to visit His temple.' Now, there is no English church here."

Kenneth looked uneasy. "I know, I know, — I hope there will be peace with the English some time or other; but, in the meantime, it is all you can do to pray by yourself."

"As Daniel did in his captivity," said Effie.

Another allusion that did not quite please Kenneth, who could not but feel that, whatever Effie's situation might be, his own was not quite involuntary. The path to his own country and to his own church had once lain before him, but it was not to be helped now, and he only answered, "Yes, yes;" and found it expedient to quit the tone of counsellor, and descend to that of brother and companion.

There was not much more time for either, for in a few more moments the carriage was at the door, and the two ladies came to bid him farewell. The tears were in his eyes, and a rising sob almost choked him; but he was too proud to let them see his grief. He shook hands with them both, without the thanks he felt to be their due, because he could not speak; and then, breaking from his sister's embrace, hurried away

without looking back, while Effie was sobbing piteously in Madame de Chateaufort's arms.

Eugène departed that same morning, and Madame de Chateaufort was soon after established at Rivières, a pretty country house a few leagues from Paris, which her brother had lent to her.

And now, our story being more of Kenneth and Effie conjointly, than of either of them separately, we must take leave to pass over the two years spent by the former at the *Ecole Militaire*, and by the latter in the house of the Comte de Villaret.

CHAPTER XVII.

"Spring laid her down awhile and slept,
And in her absence storms arose;
She has awaked; the flower that wept
Has dried its tears, and fresher blows."

BARONESS DE LA MOTTE FOUQUE.

It was a fine frosty day in February, 1815, when Euphemia Lindesay seated herself in the carriage, with the Comtesse de Villaret, and little Clémence, who stood between them in high spirits.

"O, I am so glad! so glad we are going to see my aunt!" she exclaimed; "it is so long since we have seen her, — not since we came back from Auvergne. And I want to shew her my new doll, that Euphémie dressed for me."

"Yes, there are great things to be done at Rivières," said her mamma.

"And is papa coming?" proceeded Clémence.

"He will follow us in the afternoon," said Madame de Villaret, "and will bring with him a young gentleman of Euphémie's acquaintance."

"Eugène?" asked Effie, eagerly.

"Is he the only young man in the world deserving your remembrance, Mademoiselle Euphémie? I wish he was here to see that blush!"

"I dare say it is only some stupid aide-de-camp, of whom you are making a mystery to laugh at me," said Effie.

"Aide-de-camp? Not yet, but that will come. But what do you mean with your mysteries? I tell you that a young man is coming to stay with us, and you accuse me of making mysteries."

"Because you do not tell me his name."

"Ah! there is my difficulty. I think, — it seems to me that his title is the Vicomte de — de — Ah! I cannot tell."

Clémence, who was looking out at the window, here made some exclamation, which changed the conversation for a few minutes, but presently Madame de Villaret returned to the charge. "Ah! you have lost your interest in my unknown. What would you say if you knew that his visit is expressly for you."

"But Madame," exclaimed Effie, with a start, "what can you mean? A man whom I never saw in my life!"

"There you are mistaken. At least, if you have forgotten this poor Viscount, he has a better memory. And he is worth remembering; the Prince de la Moskowa esteems him highly."

"It is incomprehensible! And you will not even tell his name. O Madame, you are tormenting me very cruelly!"

The Countess having sufficiently excited her curiosity, would say no more, and resolutely left her to her own conjectures. Some one who had seen her and de-

sired her acquaintance? some one of rank and importance, on whom she had made a great impression? No, it was too absurd! how could it come into her head? and yet what else could Madame la Comtesse imply, unless she was absolutely playing her a trick, which Effie could not quite believe. The former notion was too flattering to be at once rejected; there was something not unlike it in the last novel she had read; but how much better, what a relief it would be, if Madame was only teasing her about Eugène. O, how delightful, if he was but come to visit his mother! and Madame de Villaret had not expressly denied it. No, — it was a Viscount. She tried to recollect what Viscount she had ever met, but none would occur to her; and at last her perplexed meditations arranged themselves into a pretty little romance, in which she figured herself standing firm against the entreaties of all her friends that she would lend a favourable ear to the addresses of the redoubtable Viscount, while she appealed to Kenneth's protection, and thought of a certain young Hussar.

She was in the act of composing a most magnanimous reply, when the carriage stopped at the gate of Rivières, the *concierge* threw it open with a low bow, and Madame de Chateauneuf appeared at the door, ready to welcome them.

Effie's first question was, if she knew who was coming by-and-by with the General; but at the same moment she was cautioned by a look from Madame de Villaret. "A friend whom the General prizes greatly," was her answer.

"Do you know him, Madame?"

"O yes; I have seen a great deal of him, though not very lately."

"And he is called ——"

"That I cannot tell you. People have so many new titles in these days, that one cannot recollect them all."

Nothing more could Effie obtain; and Madame de Villaret hastened her away to dress for the evening, more puzzled than ever, and revolving all her guesses with more eagerness as she perceived that Madame de Chateauneuf was in the plot. She stood over the fire, smiling at her own foolish conjectures, till she was suddenly startled by sounds announcing an arrival. She ran to the window, forgetting for a moment that it did not command a view of the court in front; and then, with a sigh of disappointment, proceeded to her toilette. Was it high treason to the before-mentioned Hussar, or was it from a lurking hope that it might yet prove to be himself, that she arranged the folds of her pale pink silk dress with unusual care, plaited and curled her luxuriant, shining, light-brown hair, and looked often at the glass, which reflected a fair face, the carnation far deeper than its wont, brilliant hazel eyes, now glancing with laughter at her own folly, now cast down under their long lashes in confusion and embarrassment, and a pretty little mouth, the flexible lip well seconding all the varying expressions of the other features? "Certainly," thought Mademoiselle Euphémie as she took a final survey of her fairy little figure, and drew her glove upon her small hand, "if the Vicomte has come to see me, I really do not think he will be much disappointed; that is, if my face will not become too red."

It was high time to go down-stairs; but where should she ever find courage? If Madame de Villaret would but come to fetch her, if even Clémence would go into the room with her, it would be endurable; but she waited and listened in vain. She opened her door and looked into the corridor, but nothing was to be seen there. A clock struck, and the hour made her feel convinced that the whole party must be assembled in the saloon. The effort must be made, and it might as well be at once; if they were all there it would not matter; so she hurried down-stairs, and, without giving time for her desperate resolution to evaporate, opened the door of the saloon. She had reckoned amiss; she had done what most she wished to avoid; she beheld but one figure, and that of the male kind, — tall, slender, youthful, — but not Eugène! What was to be done? Retreat? No; the stranger had turned quickly and eagerly, and they stood in full view of each other.

"Madame de Villaret *sera bientôt* ——" she began; but she was cut short by an exclamation in a language which she had not heard for many a month, — "Effie! don't you know me?"

She was in his arms in a moment. "Kenneth! my own! my dearest, dearest brother! It is you, yourself! O how I was deceived!"

"How so? Are you disappointed? Whom did you expect?"

"Disappointed!" and another embrace. "O, charmed beyond measure!"

"But what is it then?"

"Only Madame de Villaret wished to prepare a

surprise for me, and told me — *je ne sais quoi* — about a Viscount, and a visit expressly for me!”

“So that was it,” cried Kenneth, laughing heartily. “Poor little Effie, disappointed of her lover! That was the reason she stood in that graceful attitude! She was expecting me to fall at her feet, and call her my adorable Euphémie!”

“Kenneth, Kenneth, have mercy! How could I understand her? And how was I to know you at the first moment, — such a fine, tall, handsome man as you have grown! O, Kenneth, do leave off laughing! There! I must pinch you, if you will be so provoking!”

“A pinch and a kiss, Effie! You are not much altered from old times, except —”

“Do be quiet, and tell me about your examination.”

“O, it passed off very well. I acquitted myself to the satisfaction of the authorities. The Prince de la Moskowa was there, and afterwards spoke very kindly to me, and mentioned me to some of the other great men. The Duke de Tarente said, that if I did not already belong to the Prince, he should claim me as a countryman!”

“A countryman! How?”

“You forget, Effie. He is Macdonald. His father was out in the Forty-five. You must surely have heard our grandmother speak of him?”

Here they were interrupted by the opening of the door, and Madame de Villaret exclaiming, as she looked back to her sister-in-law, “Ah, they have met, and we have lost our scene! Well, Euphémie, you do not find my Viscount quite a stranger?”

"Ah, Madame, you used me very ill," said Effie; "you deceived me frightfully!"

"How so? Is he not an old friend? — one to whom the Prince de la Moskowa has the greatest obligation? Had you not seen him before, and is not his visit chiefly to you, little ingrate?"

"But the Viscount?"

"And have I not the honour of addressing M. le Comte de Rocheguyon?"

"By anticipation, I hope," said General de Vilaret; "but there are some certificates to be sought at Moscow."

"A search on which I found so little hope," said Kenneth, "that I must disclaim the honour done me by Madame."

"I am sorry on my own account as well as yours," said the lady. "Your name was never made for French lips. But at least allow me to congratulate you on your brilliant success in the examinations. You see, Euphémie, you were not very wrong in your guess that the unknown would be an *aide-de-camp*!"

"What! to the General?" asked Effie.

"No! to a greater man! — the same to whom my *protégé* deserted in the plain of Evé!" said the General.

"Our old friend Léon was right, when he assured us that the *Lion Rouge* never forgot his *protégés*!" said Kenneth. "Poor Léon, I hope his security was well-founded, as far as he himself was concerned. Have you heard anything of him?"

"Nothing, I am sorry to say," answered the General; "though I have made many inquiries."

"And your sister never fails to look most atten-

tively at every soldier she meets," said Madame de Villaret.

"I am afraid I should hardly know Léon, if I did meet him," said Effie; "but I cannot give up the hope."

"I am sure Léon would not know you," said the General; "I can sometimes hardly believe that you are my dexterous little toaster of horse kabobs."

"And one would scarcely guess," said Madame de Chateauneuf, "that this is the same youth who walked into our room at Gumbinnen, with the Rear-Guard of the Grand Army."

"Not even his sister," said Kenneth, with an arch smile. "But where is Eugène? I hoped to have met him here."

"He is with his regiment at Lyons," said Madame de Chateauneuf, "greatly against his will; for I believe he thinks there is no real life except at Paris, or in face of the enemy."

"And in Auvergne," added Madame de Villaret. "Ah!" turning to Kenneth, "you should have been there to complete our little society at the Château de Villaret."

"And to have seen our Mary of Scotland," said the General, nodding at Effie; "that was our chief spectacle."

"O Kenneth," said Effie, "I do wish you had been there with us. Nothing ever was more delightful."

"Ah! it converted you all to my tastes," said Madame de Chateauneuf, smiling.

"Do not inquire too rigidly," said General de Villaret, "or you will lose that pleasant delusion. I do

not ascribe half so much to the charms of my poor old castle, as to that of the guests it contained."

"And to your own charming plans!" said his wife, affectionately. "Who could have suspected an old battered soldier of so much taste? You had made it a real Arcadia."

"Yes," said Effie to her brother; "just figure to yourself the most glorious sunshine in the world, a noble old castle of grey stone, a sharp rugged mountain rising up to the skies behind it, woods and foaming streams all round, and then, on the lawn before the gate, a whole troop of shepherds and shepherdesses coming to present us with flowers, and bless the approach of Madame la Comtesse. I am sure I thought we were entering fairyland."

"It was a real land of enchantment," said Madame de Villaret.

"Ah! it was well worth seeing," said the General; "how their countenances altered. They had made up their minds that they were going to be shut up in some grim old mountain fastness with precipices on each side, and rooms that had never been opened since the days of Louis XIV., and they never were more amazed than when they found the sun shone there, and that they could eat, drink, and sleep, and act plays, as much at their ease as at Paris."

In such conversation the evening passed away; the long-parted and newly-met brother and sister sitting close together all the time, enjoying the sunshine of each other's presence, and surveying each other with eyes full of pride and delight, yet still anxious to discover the Kenneth and Effie of childish days in their

more developed figures. The last two years, during which they had met but twice, and then only for an hour or two, had altered them both so much, that it was scarcely wonderful that Effie had been slow to recognise her brother on his unexpected appearance. He had grown so fast since his illness as to have attained manly height, though scarcely yet seventeen; the outline of his features was more defined; and though he had not lost the fairness of his northern complexion, his hair had assumed a much darker hue. The subdued and dejected expression left by bodily and mental suffering had passed away, and his countenance was more what it had been in former years. There was the same broad, open, "brent brow," as Lady Christian used to call it, the same fire in the dark-brown eye, the changing colour, glowing and flushing, like a girl's, at the least excitement, perhaps even more of proud determination in the closing of the lips; yet withal there was the sweet winning smile, and the frank and generous look, shewing that, with an impetuous temper, there was a true and loving heart. And was the love of that heart still in the right place? Effie made no such question; she knew it was chiefly hers, and she desired no more.

And Effie? She had been childish at thirteen, at fifteen she was almost womanly, though still but a little creature; her ways were, if possible, more caressing than ever, her smile brighter, her face prettier; and Kenneth, though in fancy he had often adorned her image with every grace, did not find her fall short of what he had pictured.

The next morning they had a long walk in the garden together, talking over all that had happened

hey parted. Effie had by far the most to tell, : life had been much the most varied.

hi!" said Kenneth, "you found, after all, that ould live without me and be happy."

ive? yes," said Effie; "be happy? yes, perhaps,

: that one corner of my heart that was always and longing for my own dear brother! But I

ot been unhappy. Every one has been very o me, and I have had many, many pleasures. O,

you could have seen Auvergne! those glorious ains, with their cragged summits! I used to

r whether they were like the Scottish mountains randmamma used to talk of. What delightful

and rides I had among them with Eugène! up ovely little wooded valleys with dashing streams!

I talk to you for ever of Auvergne! Then there he dances in the evening, when all the peasants

village came up to the lawn, and Eugène, and ace, and I, used to go and dance with them."

What were they saying of Mary of Scotland?" Kenneth.

, that was my name," said Effie. "I acted Queen in a play, and they said I looked just like her.

ted several plays in the autumn; — Madame la se acts beautifully, and so does Eugène. I was

: peasant-girl in one of them, in the costume of gne, and I am to wear it again at the next ball

to."

"o you go to many balls?"

"ot to very many," said Effie, considering a little.

me de Villaret would not go when the General ith the army, though many people thought her

rupulous; and then afterwards we did not accept

many invitations, because we did not like to leave poor Eugène at home with his wound, and his vexation at losing his promotion."

"How did he lose it?"

"O, did you not hear? When he distinguished himself so much at Champ Aubert, the Emperor himself promised him his company; but then he was disabled by that shot in the shoulder, and the General sent him home to recover. He came in high spirits, and could talk of nothing but the Emperor; but, unfortunately, before he could join the army again, the Emperor had abdicated, the allies were in Paris, and there was an end of his hopes. He was almost in a fever with vexation, and it was our whole work to distract his thoughts. — O, but Kenneth, I wrote to you about that *soirée*, where we met Count Alexis Schaffouski!"

"Yes; I have been wishing to hear more of it."

"It was when Eugène was pretty well again; and we all went. There were a great many foreigners there, — English, Austrians, Prussians, — and there I saw some of the dear old green coats of our own Russians, that I had not seen so long. My heart really leaped at the sight! And there was one so exactly the height and figure of dear papa, that I was so foolish as to be in a flutter all over, in a sort of hope. I felt as if I would have given anything in the world to make him look round, and when he did, it was a regular Russian face. I could almost have fainted at the disappointment; but then, at that moment, I saw a face which I was sure I knew, — and it was the right regiment too, — I felt I could not be mistaken; so I begged Eugène to go and find out who that officer was. He teased me a little at first, about my having

distinguished him, but at last I made him do as I chose, and presently he brought me Count Alexis himself, most wonderfully amazed to find us alive and here; for they had fully thought we must have perished at Kelminko. He said his brother reproached himself most bitterly for not having provided better for our safety."

"And he had never received my letter? What can have become of Paulowna?"

"Neither he nor his brother has been at Moscow since it was burnt, so that Paulowna could not have found them out; but Count Alexis promised to write to his brother to make inquiries about her. Count Schaffouski himself was badly wounded at Leipsic, and forced to return to Petersburg; but I hope he will find out what has become of that good old Paulowna. It was a great pleasure to meet Count Alexis, for I heard of all our friends; and besides, Kenneth, you would have liked to see his medal, — the medal that the whole army have who served in '12 and '13. The legend is, 'Not unto us, not unto us, O Lord,' and every one said it suited them exactly; for they all seemed to look upon it more as a miracle, than as any glory of their own, that they were at Paris."

"I suppose Alexis was surprised to hear where I was?"

"He asked if we were become French, and were deserting the cause," said Effie; "but I told him that it was all the same now, — French, and Russians, and all, — we were no longer enemies; and I try to make Eugène think so too, but I cannot; and he has been even worse since that day, always telling me the Russians are the most awkward officers in Europe. We

have great quarrels, I assure you. But what were we speaking of? O, my balls! Well, since the restoration, we have not been at many, for those old emigrant ladies are so proud and disdainful, that Madame de Villaret does not like them. I believe they are jealous of her beauty and elegance, — old, withered, unfashionable creatures as they are.”

“Hush, Effie! you surely ought to respect the emigrants, who have suffered so much in the right cause.”

“So I would, Kenneth, if they would behave better to my friends. I am sure the Comte de Villaret is as noble as any of them, and yet they turn away from Madame la Comtesse as if she was beneath them; they do not invite her to their own society, but hold up their heads, (which they dress in a way to frighten you,) and let her know that she is to keep her distance. She does not care about it herself, for she says she is quite happy with her own family, but it vexes the General. And, Kenneth, what can you say for them when they disdain the Princess de la Moskowa, and call her the daughter of a *femme de chambre*?”

“They ought to respect her husband’s greatness, at least,” said Kenneth.

“And do not you know who her mother was, Kenneth? She was Madame Anguié, who kept the door of the Queen’s room the night of the attack on Versailles. I have seen that door, Kenneth, and heard the whole history from Madame de Villaret, who heard it from the Princess de la Moskowa herself.”

“I hope the Duchess d’Angoulême does not join in this ingratitude?”

"I do not know about her; but I believe it is chiefly the people who surround her."

"Have you ever seen her, Effie?"

"Yes, I saw her at the great spectacle in the Place Louis Quinze. I longed to see her very much, for I thought she must once have felt as — as I did those two dreadful days when you were lost, Kenneth. She looked as if she had suffered very much; but she was dressed so badly that every one remarked it. As Eugène says, everybody loses all taste and elegance in England."

"England!" repeated Kenneth, as if he had rather caught the last word than was replying to her speech; "how we once wished to be there! And now I think I ought to write to my uncle. I suppose I ought to consult him before accepting this offer of the Marshal."

"O, there can be no doubt of that!" said Effie. "What greater advantage or distinction can be desired for you than to be on the Marshal's staff? and when it is for such a cause too!"

"He is a man of whose favour one may well be proud," said Kenneth. "I have learned more of his history now, and know a little better how to appreciate him." And off went Kenneth into a discourse upon his hero, describing his chief exploits, and dwelling upon his fine qualities with ardour even greater than he had shewn two years ago. In his eyes, he was the chief commander of modern days, — a paladin for courage, a perfect knight for honour and generosity. Even in his manners Kenneth found something to admire; for if they were those of an ignorant, unpolished soldier, they did but serve to shew that it was to his own merits that he owed his elevation; and they were at any rate

full of honest good-nature. Much of all this was of course merely the enthusiasm of a high-spirited boy, adorning the idol of his imagination with every heroic attribute; but it must be owned that his fair superstructure was not entirely devoid of foundation. It was much for one of Napoleon's Marshals, risen from the ranks, to have preserved so fair a character, untainted by cruelty or rapacity; nor can the superiority of his courage, in the midst of the most fatal reverses, fail to meet with admiration in any age. From Kenneth's point of view, it was not surprising that his merit appeared unrivalled; and he was most eloquent upon this inexhaustible topic for nearly an hour, while Effie listened, with exultation in the notice he had gained from such a man. She highly approved of Kenneth's writing to his uncle; indeed, she only wished the whole world to hear of his honours; and the conversation ended by her inviting him to her room, to use the beautiful little writing-case that the General had given her.

Kenneth was soon settled there, with Effie sitting on a footstool near him, with a guitar in her lap. But the present letter did not proceed much more quickly than his last attempt at Königsberg.

"How do you get on, Kenneth? Why you wrote 'My dear Uncle' ten minutes ago."

"I wish you would give me a beginning, Effie!"

"What can be easier! *Nous sommes ravis, mon cher oncle, de pouvoir enfin* —. O, I forgot it was English! but you may translate."

"'We are ravished with joy, my dear uncle.' — Absurd! Besides, I ought rather to apologize for having neglected to write!"

"Je suis abîmé de désespoir d'avoir négligé de vous faire part —"

"In an abyss of despair!" — My uncle would think me in an abyss of nonsense."

"I give it up," said Effie, with a little playful petulance; "write it your own way, since you are so difficult to please. I cannot think in English, and, if it was not for teaching Clémence, I believe I should have forgotten how to speak it."

"There! what do you think of this?" exclaimed Kenneth, joyfully, after a quarter of an hour's meditation, and the destruction of various sheets of paper. "My dear Uncle, — I must begin by asking pardon for my silence, which I fear must have occasioned you considerable anxiety. The only excuse I have to offer is, that when I last had the opportunity of sending a letter, I had not sufficiently recovered from a severe illness to be able to write."

"That is true, I am sure," said Effie. "What a frightful headache you gave yourself! And how those poor transparent fingers of yours shook when you tried to guide the pen! Well, go on; it ought to please him, for it is a very English letter."

She was not so well satisfied with the portion that was presently after read to her: — "I mentioned, in my letter from Moscow, that we were about to proceed with the Grand Army to Smolensk. Early in the course of the retreat we lost our mother; but, in the midst of our distress, friends were raised up to us, to whose kindness we owe more than I can express. The Maréchal Prince de la Moskowa and the General Comte de Villaret —"

"O, Kenneth! is that the way that you pass over all our adventures?"

"That story is too horrible to be told," said Kenneth, with a long sigh. "Sometimes it seems to me like a dream, or like a story that befell some one else; it seems so impossible that I should be like other people; but then the reality comes back upon me: I am the undutiful, cast-off son; and here is the mark to make me feel it, if I could forget it;" — he put back the mass of shining black hair that hung over his temple, and Effie saw the scar that Rognier's blow had left. Then, with almost a groan, he added, "Ours has been a frightful history! Well did my father warn me of the store I was laying up for myself."

Effie paused a little while; then, when the current of his feelings was a little changed, she continued, "That was not what I meant; I would not have anything said of our losing sight of poor mamma, for perhaps they might think her to blame; and as to your reproaching yourself, that is really folly. What I meant to complain of was, that you speak as if it was only our misfortunes that attracted the attention of our friends; you do not mention the night at Evé, or the gates of Kowno. Do you think it would have the air of praising yourself?"

"Not at all. As to that evening at Evé, it would have been too cowardly to have seen the Marshal left to the enemy, especially when he had saved us both; and it was no great undertaking to walk a hundred yards! And for Kowno, there was not much courage in standing still when there was nowhere to run, and when, besides, I was so lame that, but for you, I should have sat down and given it up at almost every

step. I was only too glad of the rest, and have always wondered that they have made so much of that day."

"Then, if you are not afraid of its being taken for self-praise," said Effie, smiling, "pray oblige me by putting it in. Uncle William ought to hear it."

"I am sure I will not write my letter over again," said Kenneth, pretending to be obstinate; "and I do not profess to remember what I did in all that confusion. When I had a real hero to look at, how was I to think of myself? Silence now, and listen to the rest! 'The Maréchal Prince de la Moskowa and the General Comte de Villaret became our protectors, placed us under the care of a most excellent, kind-hearted soldier, and have ever since proved themselves the best of friends. The General's sister, Madame de Chateauneuf, nursed me through a long illness, caused by the privations of the retreat, and we then accompanied her to Paris, where my sister has been since residing with the Comtesse de Villaret, who has treated her like a sister daughter; indeed, the claims of the whole family upon our gratitude are beyond all words.'"

"I wish you could say it more strongly," said Effie.

"So do I," said Kenneth; "but, as it is impossible to express half of what we feel, we will let it pass."

"It must, I suppose," said Effie, looking over him, and reading the rest: — '*École Militaire* — passed the examination — assured of receiving a commission — Marshal's staff — Rocheguyon.' "Yes! how surprised and charmed they will be!"

"It is certainly better than throwing ourselves upon them quite destitute, as we should have done two years ago," said Kenneth, with pardonable exultation.

"Especially when it is all gained by your merits,"

said Effie. "How proud I am when people ask me for my brother! and when Madame de Villaret took me to see the Princess de la Moskowa, and told her our story, she did not think quite so little of the affair of Kowno as you pretend to do. As soon as you get your answer from my uncle, I shall write to my cousins, and do you full justice. Send them my love, and tell Alice that I do not forget the charming little letters which she used to send me. How soon can we have an answer?"

"I can hardly tell," said Kenneth; "perhaps in a fortnight. Do you know whether we are likely to remain here, or shall I ask my uncle to direct to me in the Rue de la Paix?"

"It will make no difference," said Effie; "the letters are forwarded every morning; but I think we shall be here, for Madame de Villaret does not like again to expose herself to the slights which so mortify the General. She means to devote herself to the education of Clémence. Ah! there is your signature, 'Kenneth de Rocheguyon Lindesay.' What a delight and surprise it will be to the whole family! And papa's own seal to prepare them a little! Shall I ever forget the day he gave it to you?"

"Well," said Kenneth, looking at the impression, "I have written nothing as yet which I could not seal with it. That crest always seems to me to speak those words, 'Set it to no letter of which a loyal Lindesay need be ashamed.' It is as if my whole line of ancestry spoke to me in it, and told me that the honour of their name was in my keeping."

CHAPTER XVIII.

"What men of name resort to him?"

RICHARD III.

As Effie had anticipated, the Comte and Comtesse de Villaret continued at Rivières, which had at once all the advantages of a town and country residence. The time was very pleasantly occupied; Effie, who had, since her arrival in France, been instructed by the best masters, was delighted to shew Kenneth her accomplishments, and, in his eyes, her progress in them was marvellous. She displayed her sketches in Auvergne, and told merry stories of the expeditions in which they had been taken, or the wild legends of the mountain fortresses which they recorded; she played and sang to him, while he listened with neverfailing pleasure, especially when she recalled the old Jacobite songs which they had both known so well in their younger days. Indeed, all their Jacobite feelings were greatly stirred up by the perusal of "Waverley," which had just found its way to Paris, and which Kenneth used to read aloud to the ladies as they sat at their drawing or work, and to dwell upon very often at other times, when he was left to himself. It brought back to him so many old stories, revived so many old impressions, described so many scenes already known from the narration of one who had herself acted in them, that he could never grow weary of turning back to it. Such a reality did his manner of reading and commenting upon them give to the characters, that Madame de Villaret was for some time fully convinced that the Baron of Bradwardine had been a personal

friend of Lady Christian's; and the General used to delight in provoking Kenneth, by declaring Fergus Mac Ivor a correct type of all Scotsmen.

There were many other amusements: Kenneth and his sister took walks and rides together; there were drives into Paris now and then, exchanges of visits; and a good deal of Kenneth's time was taken up in the training of a very handsome young horse which the General desired him to consider as his property, and of which he had taken possession, calling it the Black Douglas. Altogether, the days passed so quickly that Effie was almost taken by surprise, when, one fine morning in March, her brother entered her room, just as she had finished dressing, holding up a letter in triumph.

"Already!" cried she. "And really from London?"

"Yes, the very writing which we used to know so well."

"And you have waited for me, before even breaking the seal! You are the best of brothers! There sit down on that great chair; there is plenty of room for me in between you and the arm of it. Now then, *Monsieur mon oncle*, what have you to say to us? 'Greatly relieved to hear of us — shocked at what we must have endured!' So he never received that letter from Moscow. That looks worse for Paulowna, Kenneth."

"I certainly will try if a letter will find Count Schaffouski," said Kenneth; then continued his reading. "So he learnt the death of our father by writing to Petersburg, but could discover nothing of the rest of us; and he was making arrangements for going to Moscow himself in the summer."

"And he knows nothing about grandmamma?" said Effie.

"No; you see he says that his fears are confirmed by my silence respecting her."

"No wonder that he wants further explanation respecting our friends," said Effie, "considering how little you would vouchsafe to him. What is that about the Prince de la Moskowa? O, that is very unjust!"

"Ah! he confounds him with some of the other Marshals," said Kenneth. "I can easily clear that up. You know how differently we used to think of the French officers before we knew them. Still, I think he might have trusted his brother's son to engage himself with none but a man of honour."

"He would have understood it better if you had told him how you earned the Prince's notice," said Effie. "But he does not seem to be at all pleased. Yes, he may well say you will believe all this to be English prejudice."

Kenneth thoughtfully read aloud some of the concluding sentences, which certainly responded but coldly to the complacent spirit in which he had written: — "I wish, before taking any further steps, that you would come and try what England has to offer; remembering that your father always regarded it as his home, wished to see you educated there, and regretted his own separation from it. I cannot but hope that, before pledging yourself to enter the French army, you would consider what would have been his opinion on the subject, as well as on the desirableness of a Paris life for your sister; and let me entreat you not to pass lightly over these suggestions as English prejudices,

but to regard them as coming from the person who has the deepest anxiety for your welfare."

"Too late for us to be educated as English," said Kenneth, drawing up his tall figure in the proud consciousness of his seventeen years, and completed studies.

"Here is a very warm invitation to London; but it is a disappointing letter: I thought he would have been better satisfied. What is this, where it is folded down? Can you make it out?"

"Let me see," said Effie, reading: — "'Since the French estate you mention seems somewhat doubtful, I rejoice to be able to tell you of a provision which, though small, has the advantage of being certain, and may enable you to feel independent of your French friends. Your father invested —' O, I cannot make it out; but he goes on: 'I suppose you will hardly understand these terms, and therefore explain that you and Euphemia are together entitled to £3,000, that is, an income of about £150 per annum. Your aunt and cousins join me in sending Euphemia their affectionate love; Alice and Rosamond talk of nothing but their hopes of seeing you both; and it is the most earnest wish of us all to welcome you to what you, as well as ourselves, must consider as your home.' 'Surely he cannot expect us to give up all our friends to come to this miserable pittance! It would break my heart to leave Madame de Villaret.'"

"Give up our friends! Never!" said Kenneth; "but we might go for a visit. I could easily satisfy him on these points."

"I do not think so," said Effie; "as Eugène says, the English think nothing good out of their own island."

He would rather see you a banker's clerk in England than a Field-Marshal anywhere else."

"I could see the force of his objections," said Kenneth, "if the Restoration had not taken place. You know very well, Effie, that I had many doubts before I consented to come to France, or to enter the army as it was then; but in the present state of things, I cannot see why the service of Louis Dixhuit should not be as suitable for me as that of the Czar Alexander for my father."

"Yes, surely," said Effie; "no one can think otherwise."

"Educated as I am for it, bound to the Marshal, there is nothing else to be done; and if my uncle once understood either the character of the Prince, my connection with him, or the construction of the army, he would view it in the same light."

"Of course he would; and if he once saw Madame de Villaret, he would not talk of the undesirableness of a Paris life for me. I suppose he thinks all Frenchwomen are frivolous; but you must tell him, Kenneth, how little she goes into society, and how much we have had together."

"I am quite convinced on my own part," said Kenneth; "but I must satisfy him, for as long as he disapproves, I cannot help feeling as if my father did."

"He never saw papa after he was grown up," said Effie; "and how can he be sure of his opinion? I feel absolutely certain that papa would be delighted to show the consideration to which you have raised yourself."

"Hark! was that the General calling me?" said Kenneth, and, opening the door, he heard his name re-

peated. The Comte de Villaret, his wife, and sister, were all standing in the hall, talking eagerly.

"Ah, Lindesay! where had you hidden yourself?" said the former, as soon as he appeared. "We must ride immediately to Paris. Have you heard the intelligence?"

"No, General."

"The Emperor has effected his escape, landed on the 2nd; he is arrived at Grenoble. The King has sent for Ney; he takes the command at Auxerre."

"It makes one giddy," said Madame de Villaret; "here is the storm recommencing, just as we believed ourselves most tranquil."

"The war will begin again!" said Effie, turning pale.

"The way to honour will be open," said Kenneth. "But is it possible?"

"Here is what may make you less incredulous," said General de Villaret, handing him a note containing a few lines from the Prince de la Moskowa, conveying the information, and desiring him to come immediately to Paris, and bring young Lindesay with him. They were ill-written and ill-spelt, but Kenneth could see no faults where his own name was written in his hero's hand.

"He looks at it like a relic!" said the General. "Well, you may keep it, my friend, for it will become historic; but come to breakfast, for we must lose no time in taking our part in the history. I have ordered the horses, and our baggage may be sent after us."

"Are you not coming back?" exclaimed his wife, while Effie caught her brother's hand.

"I will let you know what our orders are," said the General: "it is at present impossible to guess."

"At least," said Madame de Villaret, "you will promise me not to put yourself forward to serve."

"You may tranquillize yourself on that point," replied he. "I leave that to my friend there, and to my nephew. He must be in a frantic state at this news!"

"I wish he was here," said Madame de Chateauneuf, with a sigh. "I greatly dread his impetuosity."

"Well, we have seen more than one storm in our day, sister," said the General; "and we shall come safely through this. Do not look so mournful, Euphémie: your brother will be well cared for."

Effie had been all this time waiting upon her brother's breakfast, setting before him all that he could possibly need, while she looked at him most anxiously.

"Kenneth," said she, at last, "write to me, if you are really obliged to go away; and pray do not put yourself into danger."

"We do not know that there will be any danger at all," said the General. "Very possibly this attempt may already be frustrated, and you may see us again this very evening."

"You must not think it a dreadful parting, Effie," added her brother; "it would be a great waste of grief if we come back again to-night. Consider," he added, in a lower voice, "how much easier this makes the matter with my uncle. It relieves me from all my difficulties, and puts an end to hesitation. No one can be backward at such a call. And here are the horses. Good-bye, Effie, — let me see your own bright face."

In a few moments more he was on horseback, looking so handsome, so joyous, and spirited, that Effie

could not help smiling with pride and pleasure; though the very blitheness of his face and bearing increased her apprehensions that he would be the first to confront peril wherever it might be found.

Never, indeed, were tempers more different than those in which Kenneth and his companion set off for Paris. The General anticipated, with vexation, the renewal of the troubles which had so lately ceased; his plans were uncertain; and his chief desire was to keep himself disengaged from either party, so as to be able to act as best suited his convenience, without loss of honour. In the meantime, Kenneth rode by his side, as happy as youth and hope could make him. He had been summoned by name by his own beloved Marshal; he beheld the path of honour and distinction opening before him; and if he did not actually rejoice in the prospect of war and confusion, he would certainly have been grievously disappointed, had the present intelligence proved a false alarm. Napoleon's escape could not have occurred at a more opportune moment for him, since it removed all scruples with regard to his uncle, who would never blame him for obeying the call to oppose the usurper, whom all Europe regarded as a common enemy.

Visions of glorious deeds, of honour, praise, distinction, of approbation from his patron, of the exultation of his sister, and of the due appreciation, at least, that he would extort from his uncle, who should see his name among the bravest and most distinguished, and should be forced to confess that his brother's only son knew how to maintain the honour of his name,—these filled his mind; and, as he dwelt upon them in a sort of rapture, his delight displayed itself in the joyous

manner in which he patted the glossy neck of the Black Douglas. His companion's silence was no loss to him, for his own meditations were much more agreeable than any thing that he was likely to hear from him; and, in truth, the first time the General spoke, he gave a chill to those bright, warm, young hopes. He doubted whether Ney would draw his sword against his former leader and benefactor, and Kenneth, judging by himself, feared that this might be but too probable, and saw his fair fabric melt away. Then, remembering how fully the Marshal had expressed his intention in his note, he indignantly repelled the suspicion as a calumny. "Duty to king and country is beyond everything," said he; "and he so regards it."

"You think so, my friend," said the General, laughing, and there the matter rested; for Kenneth was too angry at the slight estimation in which his hero, his principles, and himself, either or all, seemed to be held, to reply in the same tone.

They were by this time within the *barrières* of Paris, and found the whole city in the confusion excited by the unexpected and important intelligence. They stopped more than once on meeting acquaintances of the General, from whom they heard the numerous reports which were constantly arriving. All agreed that it needed but a look or a word from Napoleon to bring to his side the old troops who had so long fought under his eagles, and that each day was adding to his strength. They heard also of the measures taken by the royal family; and Kenneth triumphed over the General when they heard, on undoubted authority, that Ney had just had an audience of the King, in which he had expressed great indignation at Napoleon's breach of trea-

ties, and had even declared that he ought to be conducted to Paris like a wild beast in an iron cage. Such, indeed, was what the General called his young friend's exaltation, that he could not even be persuaded to allow that the speech was in bad taste.

Proceeding to the Marshal's house, they found him in the midst of business, surrounded with officers, and about to depart for the army the next day. To see him and hear him speak was sufficient pleasure for Kenneth, and he was a man who always appeared to the greatest advantage when action and decision were required. He had sent for General de Villaret to offer him an appointment, but the General managed dextrously to decline it, without making any backwardness apparent, and gained his object of remaining quiet for the present. As to Kenneth, there was no such reluctance on his part, when the Marshal proposed to him to accompany him to the army, where he assured him of receiving his commission in the course of a few days; and, this arranged, he took his leave with the General, to make his preparations.

These were but few. His dress, that of a scholar of the *Ecole Militaire*, was to serve him till he obtained his commission, and the rest of his small amount of baggage was sent for to Rivières; the messenger carrying a note to Effie, bidding her keep up her spirits and think of him as the happiest of mortals. The Black Douglas was at his service, and General de Villaret, reminding him that he was his guardian and banker, until he should come into possession of the Rocheguyon estate, made him accept such a sum of money as he deemed sufficient for his expenses.

They both dined that day with the Prince de la

Moskowa, slept at the Comte de Villaret's house in the Rue de la Paix, and in the early morning bade each other farewell, — the one returning to Rivières, the other riding to join the Marshal at his house.

CHAPTER XIX.

"But if, by fraud or by consent,
Thy heart to ruin come,
I'll sound no trumpet as I wont,
Nor march by tuck of drum:
But hang my arms as ensigns up,
Thy baseness to deplore;
And bitterly will sigh and weep,
And never love thee more!"

MARQUIS OF MONTROSE.

SELDOM has it fallen to the lot of any one to pass a week of greater enjoyment than did Kenneth Lindesay on his journey from Paris to Lons le Saulnier. His time was chiefly spent with some lively, agreeable young officers on the Marshal's staff; and perhaps it was as well for the brightness of his dream, that he was not brought into contact with Ney himself sufficiently often to perceive how far he fell short of his ideal; but he only now and then heard his conversation, or was addressed with some short, good-natured greeting, which made his heart glow with pleasure.

Each report of the advance of Napoleon seemed to bring the hopes of glory nearer; each of his successes could but make the honour of subduing him still greater; and Kenneth, in his own world, seemed above being touched by any of the doubts, anxieties, or considerations which affected other people.

At Besançon, he heard the news of the Emperor's arrival at Lyons, where Macdonald, who was

mand, had used every effort to keep his troops steady to their allegiance, but in vain; they raised the cry of *Vive l'Empereur*, threw themselves into the arms of their comrades, and even threatened to make him prisoner. His firmness was unshaken, and, resisting all solicitations and inducements to join the invader, he returned alone to Paris, his faith as untarnished as Napoleon had owned it to be when he had taken leave of him at Fontainebleau. Kenneth's eye glanced at the remembrance that Macdonald was his countryman, and his heart beat proudly at the thought that, should the scene be repeated by these troops, the same boy who had stood alone with Ney at the gates of Kowno, was ready once more to stand alone with him, and triumph in his loyalty, as then in his courage.

He himself heard Ney's reply to a person who expressed considerable fears respecting the conduct of the men when brought face to face with their former companions and their beloved Emperor. "I will take a musket from a grenadier and begin the engagement myself," he said; "I will run my sword up to the hilt in the body of the first man who refuses to fire."

The next day's march brought them to Lons le Saulnier, where, all the evening, the Marshal was engaged in a private conference with the two Generals, Lecourbe and Bourmont, who there met him, and, as Kenneth afterwards learnt, one or both had come immediately from Napoleon, bringing a letter earnestly recalling him to his standards by the title of *Brave des Braves*.

Nothing of all this transpired that night, and although in the morning reports were whispered that the Marshal's faith was wavering, they had no power to

shake Kenneth's confidence; and when orders were given that the troops should assemble in the Place d'Armes, he rode as usual in his place among the staff, without the slightest suspicion of the blow that was preparing for him.

The troops were drawn up, and the Marshal unfolded a paper, and began to read: — "Officers and Soldiers! The cause of the Bourbons is irrevocably lost. The legitimate dynasty, which the French nation has adopted, is about again to be placed on the throne. It is to the Emperor Napoleon, our Sovereign, that it alone belongs to reign ——"

Kenneth heard no more; the words became confused in his ears; the long ranks of soldiers seemed to reel before his eyes. It was a thunderbolt! His hero, his idol, the bravest of the brave, had failed — failed, — broken his most solemn pledge, betrayed his trust! Must he forfeit all his admiration? It could not be, he had heard amiss, and he tried to rouse himself as from a horrible dream; but at that very moment he heard Ney's own voice shout, "*Vive l'Empereur!*" and the cry was repeated, in deafening chorus, by thousands of voices; swords and caps were waved in the air; and throughout that multitude there seemed but one feeling of ecstasy.

It was true; it was but too real; — and what was left for Kenneth? Like one but half-awake, he moved his horse out of the throng, found his way, he knew not how, to his quarters, and, shutting himself into his own room, hid his face in his arms crossed upon the table, and gave a free course to burning tears of shame and indignation. Who can tell half the anguish of ceasing to esteem? What a change, in one moment,

from the brightest hope to the deepest disappointment, nay, disgrace! for so completely had his ardent spirit devoted itself to his beloved patron, that it was to him as if his own honour had fallen with that of his idol. For some time his whole mind was stunned, almost prostrated, unable to entertain any idea, save that one absorbing, and yet almost incredible, conviction, that his patron was a dishonoured man, a promise-breaker, a traitor; and again and again did every brave deed, every kind action, every noble trait, real or imagined, on which his thoughts had been used to feast, recur to his memory, to make the fall still deeper.

At last his own future began to array itself before him in far different colours from what it had recently worn. His confidence was gone, and could never be recalled; and so undoubting had it been, that to lose his trust in Ney's honour was, for a moment, losing faith in the truth of all mankind. Indeed, he would almost rather have given up that faith, than cease to regard the Marshal as the first of men, or feel himself bound to quit his side.

"My destiny has cast me with him;" such was the tenor of his thought; "and where could I find one to whom I owe more gratitude or admiration? For the rest, the General was right, and the world is all alike. Long since have I heard that truth and trust must pass away with youth, that there is no faith in man: 'Put not your trust in princes, nor in any child of man.'" The words occurred as chiming in with his thoughts, and he scarce knew whence they came; but they brought a change over his mind. "And are there, then, no such things as faith, honour, constancy? Shame on me! Such a thought is not for my father's

son, or for one whose grandfather lived and died an exile for the sake of loyalty to his rightful prince! And have they passed away from the earth? or, rather, have I not met the just recompense of trusting where my father never would have trusted? Did not my better mind doubt and hesitate all the time, not indeed of the Marshal himself, but of my father's approval? Had I but listened to its voice! But I was dazzled by his fame, intoxicated with his praise: I made excuses to satisfy my conscience, forsook the path my father had traced for me, and I have met my reward, — I am bound for ever to one who has violated his oaths." Then, as it were, a ray of light darted into the gloom. "Why for ever? Is it too late? My honour is still my own! My sword has not been drawn in an unjust cause! I am a loyal Lindesay still. Thank God, it is not too late; I can still breathe freely!" And, starting up, he drew himself to his full height, and threw back his hair from his throbbing temples, as if to realize the feeling of freedom. "O thanks, thanks to Him who has recalled me to myself, while the name of my father is not yet dishonoured!" A sadder thought followed, — "How avoid it? Why did I allow myself to be beholden to him? If I leave him, it must be in his debt. Disgrace must be incurred whichever way I turn. I am involved beyond the power of escape. And why should I seek to escape from one whose kindness to me is unchanged. I have given no pledge; I have not even received a commission from the King; I am no one's soldier. Why should I not take service with my brave patron and his mighty Emperor, — the surest road to glory, the only one open to me? It is to Ney that I am bound, not to any king; and there would be no

consistency, but great ingratitude, in breaking off, after having consented to enter the *Ecole Militaire* when Napoleon was still Emperor. But no, no! it is further and further from my father's wishes, it is sinning against his dying charge, which I have already transgressed but too far; and how can I wilfully break and forfeit my last remnant of happiness in past recollections? How can I hope to preserve the few right principles that remain to me in the midst of such an army, fighting in such a cause? How my dear grandmother would shudder to see me! And my uncle, whom I thought to glory in convincing that I needed not his cautions and his mistrust, what would he think? O let me not plunge deeper! let me draw back while I have the power! save me from my own wishes, and the paltry scruples of self-deceit!"

He then set himself seriously to consider what would be the best step to take, and soon came to the conclusion that he ought, without delay, to return to Paris, and from thence to the home which his uncle offered him in England; and it was with very different feelings that he cast his eyes over the letter which he had hastily thrust into his pocket on his hurried departure; now regarding the warnings which he had then looked upon almost as affronts, as proofs of wisdom and foresight. Nevertheless there again returned upon him, with a bitter pang, first, the pain their removal would cost his sister, and then the grief and disappointment of turning his back on the bright scene which, to him, had become the whole world. — The temptation was the more difficult to withstand, because it had been in a manner his own act that he was exposed to it, and his two years in the *Ecole Militaire* were not likely to

ave strengthened his principles. He had not, however, been entirely thoughtless; his natural temper was inclined to determination, and the character which his friend Eugène de Chateauneuf had spread before him on his entrance, had obtained for him such a degree of respect from his companions, that he had been permitted to follow his own ways with far less molestation than one less distinguished might have met with; so that though, in some respects, he had fallen off from what he had been when fresh from the training of his grandmother, he was less altered for the worse than might have been feared; and if he could but resist this severe trial, the probability was that the shock would be, in the end, of the greatest benefit to him.

The most unpleasant and difficult task at this present moment was the avowing his intention to Ney himself, and the prospect had almost changed his purpose; but he was ashamed that the apprehension of a moment's awkwardness should prevail over a serious resolution, and quitted his room consoling himself with the idea that it would soon be over. He met several of his acquaintance, who were talking over the events which had just taken place, and seemed almost as indignant at the flagrant treachery of the Marshal as he himself could be. Even those whose inclinations had led them towards the Emperor, regretted the manner in which the change had been made, and the royalists among them were about immediately to return to Paris, having given up their commands. One of them had broken his sword across his knee before the Marshal, saying, "It is easier for a man of honour to break iron than to break his word."

This was a great encouragement to Kenneth, and, agreeing to accompany them back to Paris, he walked on with a freer step to the house where the Marshal was lodged, and in a short time found himself in his presence.

"Ah! here you are in time," said the Marshal. "You must be ready to start for Lyons in a quarter of an hour."

It was the easier for Kenneth that he had not to begin the subject. "Monsieur le Maréchal," said he, "pardon me if I seem to make an ungrateful return for your kindness, — but it is impossible for me to serve the Emperor."

"Ha! what are you saying?" exclaimed the Marshal, amazed at such a reply from a boy whom he had not suspected of having any opinion on public affairs, and perhaps reading reproof in the downcast eyes and crimsoned cheeks which bespoke the greatness of the effort.

After a short pause, Kenneth repeated, "I must excuse myself from going to Lyons, — I cannot serve the Emperor."

"And what do you propose to do?"

"To return immediately to Paris, and thence go to my uncle in England."

"To England! Do you know what you give up? Remember that I shall be in a condition to do much more for you under the Emperor, than under this Bourbon king."

"I am sensible of all your goodness to me, Monsieur le Maréchal, — but I must leave you."

"Well," said Ney, after another survey of Kenneth, which convinced him that there was little probability

s yielding now, — "I will not insist on your accompanying me at present. Return to Paris. See how it turns out. Consult your friend, General de Villaret, and, at any rate, do not quit Paris till you have seen me again."

Kenneth bowed and departed, rejoicing, indeed, that the interview was over, but almost blaming himself for having consented to wait for another, which would have solved all his difficulties. His reflections were cut short by a summons from one of his travelling companions, and he was soon on the road to the capital.

CHAPTER XX.

"Loyal faith, that once possess'd
Every listening subject's breast,
Faith, whose firmness seem'd to mock
War, and foul sedition's shock,
Hath past away: the cravens bow
Their necks beneath usurpers now.
Man to success still court will pay,
Still honour fortune's fickle sway."

ÆSCHYLUS (ANSTICE).

THINKING it probable that the Villaret family had fled to Livières, Kenneth, on arriving at Paris late in the evening, rode to the Rue de la Paix, and found that he had conjectured rightly; but the Comte, Comtesse, Effie were all gone to the opera, and Madame de Beauneuf was still in the country.

He sat down in the saloon to await their arrival, gazing at the luxury which surrounded him with the same eyes where he had first met the Comte de Villaret, painfully feeling the change which had taken place in his mind since the last evening he had spent there. He dreaded the sight of the General's triumph in the

fulfilment of his own cold prediction, and was almost ready to seek his own room, and avoid being the first to communicate the miserable news. He had ample time to dwell on these thoughts, before the party returned; and Effie came flying into the room, delighted at his arrival. "Well," said the General, following her, "What news do you bring? Are you come back for your uniform? Which regiment ——"

Kenneth shook his head, without speaking. Effie took his hand, and the General went on: "You cannot have offended the Marshal? Yet you look so downcast, I can hardly imagine what else can have befallen you. Be it what it may, I dare say a remedy may be found."

"There is no remedy," said Kenneth; "no remedy for —— In short, the Marshal is gone over to the Emperor."

"Ah! *c'est ça*," said the General; "I always expected it. What Frenchman can resist the call of the '*petit caporal*?' I only wish he had spoken less strongly. If matters go amiss, that iron cage in which he talked of bringing the Emperor, will be remembered against him."

"Do not speak of it!" said Kenneth.

"But tell us more, my friend. When was the change made? Where is he? What has become of the troops?"

Kenneth related all that had occurred.

"What could you expect otherwise?" said the General. "One who has followed the Eagles from Egypt to Moscow, who owes name, fortune, everything to the Emperor ——"

"Yes," said Kenneth. "Had he but refused the

command at his peril, when the King offered it to him, I could still have gloried in him."

"And this is actually the reason that you have quitted him!" said the General. "I knew your sentiments were somewhat Quixotic, but I thought those things never went beyond speculation."

"There is nothing very Quixotic in not choosing to join in treason," said Kenneth, roused into indignation.

"Your terms are of the strongest, my friend," coolly replied the General. "Treason is settled by the way in which affairs turn out. I leave it to Napoleon and Louis XVIII. to determine which is the traitor."

"The traitor is he who breaks his word and betrays his trust," said Kenneth. "How little did I think — how could any one have thought, who saw him that glorious day at Kowno, that courage and truth must not always be united!"

"An illusion of youth!" said the Comte de Villaret. "Console yourself, my friend; it is a painful waking from a dream, but it is what all have to undergo in turn. Ah! I see, in those eyes of yours, that you think I can have had few such visions; but I can assure you that, at your age, I had most undoubting faith in the glories of democracy; I thought we were on the high road to human perfectibility, and never awoke till I found my own aristocratic head might be sacrificed to this noble consummation."

"Democracy!" repeated Kenneth, scornfully.

"You would not have repeated that word with such disdain thirty years ago," said the General. "It was the dream then, and answered the purpose as well as your more old-fashioned one of faith and — what is

your word? — loyalty, or the present enthusiasm for the Emperor. *A propos*, have you heard of your friend Eugène? For his sake, we must hope that attraction to the Eagles will prove to be no treason, as you call it; for no sooner does he hear of the arrival of the Emperor, than away he hurries to present himself to him, regardless of the ruin he will bring on himself, should this attempt be unsuccessful. Foolish fellow! as if his mother had not troubles enough."

"She must be much concerned!" said Kenneth.

"But the Emperor gave him a most gratifying reception," said Effie. "He gave him his own Cross of the Legion, and has promised him his promotion."

"I wish we could have brought his mother with us," said Madame de Villaret; "but the greater her anxiety, the closer she seems to cling to Rivières. Indeed, we are all very anxious and out of spirits, and so, to distract ourselves, we took Euphémie to hear the new opera, which was the reason you found an empty house. Poor child! she has been quite melancholy since you left us. Come, *ma petite*, your eyes look heavy; you ought to be in bed."

"You also, my friend," said the General to Kenneth; "you look as if a night's rest would assist in making you more alive to the ways of this world."

They separated; Kenneth, if possible, more annoyed than ever. General de Villaret's views were still more provoking and galling than even the conduct of the Marshal, which was the effect, as it seemed, of old associations, gratitude, and affection, acting upon a mind not strong enough to prevent their leading him to a breach of duty. His countenance had been such, that Kenneth was sure he might take to himself the

satisfaction of pitying him, and believing that he regretted his own weakness. And this had been a great comfort; since, by proving the existence of honourable sentiments, it shewed that his idol had not always been completely unworthy of his devotion; and it was no degradation to have once so highly revered him. But that faith, loyalty, and honour should be classed with democracy and Buonapartism, and by one who held a fair character, and to whom he had been accustomed to look for advice, was another severe shock to his principles, another consequence of the situation in which he had placed himself. The lives of his father and grandfather were the best reply, and one that, in some moods, convinced his own mind; but he could but too well guess what answer his friend would make; and he was not always able to devise his own reply to the expected argument, or even to feel confident that he had a reality, and not a prejudice, upon his side.

He met the General in the morning with a face which bore token of a restless night of mental conflict; but even if there was any indecision in his mind, there was none in his looks, when his friend recurred to the subject of last night's conversation, and desired to know on what terms he stood with Marshal Ney, and what were his intentions for the future.

Kenneth mentioned his last interview with his patron, his promise to take no step without further communication, and his project of going to his uncle in England.

"And pray what is to become of your estate, if we are to have another twenty years' war?" said the General. "But I should not have asked that question!

You are far above such considerations as we poor ordinary mortals regard. You can live on your romantic ideas, but it remains to be proved whether such fare will suit your sister."

"I have thought of that," said Kenneth, much vexed by his bantering tone; "and I am convinced that, even for her sake, I ought not to sacrifice my duty. But that is not required. My uncle has informed me that my father invested, in England, a sufficient sum to render us independent."

"And how much may this be?" asked General de Villaret.

"Three thousand pounds. I know it is little, though I do not understand the value of English money; but let it but be sufficient to provide for my sister, and I am satisfied."

The General proceeded to demonstrate, by the unimpeachable argument of figures, how very scanty was this provision; but this was not the ground on which to take Kenneth. "I have youth and strength," he said. "My father and grandfather began life with nothing but their sword."

"You little guess what you would undertake," said the General, "or how soon you would regret the advantages which you are throwing away."

"I can never regret adhering to my principles."

"These principles of yours are too high-flown for my comprehension," said the General. "You! born in a foreign country, under a sovereign whom you never call your own! what right has any prince to your allegiance? Even the last of your own beloved Stuarts is dead; and, if it was only to satisfy my own curiosity, I should like to know whom you call your true king."

"My allegiance is to my father's commands," said Kenneth. "I know, indeed, that I transgressed them in giving up my plan of going to England, and consenting to enter the *Ecole Militaire*; but I was then a mere child, and I am convinced that, because I allowed myself to be then involved, I ought not to entangle myself further."

"And what would you have done," asked General le Villaret with a smile, "had you possessed the great amount of wisdom of these two additional years? Would you have set out hand in hand with your poor little sister to beg your way to England, rather than fall under the dominion of *cette bête* of your imagination, this wicked Emperor?"

"I should have found some way," said Kenneth, as the impossibilities, which had then appeared to him insurmountable, now melted into mere trifles in his memory; "and had I but been firm then, what should I not have spared myself now?"

"Well, all that I can say," replied the General, "is that I hope you will come to your senses before this second meeting with the Marshal. It is very well for you that he has given you this time of grace."

At this moment a note was brought in for the General to answer, and Kenneth had thus the opportunity of escaping from this vexatious conversation. To seek Effie, whom he had as yet scarcely seen, was his first thought, — to tell her all, be soothed by her, and to ask her consent to his project. It was Sunday, too, and distress of mind made him recur to former Sundays, spent in a very different way from the present. He wished to see the Bible and Prayer-book again, to look for the verse, "Put not thy trust in

princes," which had so often, of late, rung in his ears, and to see if there was anything applicable in the context; for such recollections did not return to him quite so readily as they were wont to do in the days of the Retreat.

As he went up stairs he heard music, and, following the sound, found Effie seated at the piano, playing waltzes, while little Clémence was dancing. This amusement for that day did not appear to him in the same light as if he had been brought up in England; but the gay music suited ill with the tone of his mind, and when Effie and Clémence both at once exclaimed that here was, at length, a partner, he replied, somewhat abruptly, that he did not know how to dance; a piece of ignorance so amazing to Mademoiselle de Villaret, that she ceased her steps, and stood considering him like some marvellous natural curiosity.

"Do you want me, Kenneth?" said Effie.

"Yes, when you are ready; but do not let me disturb you. Only tell me," — he spoke low, and in English, — "where are the Bible and Prayer-book?"

"In my room, in the little book-case, of course. Shall I find them for you?"

"No, thank you, I will go and wait there for you. You will come soon?"

"Yes, yes, surely!" said Effie; "only let me just finish my practising."

Kenneth went to Effie's pleasant room. Effie, though two years ago almost destitute of any possession of any sort, had now no lack of such little trifles and trinkets as are chiefly valuable as shewing the affection and care of friends or relatives. There was the elegant little porcelain cup, that held a few choice flowers, on

her dressing-table, the writing-case inlaid with mother-of-pearl, the work-basket, the different materials for work and drawing, the guitar that lay on the sofa; everything shewed the pleasant occupations in which her time was passed, and the kindness of her friends. The little book-case, to which she had directed him, contained a few well-chosen books in French, English, and Italian, — well-chosen, that is to say, inasmuch as there was no work to which any objection could have been made; but among them there was not what Kenneth sought. Neither Bible nor Prayer-book could he discover, either on the shelf or on any of the tables round. He gave up the search, resolving to wait for Effie to find them for him; and took up a book; but he was in too restless and uneasy a state of mind for this occupation, and soon gave himself up to impatience, which he had full time to indulge before Effie entered, — her bright eyes so full of good-temper as to drive away all the anger which he had been preparing for her. "O my poor, patient Kenneth! I am sorry I have made you wait, but I was arranging some flowers from Rivières, that Madame de Villaret is going to send to a poor lady who is ill. Did the time seem very long?"

"Rather so," said Kenneth; "but never mind; only tell me where the books are, for I could not find them."

"Not find them!" and Effie, rather disconcerted, repeated the search. "Not here! no, nor here! I must have forgotten them at Rivières. Dear brother, I hope you are not vexed?"

"And you had not missed them?"

"*Mais* —. It was such confusion when we left Rivières, and here, last Sunday, all was such excite-

ment, and my head was so full of you, and it was the day we heard about Eugène. I could not be sufficiently — what do you call it in English? — *recueillée* to read, even if I had had time."

Kenneth sighed. "You promised me," he said.

"Ah! yes, and indeed I have usually kept my promise, — almost always, in fact, — that is, when it was not a very fine day, and the chapters were not very long. It was for your sake, you know, Kenneth. But then, when you came back to Rivières, and said nothing about it on those three Sundays that you were there, I thought you did not care so much."

This was a severe reproach to Kenneth, and keen was the pang it sent to his heart. "Effie, Effie!" he exclaimed, "you do not know what you are saying! O do not let me be your ruin, as well as my own!"

"Kenneth, my dear Kenneth! What can you mean? Does this grieve you so very much? I did not guess it. I always meant to read, only sometimes I had not time."

"Think of home, Effie! think of our Sundays there, and what we should have thought then of neglecting them! Think of what my father used to tell us of English Sundays."

"Eugène says that they are gloomy days, Kenneth; the shops shut, and the streets sad and silent. And Madame de Chateauneuf herself says that the peasants never dance on the green in the evening."

"But surely Madame de Chateauneuf would have the day observed?" said Kenneth. "I am sure she did so at Königsberg."

"O, but she is *dévotée*! She has had so many misfortunes, and is a saint besides."

"Effie, you do not see things in the light that you see did," said Kenneth; "and I know not how to blame you, for it is my fault. How wise was my uncle's warning, which we were overlooking with such scorn! Now, Effie, I have something to ask of you," he continued, as the reflections thronging on his mind strengthened his resolve: "Will you come with me to London?"

"For a visit?" said Effie. "How can we, if there is to be a fresh war?"

"No, not for a visit; to live there."

"To live!" she exclaimed. "Do you really mean it? Leave all our friends, and throw ourselves on the wide world again?"

"It is now that we are on the wide world, Effie; our home should have been with our uncle from the first."

"No one can be kinder than our friends," said Effie.

"Their very kindness is but a temptation and snare. How can I lean on a man who avows such sentiments as the General uttered last night? Self-interest the only motive of action that he deems reasonable!"

"I know he thinks your point of honour rather romanesque," said Effie, in her French-English.

"Exactly what I complain of," said Kenneth; "he treats all truth and loyalty as a dream."

"Persons of high honour have thought it no disgrace to serve the Emperor," said Effie, timidly; but her brother cut her short, with some sharpness, "There are tempters enough without you."

"O, I would not persuade you!" said Effie, "I only wish you would not harass yourself. You look so pale

and careworn, that I am afraid you will be ill. How I wish that the Emperor would have remained tranquil on his island, without coming here to embroil everything! How happy we were but a week ago!"

Kenneth sighed, and a silence followed, which was broken by Effie in the tone of one who had found an excellent expedient: "Must we really go to England? Could not you remain here without joining the Emperor?"

"No," replied he, vehemently, "that is not to be thought of. No half-measures. Escape is my only hope. How could I watch their triumph, and not share it? hear their persuasions, their promises, — be inactive in the midst of all that fires the spirit, and that leads to glory, and feel myself a deserter from him who saved our lives!" He hid his face in his hands, and was silent for some minutes, then broke out again, with great vehemence: "No, I cannot do it. Anything rather than that. I have bound myself, and will abide by my engagement. They shall not call me a coward and deserter. Make yourself easy, Effie, you shall remain."

"Then you will stay here?"

"I know not what else is to be done. I have bound myself. As the General says, my scruples ought to have been thought of before. I owe nothing to King Louis. Had I received my commission, it might be different; but my gratitude to the Marshal is my chief consideration."

"O Kenneth, I am very glad! Now we shall be happy! I am sure you will gain distinction and ——"

"No, no," he answered, fiercely; "remember, it is not for distinction. It is not for what they may offer,

if even they thought a boy like me worth their offers. It is that I may pay my debt of gratitude with all I have, — my life. On the first battle-field, may I but meet my father's fate; — but no, it would not be his fate, for he fell in a just cause."

His agitation was so violent as to alarm his sister greatly.

"Dear, dear brother, do not torment yourself. I will do anything in the world rather than you should speak in that terrible manner!"

"Have I frightened you, my poor Effie?" said he, more quietly.

"How should I be otherwise, when you speak in such a frightful manner? O yes, Kenneth, I will go to England; I will do anything you wish, only do not go into another horrible war."

"I tell you, Effie, I do not wish you to go to England. Everything binds me to remain here, and acquit myself of my obligations."

"But you will be in danger. You will go to meet it. O come to England, and be safe!"

"Fly from danger, Effie? What are you asking of me? And you, a soldier's daughter! No; here my lot is cast, and it is in vain to struggle against it."

In this mind Kenneth continued; so much so, that he set himself to reconcile Effie to the prospect of his military life commencing almost immediately; and, relieved from the prospect of perpetual banishment from her friends, her spirits rose, and when she joined Madame de Villaret, she told her, with high delight, that Kenneth had consented to give up his project, and to remain. The Comtesse replied, with kind caresses and

declarations, that she could never part with her dear little Euphémie.

"But, Madame," said Effie, "would you but have the goodness to beg the General to say nothing to Kenneth on his change of mind, for I think it would vex him so much."

Madame de Villaret quite agreed in this view of the case, as did also the General. "Ah! yes," said he, "we will say nothing. We will leave it all to you, Euphémie, who have already proved yourself his most influential counsellor."

Accordingly, the evening was spent in lively conversation, without a single reference to the subject that occupied every one's thoughts. Kenneth took his part in it with spirit. It was a relief to have his mind made up either way; his personal wishes were all on the side which he had now chosen; and he was glad to drown reflection in gaiety, so he took his part in conversation in the evening, and went to bed with his head full of epaulettes, eagles, and crosses of the Legion of Honour. His last night's watchfulness secured him sound repose, and not a thought recurred to draw him from his present purpose.

CHAPTER XXI.

"Who, like the fixed star of the pole,
Wert all I gazed at on life's trackless ocean;
O what a rent thou makest in my heart!
The ingrained instinct of old reverence,
The holy habit of obedience,
Must I pluck live asunder from thy name?
The senses still are in thy bonds; although,
Bleeding, the soul hath freed itself."

WALLENSTEIN. — (COLBRIDGE.)

MORNING came, and Kenneth woke like one who felt a weight taken off his mind. He had persuaded himself that he was justified in following his own inclinations, and that he need not do what Effie declared would break her heart. A recollection of his uncle intruded. What would he say or think if his letter was utterly neglected, and he next heard of his nephew in the foremost ranks of Napoleon? for Kenneth had already drunk deeply enough of the intoxicating draught of applause, to consider it as no matter of doubt that he would be heard of.

And yet, what right had his uncle to find fault with the actions of one who felt himself already a man, and, being on the spot, could best judge for himself? Two years ago, it would have been a very different thing; but now he was surely competent to decide on his own line of conduct, and it would be mere folly to submit to the dictation of one who, as Effie said, had lived long enough in England to contract all the prejudices of that country. Still, his uncle was his father's brother; he had given him an affectionate invitation, and evidently meant kindly. An explanation was due to him; he should not, at any rate, have to complain of

want of attention, and should be convinced as far as it was ever possible to convince John Bull.

In this frame of mind Kenneth sat down to write a letter to him. He wrote; and the composition seemed to him such a masterpiece, that he read it to his sister, and obtained her delighted approbation. So ingeniously had he put forward the obligations that bound him to Marshal Ney, the engagements he might be said to have taken to enter the French army, the education which unfitted him for almost any other way of life, his freedom from any of the ordinary ties that hold men to country or to sovereign, that he had succeeded in persuading himself that he was taking the most honourable course; and the thanks to his uncle, and regrets that he must disregard his advice, were so well expressed, that the brother and sister thought they must disarm the most obdurate Englishman.

Kenneth glanced his eye once more over the letter, and admired it, then folded it, and, while Effie lighted a taper, took out his seal. There was a long pause. His eyes were fixed on the seal, and his features gathered into a look of deep thought, while the taper burnt and wasted wax in vain.

"What are you thinking of, Kenneth?" said his sister; but her softly-asked question obtained no answer. He seemed to be counting every line of the crest, every letter of the motto; but though his looks were on the red cornelian, his thoughts were far away. The parlour at Moscow was before him, the open window, the table with the sword upon it, the whole aspect of the room stamped on his mind with all the vividness of childish recollection, — the distant sound of trampling feet, even the tune that the band was playing, — all

were brought back, as it were, by the very touch of those sharp little gold ornaments in the setting, which had pressed his fingers while removing it from his father's watch-chain. Then he seemed to feel the pressure of the hand that had been laid on his. Colonel Lindesay's tall figure was standing over him; the high brow, the deep-set grey eyes, the mouth, usually of so soft an expression, all wore a look of grave, impressive admonition, and the charge sounded in his ears, — "Never set it to anything a loyal Lindesay need be ashamed of."

And under the eye of the phantom judge which imagination — or was it not something better? — had summoned to his side, how futile did his arguments appear! how unworthy of the pen or the thought of a brave, high-minded man! He almost heard the short scornful epithets his father would apply to them. And he had written them! His father's son! And he was going to set his father's own seal to them! Away with them! Let him forget that Kenneth Lindesay had ever been signed at the end of such a letter.

The next moment Effie started in utter amazement, for the masterpiece of composition was in the very hottest part of the fire.

"My dear Kenneth! do you know what you have done?"

"I did not know what I was doing when I put my father's own name at the end of that tissue of sophistry! Effie, do you remember what I said to you last time I wrote to my uncle? I said it was as if all my ancestors were calling on me to maintain the honour of their name. Well, now they may all reproach me with its disgrace!"

"Kenneth, I am sometimes afraid you are losing your senses! O, I wish this was all over!"

"I had lost them," he answered, "when I believed myself bound by an engagement I had no right to make, and which is no real obligation. What should weigh against my father's last commands? He said he hoped he might trust to my moral courage. O what would he say now?"

"But what do you wish? O, Kenneth, don't!" as he began to stride up and down the room.

"I wish — I wish — I could undo everything! If I could be at Konigsberg again, free!"

"If you are to be so wretched here, I am sure we had better be in England," said Effie, in a melancholy tone.

"Will you come, Effie?"

"Anything rather than that you should torment yourself in this frightful manner."

"Do you consent?"

"I will go with you anywhere, so you will but tranquillize yourself."

"I could not leave you," said Kenneth, thoughtfully.

"O Kenneth! how could you be so cruel as to say the word? Would I not go with you anywhere, — to Siberia, to a dungeon, through the retreat, anywhere?" and she drew him down beside her on the sofa, caressing him fondly.

"Nay, my sweet sister, England is neither Siberia nor a dungeon," said Kenneth, half-smiling. "My uncle and aunt will be kind to you for our father's sake, and they cannot help loving you for your own."

Effie rather desired to feel the full magnitude of

her sacrifice. "I do not know. I can love no one as I love Clémence, and Madame la Comtesse, and — Except you, Kenneth; anything for you."

"Ah! you would say Madame de Chateauneuf! Yes, it is a bitter parting! It will cost us much, and you especially; but, Effie, any pain to either is better than again breaking those commands. Do you not feel it so?"

"Yes, anything for you, dearest," repeated Effie.

This was not quite what he would have liked. Acquiescence, entirely for his sake, was not the same thing as participation in the sentiments that actuated him. Her confiding affection made it the more difficult to resolve on giving her pain, while it was disappointing that the sacrifice was entirely to him, not to her father or to the principle.

"I want you to see it as I do, Effie. Do you not see that it would be wrong, in the first place, for me to strengthen the hands of this usurper, this disturber of the peace of Europe, who has violated so many oaths; who, after sacrificing millions, and among them our father, to his ambition, is now, in defiance of treaties, coming back to renew the struggle?"

"Yes, Kenneth. How well you speak! Yes, the Emperor has been the cause of all our misfortunes."

"And could I draw my sword against Russia without fancying I saw my father's own form in those well-known ranks, ready to fall by the hand of his own rebellious son?"

"O, Kenneth, it is frightful!" said Effie, shrinking away. "No, with Russia you could never fight."

"Then how can I be a soldier of Buonaparte? And you must perceive that it is out of the question to re-

main here without joining the army. It would be disgraceful. I should only incur ridicule. The events of the last year have released me from any engagement which I might tacitly have been drawn into at Konigsberg; besides that, I was then a mere child. Had the Emperor never been dethroned, and the Prince de la Moskowa been what I once believed, it would have been another question, though even then I might have hesitated; but, in the present circumstances, you must see that I could never again call myself a loyal Lindsay, if I allowed myself to be led away."

"Yes, all you say is very true. How reasonably you speak! — like a great man! Yes, it is different for a Frenchman born."

"I leave them to settle their allegiance after their own fashion," said Kenneth. "The General only makes me furious. But you see the force of my motives?"

Effie knew what he wished, and believed herself convinced. "Yes, it is exactly as you say. You always think so justly. You would be miserable if you remained here."

"Miserable for life; — but that I shall be in either case. All, all my hopes are gone. O, Effie, this is a dreary view, and when I am scarcely seventeen! To give up everything."

"Not everything, while we have each other," said Effie, clasping his hand.

"And to be forced to cause you such pain!"

"Do not think of me, brother; I shall do very well. You are my all. Anything, anywhere, if you will but be happy."

Kenneth groaned aloud.

"If this was but over," said she; "if it could but

“a decided one way or the other, past the power of changing, you would be happier. I almost wish we could set off to England directly.”

“O that we could! But I have promised to wait till I have seen the Marshal again. At least, however, I can write; — I can write to my uncle, and that will find me.”

Again Kenneth seated himself at the table, while Effie sat on the sofa, her eyes fixed on vacancy, her cheek resting on her hand. Poor Effie! she had no heroism of spirit, though, as on the day when she refused to obey Rognier's summons, her devotion to her mother took its place. Kenneth's agitation had been frightful! To calm it, and to cling to him, was her sole thought, at whatever cost to herself. What did she care for Emperor or for King? She had pitied Marie Antoinette and the Duchess d'Angoulême; had shed tears over their story; but what was it to her how France was governed? The Restoration had cost Eugène his promotion; Madame de Villaret had lost the favour which had once distinguished her; the General and his nephew laughed at the King and his measures; at was all she knew, or cared to know. Kenneth was, of course, right; her bonnie brother could do no wrong; but if he would but be satisfied without giving up his own hopes and her happiness, and going to that dreadful England! If the General could convince him! If not, — then he would soon be wretched again, and he would go into battle, and seek danger and death. Yes, England was the best hope of his safety, and —. But, after all, as long as the day of departure was not fixed, she need not think about it, and make herself unhappy. It could hardly be till after Clémence's *fête*,

and, *à propos*, the flower-basket she was making for her would not be ready in time, if she did not go on with it directly.

So up she sprang, with a lightness of step which rather amazed Kenneth, who was gloomily dreaming over the letter, which, strange to say, cost him far more labour than its predecessor.

"Are you going, Effie?"

"Yes, to finish my flower-basket for Clémence's fête."

"Oh!"

"Do you wish me to stay? I will, if you like, but my jonquils will be withered if I do not copy them quickly. It will be a most charming basket; it is of card, woven with rose-coloured ribbon; and it is to cause her a surprise. But I will stay, if you have any more to say to me, or to read your letter. How little you have done!"

"O no, no, I do not want you," said Kenneth, rather shortly.

"Good-bye, then, dearest brother; and pray be happy," said she, kissing his brow, and tripping out of the room.

"Poor little thing! She is but a child!" muttered Kenneth to himself, with some dissatisfaction, as the door closed behind her; and then continued his writing.

His correspondence with his uncle seemed fated to disaster, for, just as he was sealing his letter, the General entered, and, observing the English address, made it his especial request that he would not send it. It was impossible, he declared, to guess where the Emperor's agents might be; and in case of being intercepted, it would not only put a complete bar to Ken-

neth's prosperity in the French service, but compromise his friends in an unpleasant and dangerous manner; and Kenneth felt himself obliged to destroy the document which was considered so perilous.

If the General had guessed its contents, or the effect on Kenneth's mind, he could not have judged more wisely for his own cause. Kenneth felt the destruction of the letter as depriving him of a pledge of constancy, of a link which he had hoped would bind him to his purpose, and he was again left a prey to the distracting doubts and hesitations of the previous day. Worst of all, was a distrust of his own resolution. Twice had impulse carried him in such opposite directions, with such force, that he could not be sure what his frame might be at the moment that must finally decide his fate; nor, indeed, could he always feel certain that the step, recommended by his better mind, would not be a sacrifice of his sister and himself to a mere punctilio.

The remainder of the day was spent in a state of restless misery. He tried to read, but to fix his mind was impossible; he went out with the Comte de Villaret, was rallied on his distraction when alone with him, or, when they met acquaintances, was harassed by listening to conversations on the hopes of the Buonapartists, the discomfiture of the royalists. He came home again to find Effie dressed for an evening party, as full of smiles as if no sorrow pressed on either of them. At the sight of his restless, anxious eye, and pale cheek, she eagerly begged to be allowed to stay with him; but this, of course, he would not permit, and she danced off to the carriage, after Madame de Villaret, leaving him to another *tête-à-tête* with the General. This there is no

need to detail. He could always reply to the General's arguments; but, however satisfactorily refuted at the moment, they were sure to tell upon him afterwards, and unsettle all his views and resolutions.

Late in the evening, the two ladies returned, — Effie full of the adventures of the *soirée*, the music, the dancing, the partners, and the dresses. "And did you see that beautiful gentianella, Madame? I wonder if there are any in blossom yet at Rivières. I must have one for Clémence's basket, for there is no flower I love like those lovely blue vases!"

"Ah! you have not forgotten what becomes you best," said Madame de Villaret. "Do you remember how you sent poor Eugène up that headlong precipice, to bring one down to deck those *blonde* locks of yours?"

"I am sure I did not send him," said Effie; "it was he who would go, because he said it was a mountain flower, and would suit Mary of Scotland. I was frightened out of my senses to see him climb! Well, now, Kenneth," said she, turning to him, with her winning, coaxing air, "do be a good brother; I will send you up no mountains or precipices; only do me one little kindness. Ride to Rivières to-morrow, and ask the gardener if he has a gentianella for me."

"But I do not even know what it is."

"If you do not, Madame de Chateauneuf does; and have it I must, if gentianellas will grow anywhere half as well as among the mountains of Auvergne! Now will you be my own obliging brother? and you may fetch the books at the same time, if that will content you."

Kenneth agreed and was instantly loaded with

thanks and messages from both the ladies. Madame de Villaret was always glad of a visitor for her sister-in-law in the solitude which she commiserated, and forwarded his expedition with all her power; nor was he sorry to have some occupation to pass away the time, which must otherwise have been spent in a reiteration of his torturing musings.

Early in the morning, therefore, he rode out of the *barrières* of Paris, and entered upon the fresh open country, budding and brightening with spring. Rivières was a small village, consisting of a few country houses of the Parisians, with *fermes ornées* and other fanciful arrangements, together with the cottages of the peasants who were employed about them, the *curé's* house slightly superior to the cottages, a small, low, neglected-looking church, in the midst of a large graveyard full of crosses of wood or stone, many of which still bore the marks of the sacrilegious days of the Revolution.

Just as Kenneth was riding past this spot, Madame de Chateauneuf herself appeared under the archway; and as she passed into the churchyard, several of the little village children ran eagerly after her, offering her the early primroses, and presenting themselves to receive her kind morning greeting.

He drew his rein, and watched her turn and smile to each with that peculiar melancholy cheerfulness that was the great charm of her countenance; and, as at length she made her way through the happy little throng, he sprang from his horse, and came to meet her.

"This is an unexpected pleasure," said she, holding out her hand, and greeting him cordially. "I hope you are come to breakfast with me."

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and unsettle all his views and

Late in the evening, the ; but you must first let Effie full of the adventure, and here we are arrived," the dancing, the partner, opened the gate. "Now let you see that beautiful little sitting-room, where I if there are any in, visited me."

have one for Clara, door of a small apartment, which I love like those of quietness and repose, that con-

"Ah! you see the gay brightness of the rooms decorated best," said of the Comtesse de Villaret. There was a how you of the Madonna over the chimney-piece, to bring it, stood the cross he remembered at Konigs- yours. One end of the room was decorated with books,

which Fénelon and Massillon held a chief place. The sofa was piled with needlework, apparently of some other articles equally precious to her, was the silver cup which had so often held the melted snow during the Retreat. Everything in the other rooms of the house spoke of the present visible world, — everything here of that which is unseen.

The simple meal was brought in, and Madame de Chateaufort did the part of a kind, affectionate hostess, while Kenneth, refreshed both by his morning's ride, and by the change of scene, ate with an appetite, and cheerfully discussed his various commissions, as if he had left his cares behind him.

The cloud, however, gathered again when Madame de Chateaufort asked for the latest news of the Empe-

And she now first remarked his pale and harassed

said she, "I was very sorry for you when I occurred at Lons le Saulnier."

"cruel blow," said Kenneth.

"Enthusiasm had been so great for the Marquis must have suffered very much," said she.

"But he had hitherto been so high, that it struck you quite by surprise."

"Which had been said hitherto on the subject satisfied Kenneth so well; his whole expression showed a relief from constraint, and a few inquiries from him a full account of the proceedings at Lons le Saulnier, with all the personal details on which the narrator loves to dwell when the auditor is interested. How different were her comments from those of Madame de Villaret! there was no badinage, no jest in his disappointment, no sport with his principles; on the other hand, there was sympathy for his fallen hopes and confidence, and regret for the character which had fallen.

"And you have quitted him for ever?" asked Madame de Chateauneuf.

"I have promised to take no final step till I have heard from him again. I am nearly convinced what I shall be my right course."

"And that is ——"

"To go to England, to my uncle, who, I know, will gladly receive me."

"Yes, yes, surely," said Madame de Chateauneuf, looking at him with an expression of anxious inquiry.

"Yet I am ashamed of my own vacillation; but we sometimes appear in such different lights; and

"I am the bearer of some commissions from Madame de Villaret and Euphémie," said Kenneth, "and I hope you will be kind enough to help me to discharge them."

"To the best of my abilities; but you must first let me give you some breakfast. And here we are arrived," she added, as the *concièrge* opened the gate. "Now let me conduct you to my own little sitting-room, where I think you have not yet visited me."

She opened the door of a small apartment, which had in it something of quietness and repose, that contrasted with the gay brightness of the rooms decorated by the taste of the Comtesse de Villaret. There was a beautiful print of the Madonna over the chimney-piece, and, below it, stood the cross he remembered at Konigsberg. One end of the room was decorated with books, among which Fénelon and Massillon held a chief place. The sofa was piled with needlework, apparently of clothes for the poor; and on a stand, not far off, with some other articles equally precious to her, was the silver cup which had so often held the melted snow during the Retreat. Everything in the other rooms of the house spoke of the present visible world, — everything here of that which is unseen.

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ror; and she now first remarked his pale and harassed look.

"Ah!" said she, "I was very sorry for you when I heard what occurred at Lons le Saulnier."

"It was a cruel blow," said Kenneth.

"Your enthusiasm had been so great for the Marshal, that you must have suffered very much," said she. And his character had hitherto been so high, that it must have taken you quite by surprise."

Nothing which had been said hitherto on the subject had satisfied Kenneth so well; his whole expression denoted a relief from constraint, and a few inquiries drew from him a full account of the proceedings at Lons le Saulnier, with all the personal details on which the narrator loves to dwell when the auditor is interested. How different were her comments from those of the Comte de Villaret! there was no badinage, no jesting on his disappointment, no sport with his principles; but, on the other hand, there was sympathy for his vanished hopes and confidence, and regret for the noble character which had fallen.

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"To go to England, to my uncle, who, I know, would gladly receive me."

"Yes, yes, surely," said Madame de Chateauneuf, looking at him with an expression of anxious inquiry.

"Yet I am ashamed of my own vacillation; but things sometimes appear in such different lights;

all the world unites in telling me it would be a folly."

"I understand you," said Madame de Chateauneuf: "you mean that my brother is persuading you that your scruples are vain. Kenneth, my friend, beware of listening. O beware!" she continued, with almost tremulous eagerness. "This decision will give its colour to the rest of your life; and oh! believe one who has had but too bitter experience, never would you cease to rue the sacrifice of conscience to self-interest."

Kenneth fixed his eyes earnestly upon her, for he would scarcely have expected such counsel from one so closely connected with that very army.

"Listen, Kenneth," said she, after a pause: "We lived in London in poverty, in constant exertion, in perpetual anxiety for the daily maintenance of our children, and of my infirm father-in-law. To live from day to day was care sufficient, — of the education and future prospects of our sons we did not dare to think. France became comparatively tranquil; my brother sought us out in our obscurity, and entreated us to return. For ourselves, we should have preferred indigence and exile to the government of the usurper, still more to his service, but, for our children's sake, we yielded; we could not resolve to deprive them of the station to which they were born, or to cut them off from hopes of advancement. Our recompense, my friend, you know it in part, and I cannot but feel it is just —"

"Yet," said Kenneth, "I cannot think the death of a brave soldier a subject of — of — remorse."

"No, no, do not misunderstand me," said Madame de Chateauneuf. "Death — O no! It is that which has

spared Louis from this temptation; it is that which has given me full joy and confidence in dwelling on him! No, for him I am thankful! If he fought on the side where he should never have been, upon us was the blame, — he obeyed, he suffered; it is over! It is for Eugène that I mourn, as I see the doctrines and the faults of the day deeply entering into his heart, and know that it is I who have placed him in these temptations."

"It is no motive of self-interest, nothing but what is high and generous, that actuates him," said Kenneth.

"That is but youthfulness," said Madame de Chateauneuf, sadly. "It would indeed be a base, sordid mind that, at your age or Eugène's, acted for the sake of interest. That is the idol of elder years: Eugène's is fame, glory, the Emperor; to them he sacrifices all; but, when time has shewn him their vanity and emptiness, what will be left for him ——?" — a long painful sigh closed the sentence.

"The General treats all alike as dreams," said Kenneth.

"And what else would be the end of the visions with which he began life?" said Madame de Chateauneuf. "Their folly he has seen — O that he could see the only truth!" Her voice sank, and she clasped her hands together. After a moment's pause, she added, "But you, who have yet the truth, keep hold of it. Suffer not yourself to be cheated out of it."

"You do not know how I have longed for some voice to tell me that it is truth," said Kenneth; "but, standing alone, as I did, again and again it would seem to me a mere fancy of my own; though here, in your

presence, I can hardly believe how I could ever have hesitated."

"Alas! there is enough around us to make us often feel as if conscience were a visionary thing," said Madame de Chateaufort; "but, if you would not too really feel her stings for ever, hold fast your resolution."

"I am clear that it is right," repeated Kenneth, "perfectly clear at this moment, if these clouds will not come over me again. Yet there are considerations which I wish you would answer for me. My poor little sister, she resigns herself so completely to my wishes, that I do not know how to cause her so much grief."

"What is right must be for her good and happiness," said Madame de Chateaufort. "Dear little girl, she will be a great loss to us all; but I am sure you can do her no greater injury than to let regard for her present inclination induce you to swerve from your duty."

"Yes, that must be true," said Kenneth; "but yet, after all our ties of home were so violently severed, it does seem cruel to break off all those which she has again formed. I hardly feel as if I had a right to require such a sacrifice. If she felt with me, it would be a different thing, but it is in vain that I try to make her enter into the question."

"She will one day thank you," said Madame de Chateaufort; "and, in the meantime, it may weigh with you that the admiration and interest which she has excited, her early introduction into society, and to all the gaieties of the great world, are not what is most desirable for a girl of her age."

"She is very happy," said Kenneth, thoughtfully.

"She does not weary of them yet, but the time will come. And though I have no doubt that she will feel acutely the separation from my sister and Clémence, yet, from what I have seen of her, I have little doubt that she will learn quickly to love and be happy wherever she is thrown. Again I say, what is right for you must be best for her."

"Poor child!" said Kenneth.

"Do you know anything of your uncle's family?"

"He is a lawyer, living in London. My father was much attached to him, and used to write to him constantly; indeed, we were always taught to look on his house as a home."

"Is he married?"

"Yes, his wife is an Englishwoman, and they have two daughters, about the age of Euphémie and myself, as well as I can recollect. It used to be a great pleasure to receive a parcel from England, for they sent us little letters and presents. And it is a very kind invitation that I have received from my uncle."

"Ah! I know them well, — those peaceful English families," said Madame de Chateauneuf; "their tranquil home-pleasures, their society sufficing for themselves! Truly, my friend, you cannot wish for a better life for your sister than such a home. And loved and cherished she will surely be. But tell me, are you furnished with the means for this journey?"

"I believe so, — in that pocket-book which you took care of for me."

"If they do not prove sufficient, promise that you will apply to me, — to one who regards you almost as her child. Promise me, Kenneth."

"I promise, and with all my heart," said Kenneth. "You have said all that I wished to hear said, if it was only to prove to myself its reality. One question more, though, — Do you think me bound, in any way, by having consented to enter the *Ecole Militaire*?"

"By no means. You were a mere child, and, indeed, you had scarcely any choice. Even if you had wished it, we could scarcely have consented to leave you at Königsberg to find your way to England. No one can regard you as having taken any voluntary engagement. You are perfectly free to follow the right course; and, if I am not much mistaken, you have firmness enough to make the sacrifice."

So closed the conversation, and Kenneth, after fulfilling the commissions with which he had been charged, rode back to Paris with a far lighter heart than he had carried from thence.

CHAPTER XXII

"MAX. I follow thee?
Thy way is crooked, it is not my way.
O hadst thou been but simple and sincere!"
COLERIDGE'S WALLENSTEIN.

DURING the next three or four days, Kenneth silently busied himself in arrangements for his departure, avoiding any mention of the subject with either his sister or his friends. The General, believing that argument only made him more obstinate, trusted to a final stroke for securing him, and kept silence, only making it evident that he took for granted his consent to remain. Effie was only too glad to dismiss the painful idea from her mind, and was too much engrossed

in her preparations for Clémence's party to have many thoughts to bestow on it, or, if they did now and then intrude themselves, they were without difficulty chased away by Madame de Villaret's assurances, the result of sincere conviction, that her brother was laying aside all such foolish designs, and that it was impossible he could meditate such a *horreur* as taking her dear little Euphémie from her.

It would be too much to say that Kenneth had no more waverings. Sometimes he tried to look upon Madame de Chateaufort's sentiments with the eyes of a man of the world, as foolish and romantic, fit only for women and old *chevaliers de St. Louis*; but the thought of his father forbade the idea, and he felt the vigour they had given to his better mind. He had counsellors, too, in the books which he had brought from Rivières, which renewed many a thought long since nearly stifled, and awoke the remembrance of many a precept, many a resolve.

"Effie," said Kenneth, knocking at her door one morning, "are you there?"

"Yes," said she, throwing open the door, and displaying her room full of flowers, ribbons, and elegant *bon-bons*. "Do you want me? O, take care! I am in great haste, — you know this is the *fête*."

Effie looked like Titania's self in the midst of her treasury of fairy gifts, as she stood among the profusion of gay flowers, which she was weaving into wreaths.

"I have just heard that the Prince de la Moskowa arrived last night," said Kenneth.

"Are you going to him?"

"Yes, the sooner this matter is over the better.

You must be prepared, Effie; for to reach England at all, we must lose no time in setting off."

"To reach England! If we go," said she.

"Yes, if," repeated Kenneth, for he did not feel his determination particularly strong at that moment. He had spent the evening before with some of his late companions of the *Ecole Militaire*, and their high spirits and bright anticipations had carried him along, so as to renew his disposition to cast in his lot with them. The "if" was therefore very encouraging to Effie, and she answered with, "Only decide for your own happiness." — "I must go," he answered; "the General is waiting for me. Good-bye, Effie, and be prepared."

He shut the door, and Effie stood, for a moment, thoughtful. "If he should decide to go, how dreadful! But he will not! O no, he cannot! And yet Kenneth has *une tête à lui*, as poor mamma used to say. But the Marshal; how can he possibly refuse so great a man? and one whom he loves so much? O no, he can never do it. It is impossible, perfectly impossible. He will come back with his mind at ease, and we shall all be happy again! What a lovely rose!" and Effie began to sing a little French *romance* in praise of the rose.

"O dear!" she broke off with, "I wish it was over. I am terribly anxious! I must go and talk to Madame la Comtesse! Stay, I will finish this wreath first, in case Clémence should come in. Ah! where are my sprigs of myrtle? Kenneth has deranged all! If it had been Eugène now, he would have helped me; I wonder when he will come! Ah! that is *à ravir*; I must go and shew it to Madame."

She sprang across the piles of flowers with which

the floor was strewn, and in another minute was dancing into Madame de Villaret's boudoir. There stood a figure which she by no means had expected to behold, — Eugène de Chateaufort himself, talking to his aunt. He started, bowed, and came to greet her with more even than his usual *empressement*. "Ah! the Goddess of Flowers herself comes to bring spring in her train!"

"M. de Chateaufort! I did not know that you were arrived!" said Effie, giving her hand as eagerly as he took it.

"It is only within these five minutes that I have come," said Eugène. "I am on my way to Rivières; but I could not but come to see how all went in the Rue de la Paix. I have been well rewarded. We must have your portrait in the character of Flora."

"Rewarded contrary to my wishes," said Madame de Villaret; "for I knew that if you two once met, my flowers would not be arranged, nor the visit paid to Rivières this morning. Therefore I mean to play the despotic mistress of the house, — order you, Eugène, off to pay your respects like a dutiful son, and you, Euphémie, to continue your work. You promise, Eugène, to return for our party this evening?"

"Since you relent so far as to permit it," said Eugène.

"And I hope then to introduce to you a certain Viscount, with whom Euphémie was much occupied at Rivières."

"O, Madame la Comtesse!" cried Effie, "I will not have that frightful deceit carried on any further. It is only my brother, I assure you, Eugène, about whom Madame de Villaret delights to make mysteries."

"Ah! your brother is here, then; I wish much to see him."

"He is now gone to the Prince de la Moskowa," said Madame de Villaret; "and, in truth, Euphémie, it will be making none of these deceits to call him a Viscount. The Emperor will confirm his title without any of these wearisome researches."

"If he will but consent to remain," said Effie. "Have you heard all, M. de Chateaufort?"

"My dear child!" cried Madame de Villaret, "if you once enter on that story, there will be no end of it, no *fête* for to-day. *Allez vous en*, Eugène, you are greatly *de trop*. You have kept me idle this half-hour, and Euphémie these ten minutes. *Allez vous en*, or I shall exclude you from my *soirée* this evening."

Eugène was driven off in the midst of the laughter of the two ladies, and Effie, in oblivion of all her troubles, returned to her flowers.

In the meantime, Kenneth and the General had arrived at the house of the Prince de la Moskowa, and had been admitted. They found him alone; and as he rose on their entrance, they were both struck by the worn and dejected expression of his countenance, and the weight and dulness of his eyes, which had formerly been so remarkable for their glance of fire. There was something of effort and constraint in the attempt at cheerfulness with which he greeted them.

"Ah! Villaret, you have brought our young friend to tell me that he is become reasonable; and I, for my part, am ready for him. Here, Lindesay;" and he placed before him a commission in the Imperial Guard, while he continued, "The Emperor is desirous of knowing the boy who shewed more courage than three

parts of the Rear-Guard, and, at the reception of this evening, I have orders to present Lieutenant Lindesay."

Poor Kenneth! The fascination of his hero's presence had resumed its full force. How could he reject kindness from one to whom he had given a right to be offended with him, but who had, instead, procured advancement for him? What a brilliant career opened before him! how would Effie rejoice, and his comrades envy him! Marked out for distinction by the Bravest of the Brave, complimented by the Emperor, — at his age, too! How resist such allurements? His resolution! who would ever reproach him with breaking it? or, rather, would not all congratulate him on giving up his chimerical scruples? and why should he pretend to higher motives than the rest of the world? Not a creature, save his sister and Madame de Chateauneuf, but would think it the most absurd obstinacy to persist in them: and for the one, she would admire everything he did, and be only too happy at his yielding; for the other, she was a *dévôte* old lady, with ideas unfitted to the present times.

Ashamed that his resolution should be again swept away in one instant, and that, after so many days of deliberation, the decisive moment should find him as vacillating as ever, he remained silent, while his two friends continued talking. Ney described the interview in which he had brought Kenneth's merits before the Emperor. Both evidently considered that he had already accepted the commission; and the moment for refusing was fast passing away, even if it had not already passed.

"I wonder what a price some young men would give for such a *début*," said the General. "And among

Kenneth.

other things, his estate will be secured. The Emperor will confirm his title, and we may introduce him as Vicomte de Rocheguyon."

General de Villaret had overshot his mark. In Kenneth's ears, this was a bargain for the highest price to be paid for his honour and conscience, and the next moment he exclaimed, with glowing cheek and flashing eye, "No, General. If I entered the army, it would be because I was bound to those who saved my sister and myself, not in the hope of any reward with which my service might be bought."

"But, my generous friend," hastily interposed General de Villaret, "your indignation makes you see phantoms. Who speaks of being bought? What is offered you but your right?"

"And if it is my right, it is not Buonaparte's to give," returned Kenneth. "No, M. le Maréchal, I am sensible of your kindness, — I thank you with all my heart, — but I cannot accept of it; I cannot serve the Emperor."

"We will give you a little more time to cool," said the Marshal. "Reflect more calmly before you absolutely refuse, and determine to take your own course."

"No, M. le Maréchal, reflection does but confirm my resolution. My mind was made up long ago, though I had the weakness to be shaken for a moment by your kindness. I came to thank you for the last time, — and to-morrow morning I shall be on my way to Calais."

Perhaps Ney envied the pure, untainted truth and honour of that young heart, for he sighed deeply, and his eye fell under the boy's clear, open gaze. The General spoke, using an argument which he had ob-

served to be the most effective with Kenneth: "Head-strong as ever," said he; "forgetting all that you owe to the Marshal."

"I owe him everything, — more than I could ever express or repay," said Kenneth; and a tear gathered in his eye, while his tone shewed the intensity of his feeling; "but I owe more to conscience. Forgive me, M. le Maréchal, if I cannot give up my duty. I would ——"

The Marshal's forehead contracted with an expression of acute suffering. He hastily passed his hand across his brow, and cut Kenneth short by saying, "Enough, you are right; — urge him no more, Villaret." Then, holding out his hand to Kenneth, he proceeded, "You are a brave youth, and I will press you no further, though I am heartily sorry to lose you. You saved my life, and are under no obligations to me; — but, remember, whenever you need a friend, that you know where to find one. Adieu."

Kenneth was much affected by the kindness of this reply. It might almost have won him, had not the countenance and voice been such as at that very moment to warn him of even the present penalty of treason. In imagination, he exclaimed, "Return, return, — it is not yet too late for repentance. Forsake this path of shame, — atone for the past, by exertions in the cause of the betrayed, — and be greater in repentance than even in courage;" — but the words were only in his mind, and not the simplest reply would rise to his lips; he only gave one wistful look at his patron, and then, glad to conceal his agitation, followed the General from the apartment.

"I am safe!" he exclaimed, with a long breath, as soon as they had reached the street.

"Safe, do you call yourself?" said the General. "It remains to be proved how long you will continue so. Perhaps you forget that you are in an enemy's country."

"I have known too much kindness from the enemy to feel much alarm."

"How? Do you count on your friends when you reckon their entreaties as nothing? Do you imagine that you can throw them away and keep them at the same time? I am much tempted to make you feel the consequences of your obstinacy, by denouncing you as an English subject."

"In the meantime," said Kenneth, "I must hasten to inform my sister, and procure our passports."

"And to save me the trouble by denouncing yourself with your English name, and your route to Calais. No, since you are immovable in your folly, it will be better that you should go in safety, or I shall have the amusement of rescuing you from Verdun, or some other agreeable abode. I had rather secure your journey by a few words to some of the authorities. And for the supplies? Have you condescended to think of them, or do you recur to the old plan of begging your way?"

"Not exactly that, thank you," said Kenneth. "You know there were some bills of exchange in the pocket-book which Rognier restored to me through you. I took them to a banker, who supplied me with what will be amply sufficient to carry us to London."

"*Bon!* Scotsman enough to understand money matters, — and English enough to dislike lying under an obligation."

"Indeed, I am very grateful to you, General — how grateful, I cannot say; and it would rejoice me much, if I had any means of proving it. You must not suppose that this step is not most painful to me."

"I shall believe as little or as much of that as I please," said the General; "the deed is done, and cannot be undone, whatever your wishes may be a few weeks hence. And now let me hear how you mean to reach London."

This was a great relief to Kenneth, for the General had hitherto refused to give him any information on the subject of his journey, and he had been in some anxiety lest his inexperience might place his sister in some unpleasant situation. He gained much valuable counsel on his arrangements; and this conversation occupied him until he reached the Count de Villaret's door.

He had expected to find Effie watching eagerly for his return, but, on entering the *salon*, he encountered a scene for which he was little prepared. The room was full of bright-eyed children, dancing, weaving garlands of flowers, laughing, chattering, paying homage to Clémence de Villaret, who, as queen of the day, was seated on a sort of throne, with a wreath of choice forced roses among her dark curls.

In the midst stood Effie, the guiding spirit of the scene, smoothing away or turning aside slight roughnesses of temper or self-will, guarding the meek and timid from interference from the stronger and bolder, devising appropriate tasks of pleasure for all, aiding Clémence in her duties as lady of the house; happiest of all, because most thoughtless of self, and caressed and admired by the whole party.

She started when the opening door, instead of admitting more little *demoiselles* and their *bonnes*, disclosed the tall figure of her brother and General de Villaret, and a blank feeling of consternation came over her at the first glance. The Count looked annoyed and provoked, and Kenneth's glowing face and hasty gestures were full of impatience. He beckoned her to his side; but it was not immediately that she could disengage herself from the many little hands that clung to her; and he had time to feel vexed at her delay, before she came so near that he could say, in a low voice, "Effie, you must get ready this evening. We set off to-morrow."

"To-morrow!" repeated Effie, thunderstruck.

"I told you so this morning. There is no time to lose. I am going for our passports."

She was as much perturbed as if this was the first she had heard of leaving Paris. "Is it possible?" said she.

"You may well ask that question," said the General. "I should have thought it impossible, but for what I have seen; — your brother has refused everything, — the personal request of his beloved Marshal, a presentation to the Emperor, a commission in the Imperial Guard, a situation on the Marshal's staff, — and all; I do not know why, because something was said of the Emperor's confirming his title, which offended his Scottish pride."

"I thank you for that, General," said Kenneth; "it made an opening for saying what I wished, — it brought me back to my senses. I hope I may never hear that Rocheguyon name again."

"And have you given up all that?" repeated Effie; "and must we go to-morrow?"

"Nothing will prevail upon him," said the General; "and I can only attempt to prevent him from feeling the effects of his folly. For you, I hope you will be wiser, and know your friends better."

"If I know them! O, General, who has been so kind as you? I shall never be happy again!" and, throwing her arms round Clémence, she burst into a flood of tears; while the child replied by sobs, caresses, and appeals to her papa not to let Euphémie leave her.

"Compose yourself, Effie," said Kenneth. "I know this is very painful, but we must not waste time."

He spoke with some displeasure, for he had forgotten the tone of his own "if," and thought she had sufficient preparation to have spared him this scene. He was in great haste too, for all depended on reaching Calais before the packets sailed for England; and this gave a quickness, and almost a harshness, to his tone, as he added, "I cannot stop to talk with you. You must not delay. We must be off early to-morrow morning. Dry your eyes, and do not give way."

Almost before he had finished speaking, he was out of the room, leaving her, poor child, with the impression that he had rushed from her without compassion for the distress he was occasioning, — requiring her to give up everything for him, and giving nothing in return. She sank into an arm-chair and sobbed hysterically; Clémence clung about her, declaring that she could not, should not go away, and the other children stood whispering together in a wondering, frightened crowd.

In a few moments Madame de Villaret entered, and

Effie, throwing herself into her arms, told her grief. "Kenneth was going, — they were to set off to-morrow. O, Madame, I shall die with grief!"

"My child! It is impossible! you shall never leave us, Euphémie."

"Ah, Madame, but I have promised. O Kenneth! you do not know what you make me suffer."

But it would be useless to narrate Madame de Villaret's affectionate consolations; her hopes that Effie would speedily return, and her promises never to love her less than at that moment. Her caressing accents were such a contrast to Kenneth's impatient tones, that Effie felt at that moment more reluctance than ever to quit her, and wept still more bitterly.

The best cure for her was, however, when her friend began to find fault with her brother for his want of consideration for her happiness. She sprang up, and instantly began to defend him. "O, Madame, he is the kindest of brothers! He did think for me, indeed he did, but I begged him not to consider me, for he was in a frightful condition when he thought of staying here. I told him I could be happy anywhere with him! Alas, alas! I did not know what I said; but at least it is true that I could not live without him! No, Madame, he does regret what pains me even more than I do for myself, but he esteems his duty and our father's wishes before all."

"And you devote yourself, my poor sweet child?"

"I must go with him," repeated Effie. "It would break both our hearts to be separated. He loves me so well!"

Arguing in Kenneth's defence quickly restored her mind to its usual tone of believing that he had no

equal in goodness, nobleness, or affection for her; and this was the chief restorative needed by her spirit. She was soon able to pay the requisite attention to the little visitors, and to enter into some of those arrangements for departure which made her feel most painfully that it was indeed a reality.

She did not see Kenneth again till late in the day, when, wearied with the exertion of entertaining the little girls, and tired with her preparations, Madame de Villaret had sent her to lie down for a short time in solitude, to recover her looks for the evening. He came in with a quieter step than usual, and spoke in a tone of greater tenderness than he often manifested openly.

"My poor little sister, this is sad work for you. I hope you do not feel unwell."

"O no! only Madame de Villaret said that I looked pale, and that I had better rest before the evening."

"I am very sorry," said Kenneth, in a tone of earnest apology.

"Do not think of that," she replied. "I shall do very well when this is over. I have you."

"I feared that I was harsh with you this morning. You must forgive me, Effie."

"Forgive! What have I to forgive? I was foolish to make a scene, and annoy you. You loved me too much to be angry with me. Come, Kenneth, be happy yourself, and I wish for no more."

His only reply was a question, whether she had any message for Madame de Chateauneuf, as he was going to ride to Rivières, to take leave of her. She begged him to give a whole host of affectionate messages, and he left the room, whilst she sighed as she

doubted whether he had secured the peace of mind which he expected.

It was indeed true that he did not as yet reap the calmness and satisfaction which he had been apt to suppose would be the reward of his sacrifice. His doubts were not silenced, though the step was irrevocably taken, and his regrets seemed to be keener than ever, as, during his ride to Rivières, everything he saw recalled vanished hopes and schemes of glory and happiness. His sister's tears too had depressed him much. One word of congratulation from her would have nerved his spirit and refreshed it after its struggle; but she had not sufficient power of appreciating his motives to speak that word, and thus her affection acted in such a manner as to draw him down, rather than to elevate him. He could think of nothing with regard to her, except the pain which he was inflicting upon her. His own future, too, arrayed itself before him in sombre colours, as regarding English lawyers, with all a young French soldier's contempt for the *gens de la robe*; he looked upon his uncle's profession as a considerable aggravation of his misfortunes; and felt little hope of his assistance in the English army. The first thing which occurred to distract him from his gloomy meditations, was his meeting with Eugène, who was riding rapidly towards Paris, and called out, on recognising him, "*Ha! bon jour, Linde-say!* Well, is it decided?"

"Yes, we go to-morrow."

"To-morrow! Well, you will find one friend there," pointing to Rivières, "who will rejoice. It is well she can make a Royalist of you, to console her for her

adieu with me! I shall see you again this evening. Adieu!"

He rode on, while Kenneth continued his journey. Madame de Chateaufort met him at the door, with a countenance of anxious inquiry.

"Well, my friend?"

"It is decided. I come to bid you farewell."

"Thank Heaven!" she exclaimed, with a look of infinite relief. "Kenneth, I have been very anxious for you! But tell me all that passed. I feared that many attempts would be made to shake your resolution."

Kenneth told all, with a full and honest confession of the regrets and longings of which he was so much ashamed; and great was the relief of thus unburthening his mind to one who could so fully sympathize in all his perplexities and vexations, and rejoice with all her heart in the final victory.

"Yes, Kenneth, I congratulate you," said she. "Be your fate what it may, you will keep the free heart and clear conscience which are the groundwork of happiness."

"I hoped for it," said Kenneth, sadly.

"You forget," said she, smiling, "that the victor is often wounded in the combat."

"It is not for myself alone," said he, returning her smile, as if he acknowledged and was pleased with the simile; "though I cannot bring myself to look upon what I have lost with the indifference that you say will come. It is for my sister ——"

Madame de Chateaufort saw what he wished, and renewed all her former representations with regard to Effie, and Kenneth again was convinced and consoled. They talked long and earnestly, for every moment was

precious, spent with this best of friends; and when at length the moment of parting came, Kenneth felt almost as if he was receiving a parent's blessing, as she pressed his hand, saying, with a smiling lip and tearful eye, "Adieu, my friend; may God bless you, and grant you happiness!"

He returned the farewell, and rode off; while she returned to her own apartment, there to shed many a bitter tear over the thought, "Why has not Eugène the same principles as this youth?"

Kenneth's mind was again calmed, and once more able to feel at rest; he resolved no longer to give way to the repinings which he had already felt to be childish. He only gave one sigh as he, for the last time, patted the Douglas's neck, and watched him as he was led away to the stable, whence he was never again to come forth for his service.

It was late when he arrived at General de Villaret's house, and he saw the rooms brilliantly lighted, and heard sounds of music, which reminded him of the party intended for that evening. He would willingly have avoided it, but it was necessary that he should speak to his sister, and take leave of Madame de Villaret; and, after arranging his dress, he bent his steps to the grand saloon.

It was the first time he had entered on such a scene, and he was almost dazzled by its brilliancy, — the numerous lights, with their glancing lustres, reflected in the splendid mirrors, the sparkling jewels and delicate tints of the ladies' dresses, and the glittering gold and silver of the officers' uniforms. There was a universal hum of conversation, slightly subdued, and, as it were, regulated by the music; and, through-

out the room, all seemed interested, animated, and amused. Kenneth entered unnoticed, unobserved, and for a moment thought to himself how different it would have been had he been returning, as the Vicomte de Rocheguyon, from a presentation in which the Emperor had shewn him distinguished favour! What a sensation he would then have made, and yet how fallen and degraded would his real character have been! It was the first time that Kenneth really understood the true value of the applause of the world.

Kenneth was anxious to find his sister, and not seeing her at first with Madame de Villaret, he concluded that the morning's agitations had overcome her, and was about to seek her in her own room, when his attention was suddenly attracted by the animated gestures of a young Hussar, who was leaning over a sort of divan, where sat a young lady with whom he was in earnest conversation.

It was Eugène de Chateauneuf, and the next moment Kenneth almost started on recognising, in the lady, his sister herself, looking prettier and more womanly than he had ever thought her before. The paleness of the morning's grief and fatigue had been succeeded by a lovely tinge of bright, yet delicate, carnation on her cheeks, and her tears had left a slight heaviness, which gave additional softness to her hazel eyes; her lips, just parted by a half-smile of interested attention, disclosed her little pearly teeth; her attitude was full of grace, as she leant back, her face slightly raised, and her little hands playing with a bouquet of violets. Her fair glossy ringlets hung in profusion round her face and on her neck, and contrasted with the cluster of rich, deep blue 'gentianellas, which formed

their only ornament, and her simple dress of white India muslin was well relieved by the red cushions on which she rested.

Kenneth had stood gazing at her for some minutes before his presence was remarked by either party, but at last Eugène exclaimed, "Ah! here is the philosopher himself. I was longing to meet one whom I know not whether to term an Orlando or a Diogenes."

"And I was wishing to congratulate you on your new honours," said Kenneth, in the same tone. "You know Diogenes could admire Alexander's glory."

"That is a call on me to profess that, if I were not Alexander, I would be Diogenes; and truly I could almost say so. I can appreciate the magnanimity of your sacrifice, Lindesay; and had my mother been able to infuse into me her sentiments towards the Bourbons, I hope I should have done the same."

"You hope?" said Effie. "I am glad to hear something a little more humble. I did not know where you two were going to stop when you began comparing yourselves to Alexander and Diogenes."

"We must carry the similitude no further," said Eugène, bending down to her, "since it is Diogenes who takes away the sun from Alexander."

"That greatest compliment of all is intended to silence me," said Effie, laughing and blushing. "If you can make me accept it, you think you may flatter yourselves with impunity."

"You must not call it flattery," half-whispered Eugène. "Yes, indeed, Lindesay, what I have said does not prevent me from being enraged with you, — nearly furious. The barbarity of dragging your sister with you is inconceivable."

"She has forgiven me for it," said Kenneth; and Effie confirmed his words with a smile.

"If she dies of the *vapeurs* next November, I recommend you never to enter France again. When we invade England, I shall demand a strict account of her, and rescue the imprisoned princess *à la main forte*."

"When she is dead of the *vapeurs*?" asked Effie.

"Just in time to save her life, and bring her back to the world a second time as a heroine, with the history of all she has endured among the barbarians who live in the atmosphere of London fog."

"Confess, Eugène," said Kenneth, rather annoyed, "that you know nothing about the English."

"*Comment!* Is not this beloved London my birth-place? Did not my first five years pass among the yellow fogs? Was not the sun a new and marvellous sight when first my eyes beheld him without a veil of smoke? Pray how many English may you have seen in your life?"

"Many, at Moscow."

"Ah! but till you have seen an Englishman at home, you have no idea of him. I can see him now, with his red face and broad back, looking as if the sight of a Frenchman did him harm."

In this strain the conversation continued; Eugène turned everything English into ridicule, while Effie sighed, smiled, and listened with a willing ear, and Kenneth stood by, having gradually become silent, as he could not help feeling that he was not wanted by either of the others. Effie's manner displeased him as much as the matter of the discourse, — it was coquetish and flighty, and now and then her little airs and graces, her flippant answers, and a certain look which

her countenance sometimes assumed, would strikingly recall her mother. He felt as if he had been wasting compassion for the sorrow of one who seemed so little sensible of grief. Could it, could it be, that with that face and look she had the same shallowness of feeling? Kenneth little guessed how much this levity of manner was the effect of the agitation of her spirits, which made laughing the only preservative from crying, — how violently, at that very moment, her heart was throbbing with a thousand emotions, — how painful a weight there was on the eyes that glanced so gaily, or how severely her head was aching with fatigue and excitement.

He would have known better if he had seen her that night alone in her own room, when she sank down on her bed, weeping as if her heart would break, and exclaiming, "The last! yes, the last evening!"

It would be impossible to describe the broken words, the embraces, the tears, and promises of constant affection that passed between her and Madame de Villaret. If she had been going into banishment in Siberia, it could scarcely have called forth greater lamentations; and in truth both regarded her lot as a cruel exile from the realms of pleasure and enjoyment. They parted at length, amid tears of the most sincere grief, and Effie was left to rest, in preparation for her early journey of the morrow.

The time which remained for her repose was short, if reckoned by minutes and hours, but it was long enough for much tedious feverish restlessness, as she tossed from side to side, only falling asleep to be tormented by confused dreams of being dragged away by Kenneth to perish in a wreath of snow, or of kneeling

by a snow-covered grave; but this time it was Eugène, instead of Louis, who lay stiff and frozen at the foot of the cross.

Awaking in the early dawn of the spring morning, she for one moment hoped that the journey which awaited her was but a dream. The next, her eyes had fallen on the trunks and parcels, which too truly shewed her that it was a reality, and that she had no time to lose. Her first care was the bouquet of violets which Eugène had given her in the evening, and on which her brother had looked with no friendly eye.

"Poor sweet flowers!" said she; "how cruel to make you emblems of party and strife. To me you are but tokens of the spring of my life, so cruelly blighted, memorials of friends whom I shall never meet again, and of the last happy evening I shall ever spend!"

Kissing them, she tenderly placed them in a secure corner of her work-box, and proceeded with her preparations, in which she was soon assisted by Madame de Villaret's own maid, who brought her some coffee, together with a fond little farewell note from her mistress. Mademoiselle Euphémie was a universal favourite, and Angelique cried almost as much as her mistress had done, as she entreated her to take some breakfast; but this was impossible; and Effie, escaping as soon as she could, ran to little Clémence's room, where the child lay sound asleep, tired by the unwonted amusements of the previous day. She hung over her for several minutes, but had resolution enough not to awaken her by one kiss or by one sob.

Kenneth soon called her down stairs to another breakfast, which she was glad to have an excuse for

refusing. The General was there, full, as usual, of kind attention; but Effie sat restlessly watching for some one else, and starting whenever a step approached. At last the breakfast was over, the carriage at the door, the summons to depart was given. Effie rose with an irrepressible sigh, and there was a shade of mortification on her face; but even while she sighed, the cloud cleared up, as Eugène de Chateauneuf entered the room, out of breath, and with a magnificent bouquet in his hand.

"Just in time!" he exclaimed: "I heard a clock strike seven, and came at full speed."

"Oh! how beautiful! O, thank you!" cried she, receiving the flowers. *Vous avez fait l'impossible.*"

"*Rien n'est impossible* for the Queen of Scots," was his rejoinder.

"Ah! never so like Mary of Scotland as when she said, 'Farewell to happy France!'" sighed Effie, taking his arm to go to the carriage.

"But not farewell for ever!"

"Alas! too truly."

"No, no, do not believe it! I will not believe it!" exclaimed Eugène, vehemently, though in a low voice: "I would as soon believe that the sun would never rise on me again."

"*Quelle folie!* You can never be serious, not even at such a moment as this," said she, smiling, though her heart beat violently.

They had now reached the door, but still stood a little apart, whilst the General was giving Kenneth his last instructions about the journey.

"Euphémie," said Eugène, earnestly, "I am perfectly serious. Till the last evening, I never knew how

ntirely my heart is yours. Wherever I am will be the thought of you; and you do not forbid me to look forward to a meeting in a brighter hour?"

Ere these last words had been whispered, the conversation between the General and Kenneth was at an end, and they were bidding each other farewell. "Adieu, my friend," said the General; "I wish that you may meet with such prosperity as never to regret what you leave behind you."

"Adieu, General," said Kenneth; "I wish I could ever thank you for all you have done for us. Come, Effie. Good-bye, Eugène: distinction and glory to you."

"Adieu, my sweet little Euphémie," said the General; "this house will be sadly changed without you."

Effie held out her hand, but did not attempt to speak; Eugène handed her to her place, pressed his lips on her hand, and the last words that sounded in her ears were his, "Yes, *au revoir*."

She threw herself back, and buried her face in her lowers, her cheeks burning, and her heart throbbing with a strange tumultuous agitation, which partook more of joy than of sorrow; for if Effie was in many respects a child, she was, however, woman enough to appreciate all that was conveyed in that farewell.

CHAPTER XXIII.

"But we too soon from our safe place were driven;
The world broke in upon our orphan'd life;
Dawnings of good, young flowers that look'd to heaven,
It left untill'd for what seem'd manlier strife,
Like a too early summer, bringing fruit
Where spring perchance had meant another shoot."

FABER.

KENNETH and Effie performed their journey without adventure, and with considerable cheerfulness; indeed, Effie was almost vexed with herself for not being more unhappy; but the enjoyment of seeing her brother with an unburthened spirit, and of being the exclusive object of his attention and solicitude, was such that, except at certain moments, it banished repining, and enabled her to be entertained with all she saw. He was really obliged to her for her good spirits, which perhaps he believed were assumed more for his sake than was actually the fact, and he thought no effort of affection too great for her. The orphans of the retreat were again all in all to each other.

Safely arriving at Calais, they found a vessel on the point of sailing, and were soon on deck, much amused with the new scene, and unconsciously attracting much attention and curiosity, by their extreme youth, their foreign accent, and distinguished appearance. The ladies among the passengers, as they remarked Kenneth's fine face and figure, and Effie's beauty, her velvet pelisse and cachmere shawl, counted over names of French princes and princesses, and royalist nobility, and made strange romantic speculations, which would have greatly amused their subjects, had their ears been sufficiently accustomed to vernacular

cular English to comprehend the confused sounds around them.

Without dwelling on their passage and arrival at Dover, it will be sufficient to mention that late one evening they drove up to their uncle's door in Russell Square, heard that Mr. Lindesay was at home, and sent in a card, on which was written "K. and E. Lindesay." The servant received it, and departed, shutting the door, and the sound went like a cold chill to Effie's anxious heart. "Unpromising," she whispered.

"Wait a moment," said Kenneth; but even to him the moment seemed an age, and he was just beginning to say, "Can we have mistaken the house?" when the door was thrown back, the light gleamed cheerfully forth, the servant came to open the carriage door, and at the same instant a voice exclaimed, "I am very glad to see you!" Kenneth's hand, as he sprang out, was warmly pressed, and Effie was lifted rather than handed out of the carriage, and led up-stairs to a room bright with fire and candle. She was warmly kissed several times before she had leisure to look about her, and feel that she was really arrived.

There stood her uncle, her aunt, with her kind motherly countenance, and her two cousins, — Alice, a tall, fair, plump, gentle-looking girl of seventeen, with a sort of dove-like softness about her clear blue eyes; Rosamond, two years younger, her cheek, naturally brightly coloured, now tinted with the deep crimson of surprise and delight; and both, after the first cousinly embrace, standing a little aloof in the embarrassment of girlish shyness.

Mr. Lindesay again cordially shook hands with his nephew, repeating, "I am very glad you are come."

"Thank you," said Kenneth. "I ought to apologize for not having written, but I was assured that it was unsafe. I hope you will pardon us for thus taking you by surprise."

"I am sure you need make no apologies," said Mrs. Lindesay; "we have been wishing for you for so long." Then, turning to Effie, she asked her to take off her bonnet and shawl, and made many kind enquiries about her journey, fatigue, &c. Effie, while thanking her for all the attentions she bestowed on her, was mentally recalling the arrival at Paris, missing the caresses and admiration lavished upon her by Madame de Villaret, and wondering that Alice and Rosamond did not speak. Numerous hospitable offers, as regarded dinner or tea, followed, which, to Effie, accustomed as she was to see all articles of food arrive without question or order, seemed quite uncalled for. "The room so small too," thought she.

On her side, Mrs. Lindesay's thoughts ran something as follows:—"She is a pretty little thing, and we shall do very well; she does not look quite so French without her bonnet, and seems quite ready to make the best of things. What a fine countenance the youth has, — if he would but look less like a foreigner. I long to hear their history, — their arrival is so much beyond hope; — and he does not look as if there was anything to be ashamed of. Poor things! they have had much to endure, left orphans so early. How glad I am we kept their rooms ready, though we almost despaired of their coming. I wonder if the fires are lighted."

She called Rosamond and gave her a message, while Mr. Lindesay left the room for a moment, and Kenneth,

leaning over his sister, whispered, "Does he not remind you of my father?"

"His voice, yes," said Effie.

"And his countenance and manner. He does not appear to me like a stranger."

If Kenneth's impression of the likeness were correct, Effie's recollection of her father must have consisted of little more than the uniform, moustache, and soldierly appearance; for almost any one of the Russian officers she had met at Paris would have seemed to her more like Colonel Lindesay than the quiet English gentleman who at this moment returned, and was soon followed by the tea equipage, with which Alice began to busy herself.

"Well," was Mr. Lindesay's meditation, "I wonder whether this is the fruit of the expostulation which I sent, rather as a matter of duty, to try to save poor Kenneth's son, than with any hope of having it regarded. I hope there is nothing wrong to come out. Irregularly educated from the first, uncontrolled for the last two years, glorying, as he evidently did, in such patronage as Ney's! I must not be disappointed, I must not seem harsh, if I do find cause for blame. Yet I should be grieved, — his countenance is so much in his favour, — the tone of his letter is so frank and manly, — he is so like what his father was when last we parted, it is impossible to think unfavourably of him; — that accent, partly Scottish, partly foreign, is so exactly the same, I could think it was my brother himself. His must be a fine character, if only he has not injured it by his associates; but he is still very young, though more of a man than I had expected. There is great hope from his coming at all; but then

why not come before? and why not have written? When shall I hear all, and of my mother too?"

All this time Mr. Lindesay was doing the office of a hospitable host, and his wife was busied in making the travellers comfortable; while Effie was wondering that no more interest was shewn in their history, and waiting eagerly for the questions and sentiments which she was accustomed to hear expressed, and to answer without reserve. She had even prepared her narration, so as to exalt Kenneth to the utmost in spite of himself, and looked forward to the surprise of her uncle and aunt, when they should learn to what a hero and heroine they had the honour of being related.

But whatever was the anxiety of Mr. and Mrs. Lindesay, and the curiosity of their daughters, it did not manifest itself. The first question asked by Mr. Lindesay related to the state of Paris, and the general feeling respecting Buonaparte, and he was well satisfied with the answers; not, indeed, with regard to the prospects of Europe, but as far as his nephew was concerned. It was plain that he was no Buonapartist, and plain also that he was a sensible and intelligent observer.

"And what part do the Marshals take?"

Effie thought this must lead to the whole story, but Kenneth was unwilling to speak of what he could not yet mention, scarce even recollect, without strong emotion, and he talked of all, of any, but Ney; and the omission was observed and respected. He told Macdonald's story in glowing terms; and here there was mutual pleasure: Kenneth saw that the conduct which he so much admired was fully appreciated, and Mr. and Mrs. Lindesay felt more and more convinced that there

must be worth in one who possessed such a generous enthusiasm for the right.

It was certainly more vehement than anything they had been used to see. Kenneth could not help springing up, and making animated gestures, as he described how Macdonald had stood alone in the midst of a host; and, to a sober English ear, there was something exaggerated in his expressions; but they were so real, so well reflected in the glancing eyes and eager lips, that even the quiet Mrs. Lindesay caught the glow of feeling; and as to Alice and Rosamond, their eyes brightened with enthusiastic admiration scarce short of Kenneth's own.

Mr. Lindesay answered him in the same tone, then looking at him with a smile and a sigh, said, "You are your father over again, Kenneth."

Kenneth looked pleased, but did not speak. "This is a home indeed!" he thought. "I only wish my whole confession was made, for I have no right to be compared with my father, by one who does not know the dark shades of my story. I wish I had written."

"What beautiful flowers!" exclaimed Rosamond, as Effie, rising from her seat by the table, took up from the sofa, where she had placed it with her bonnet, the last survivors of Eugène's bouquet, and brought them to the light to examine into their health. "Did you actually bring them from Paris?"

"Yes, they were a parting gift," said Effie, with a sigh. "I have nursed them as long as I could, but their beauty is sadly past."

Rosamond readily and obligingly brought some water to revive them. Effie would allow no one but herself to touch them; but, in admiring each individual, con-

sulting over its condition, and questioning about its name in French and English, there was some progress made towards acquaintance, though by no means in the manner Effie would have expected.

So passed some little time, until, as it was becoming late, and as Effie did not persist in denying that she was fatigued, her aunt proposed to conduct her to her room; she wished her brother and uncle good-night, and was soon in a room, smaller indeed and less splendid than she had enjoyed at Paris, but scarcely less commodious.

Mrs. Lindesay kissed her, and said that she must make herself at home. "We have been wishing very much for the time that is at last come," said she. "I hope we shall be able to make you happy."

"O, there is no doubt of that, my dear aunt," said Effie; "indeed, I will love you with all my heart, if you will love me."

It was not a very English mode of address, but the manner made it very winning. Mrs. Lindesay kissed her again, saying, "We are quite prepared to love you fondly, my dear."

"Prepared" was a cold word in Effie's ears, and to remove the impression, she threw herself into Alice's and Rosamond's arms, declaring that she loved them as sisters. They did not exactly know what reply to make, and Alice only said "Dear Euphemia!" while Rosamond returned the embrace in silence. It was strange to them that the meeting they had so earnestly desired should be so very embarrassing.

A few more arrangements for Effie's comfort were made, and then Mrs. Lindesay, overpowering the curiosity which made her most desirous of entering on her

niece's history, declared that they must keep their conversation for the next day, told her what was the breakfast hour, and, with her daughters, bade her good-night.

Effie, while renewing, and this time aloud, her exclamations of "English! uninterested, inanimate, without sentiment!" little guessed the eager expressions of wonder, excitement, admiration, and curiosity, that were rapidly succeeding each other on the tongues of her two cousins and their mamma.

In the meantime, the uncle and nephew were left alone together, and a long pause succeeded the departure of the ladies, while each stood in deep thought, wishing, yet dreading, to break the ice.

"Kenneth," at last said Mr. Lindesay, assuming, for a moment, a smile, though there was a very grave and sorrowful expression on his features, as he raised his head from the hand on which he had been leaning, "it is not according to Highland hospitality to put any questions to a stranger before going to bed, but I must ask you one, on which I have too long been in suspense, and then you shall go and sleep off the effects of your journey."

"I shall be but too glad to answer any number," said Kenneth. "I am not in the least fatigued; and, indeed, I can hardly feel that I have a right to your kindness till you know all I have to tell."

"My first question is not respecting yourself," said Mr. Lindesay; "and indeed it is one I scarcely venture to ask, much as I have wished to know all." He turned away his face again, and, after another pause, said, "My mother — was her death in peace?"

"It was, uncle," said Kenneth. "She died in our

own house, at Moscow. I sat by her side, and heard not a groan. She never knew the worst."

"Thank Heaven," said Mr. Lindesay, breathing more freely. "And when did it take place? Was it before the battle of Borodino?"

"Three weeks after it. But I will tell you all, if I can. Count Schaffousky brought us the news from Borodino; she bore it as you might be sure that she would, but it broke her down, — and there was much to follow. The Count kindly removed us to his country house when the enemy occupied Moscow. We thought ourselves safe there, but we were mistaken; a foraging party arrived, plundered and burnt the place, and carried us back to Moscow. The shock and exertion were too much for her; her last effort had been spent in obtaining protection for us; an attack of paralysis came on, and the next evening she died, without suffering, and without consciousness, — she was happy."

"Well, Kenneth," said Mr. Lindesay after another interval, "your story, sad as it is, gives me great relief. The doubt has been dreadful! You must tell me more of her another time. I did not know her as I wished; I have not seen her since I was of your age. But now let me hear of yourselves. I can hardly believe that you endured the miseries of that horrible retreat, and your sister too, so delicate as she looks."

"It is true, nevertheless," said Kenneth, "though I can scarcely believe that it is not a dream."

"But how did you become involved in it?"

Kenneth coloured deeply, and spoke very low and hurriedly: "For our misfortune, this foraging party that I mentioned was commanded by a man named Rognier, who had known my mother in France, and

knew of her claim to that unhappy estate of Rocheguyon. He took advantage of our helplessness to prevail on her to marry him, and accompany him back to France."

Mr. Lindesay gave a start of astonishment and indignation, but he saw that the narration cost Kenneth much effort, and forbore to make the exclamation that rose to his lips. Kenneth proceeded: "I was very indignant, and behaved very ill. I forgot all the duty I owed her, and justly brought on myself what followed. We set off. Provisions grew scarce, the snow fell, the horses were overloaded. At last, Rognier fell into a passion with me, and vowed he would leave me behind; he knocked me down with the buttend of his pistol, and when I came to myself, there was poor Effie crying by my side, and they had driven on——."

"The wretches!" cried Mr. Lindesay, unable to restrain his indignation: "They had abandoned you! Impossible."

"Rognier was a violent man, soured by distresses, and my poor mother was powerless," said Kenneth; "and for the rest, it was just retribution on me for the undutiful conduct I had shewn her since, — all my life, indeed, for I never was submissive. As to Effie, they would have taken her with them, but she — dear child — she would not leave me; and it was this devoted affection that saved her! We never saw my poor mother again, but we heard that she was lost at the Berezina, and all hope was cut off."

"And you?"

"Marshal Ney, from some little distance, had seen what passed: his compassion was excited, and he put us under the care of one of his officers, Colonel de Vil-

laret; whose nephew, Louis de Chateauneuf, gave us for an attendant an excellent soldier, a Breton, with all his old faithful feelings of religion and loyalty fresh about him. Uncle, I cannot tell you half their kindness; how they guarded us, protected us, denied themselves for us, strangers as we were, all through that time; they shared their last morsel with us, even when it might have saved the life of Louis. — Yes, uncle, he died! he perished with cold and hunger, giving Effie the last piece of oat-cake, when he was actually starving!"

"This is self-devotion, such as I could scarcely have expected to hear of in these days," said Mr. Lindesay.

"If you had known Louis, uncle, you would not wonder that I lost my prejudices against the French army."

"You certainly had many reasons for attachment to some of its officers, at least," said Mr. Lindesay; "but how was it possible for Euphemia to survive such sufferings?"

"I cannot tell," said Kenneth. "God's hand was with her, and she bore up better than any of us. She was a blessing to us all, with her cheerful spirits and sweet temper. No one can guess what a relief it was even to look at her face, in the midst of that dreary waste of wretchedness."

"I can well believe it," said Mr. Lindesay, smiling; "there is something very winning in her expression."

"Ah! you do not know her!" cried Kenneth, "or you would indeed say so. No one ever came near her who did not love her. Even Rognier was gentle with

her, and poor Léon, our Breton, quite adored Mademoiselle."

"This was then your acquaintance with Ney?" said his uncle.

"O, we did not see anything of him at that time. It was afterwards, when the numbers had melted away, the Emperor was gone, and no one continued even the semblance of defence, but the Marshal. On one of those last nights the Cossacks came upon us suddenly, and the troops took flight, leaving the Marshal fast asleep by his fire, which was not above a hundred yards from ours, so I went to call him. Léon carried Effie on, and I was separated from her for three horrible days, while she went on to Gumbinnen, and was received with the utmost kindness by General de Villetard and his sister."

"And were you with the Marshal?"

"Yes, I beheld all those noble deeds of courage, of which you have surely heard."

"I have heard that he shewed great courage and firmness at that frontier town, — what was its name?"

"Kowno."

"True; it was there that he was left almost alone to protect the flight of his men, was it not? But surely you could not have been there?"

"I was," said Kenneth; "and I do not know what your opinion of me will be, when I tell you that I carried him the muskets and loaded them. I have often reproached myself, and felt as if I had been a deserter, but at the moment my only thought was that it was to secure Effie's escape; and besides, it was impossible not to be carried along with the sight of such glorious behaviour as Ney's! Even now, when I am

older and cooler, I cannot think of it without a glow of admiration!"

"Scarcely cooler, I should think," said his uncle, with a smile. "But I can hardly believe it! You in the midst of all that desperate fighting? How old were you?"

"Nearly fifteen."

"Why, the very fatigue must have been enough to kill you."

"It did very nearly," said Kenneth; "it was only the strength of fever and excitement that kept me up, for I was almost worn out, and in such an agony about Effie, that I could neither sleep nor eat. Those were frightful days; but except that one scene at Kowno, I do not know much about them. I do not even clearly remember arriving at Gumbinnen; it is all confused with the delirious fancies of my illness."

"Ah! you mentioned having been very ill."

"Yes, I had a fever, and my feet were so frost-bitten that it was weeks before I could put them to the ground. In short, I should never have survived it, but for Madame de Chateauneuf. At last, I began to recover; I could think again, and I really did try to write to you; but I believe my head was still very weak, and they told me it was too much for me. I gave it up, and I hope you will forgive me."

"You need hardly ask that question. And so these friends took you with them to France?"

"Yes, I know I ought not to have consented, and that I should have attempted, at least, to come here; but I was very young, and could not resolve to give up all the advantages held out to me."

"Ney's patronage?"

"Yes. He offered to send me to the *Ecole Militaire*, and assured me of his protection. I knew very well it was the last thing my father would have wished, and that I ought to have made every effort to come to you, but you see how it was. I was greatly attached to our friends, elated by their praise, carried away by enthusiasm for the Marshal."

"Very natural."

"It was very wrong, and I have suffered for it. I have been cruelly punished, bitterly disappointed."

Mr. Lindesay thought he saw it all, and that the boy, after being treated as a hero, and possibly overpraised, had been forgotten and neglected just when his prospects most required furtherance. Partly sympathizing, yet partly rejoicing, he said, in an encouraging manner, "Well, Kenneth, you must not expect me to condole with you; I am too glad that the connection is broken, upon any terms, and I think so well of you as to believe that you will, in time, think it fortunate that your Marshal has kept his promises no better towards you than towards Louis XVIII."

"What can I have said?" exclaimed Kenneth, vehemently, in astonishment. "What have I said to lead you to do the Marshal such injustice?"

"I hope you are not a defender of his defection?"

"O no, no, there is my disappointment, my most bitter grief! But as regards myself personally, I have double, treble cause for gratitude! No, indeed, you know little of him if you think he would neglect the meanest to whom he had promised his protection! I complain of him! Why, after I had quitted him, when I had told him as plain as actions could tell, that I abhorred his — his treason, instead of being offended

with me, he obtained for me a commission in the Imperial Guard, he spoke of me to the Emperor, he would have placed me on his staff, and secured to me the Rocheguyon property! Even when I left him, he bade me still consider him as my friend! No, indeed! my tongue must have ill-obeyed my thought, if it led you to suppose that I complain of any want of kindness!"

This torrent of eager speech was poured rapidly forth in defence of the Marshal, without a thought of Kenneth's of the part which he had himself acted; and it was almost with a sensation of bewilderment, that Mr. Lindesay found such heroism of character dawn on him where he had so little expected it. He looked doubtfully at his nephew for a moment, then, scarce yet able to give credence to his ears, he said, "All this was offered to you then, and within your reach?"

"Yes," said Kenneth, "I am afraid you think that a Lindesay must be sunk very low to have even such offers once made to him; but that was the consequence of my unhappy consent to go to Paris! How much I should have spared myself, had I been firm at first! I should have escaped all the involvement that I have but just been able to break from, and which has exposed me to these temptations."

"You refused them!" said his uncle, more as an exclamation of surprise than as a question; and Kenneth, fancying him unfavourably impressed, went on, in a pleading tone: "I know I was very weak and wavering, but if you knew how I once loved and looked up to that man, you would not think my reluctance to leave him very wonderful; and the wrong side does not look so black when one is close to it, and when all one's

friends are embarked in it! However, I do not mean to excuse myself; I know I began by being led astray by vanity and disobedience, and that I brought all this upon myself. I have but a very bad account of myself to give; but still I hope, my uncle, since I have just been able to escape from positively engaging myself on the wrong side, that, for my father's sake, you will not think me quite unworthy of the kindness that he bade me seek from you."

Mr. Lindesay's eyes grew suddenly dim as he looked at the pure, high forehead and truthful eyes; he grasped his nephew's hand, pressed it warmly and began, "Your father would be happy——;" but there his voice failed; he turned away for a moment, passed his hands over his eyes, and said in a very different tone, "You will see whether we think you unworthy or not! And now I will wish you good-night, — not for want of questions to ask you, but because I must not keep you all night talking."

He shewed Kenneth to his room, and shook hands with him again there, saying, "Good-night, good-night, my boy, and thanks for the satisfaction you have given me."

Kenneth could in return have thanked his uncle for removing the weight from his mind, and making him feel at peace with his father. Those brief words, the manner, and the deep emotion with which they were uttered, conveyed such real, heartfelt delight to him as he had not known since he received those few lines written on the eve of Borodino, and he was more than recompensed for all he had given up.

CHAPTER XXIV.

"Ah! Jessy, 'tis in idle hearts
That love and mischief are most nimble.
The safest shield against the darts
Of Cupid, is Minerva's thimble."

MOORE.

HERE concludes the history of the trials of Kenneth Lindesay's early youth. By yielding to his own wishes, and to the force of circumstances, he had incurred a severe temptation; but he had come forth from the ordeal, not only unscathed, but with ennobled character and strengthened principles.

A time of comparative rest and tranquillity was now to succeed to these stormy days of adventure, — a repose of mind which could scarce be prized aright by one who had not suffered as much from uncertainty. High as had been the expectations which his mind, always prone to extremes, had formed respecting his uncle, he did not meet with disappointment. He saw much likeness to his father, and perhaps imagined still more; he daily felt the comfort of relying on his uncle's excellent sense and high principle; and no longer felt the want of some one whom he could reverence with all his heart.

Nor could Mr. Lindesay fail to appreciate his nephew, and be strongly attached by his ready, open-hearted confidence. He treated him on terms of equal friendship, which quickly set him at his ease, and in a day or two all shyness or embarrassment had passed away, and he was completely at home with all the family, — far more at ease than he had ever been in Madame de Villaret's grand drawing-rooms, or anywhere else, in-

leed, except in that quiet little room of Madame de Chateauneuf.

Effie, on her side, was quickly familiar with her new home. Half-an-hour alone with Alice and Rosamond made them friends; that is to say, placed them on talking, laughing, and fondling terms. Alice, though two years older than her cousin, looked considerably younger, and yet, before Effie had been a week in the house, she had begun to discover, as she said, that, 'In spite of that sweet smile, and those pretty blue eyes, and tones of gaiety, Alice was as bad as her mamma.'

"As bad! my dear Effie! What can you mean?" said Kenneth.

"As good, then, if that will please you better," said Effie, "as English, as well suited to your taste."

"I am sorry our taste should not agree, if you really mean that you do not like my aunt or Alice. But it is not possible, — they are so kind, so amiable, so sensible."

"There is the very thing," said Effie.

"Is that your only complaint?" said Kenneth.

"My only one; but you do not understand it, and never will."

"Not unless I thought my little sister far more foolish than I could wish to see her."

"Ah! but she is a foolish little thing," said Effie, between laughing and crying. "Your English people are all much too wise for her."

"And is Rosamond too wise for you too? I thought I saw great whisperings over the piano yesterday."

"O, Rose is a sweet creature! She is wise, — yes, frightfully wise for her fifteen years, — but she has not

grown into the finished model of an Englishwoman yet; — I am not afraid of her.”

“And are you then afraid of my aunt? Has she ever said anything to you? — I do not understand you.”

“And never will,” said Effie; “so it is useless to waste breath in explaining. You have found your happiness, and *cela suffit*.”

“But have not you? My own dear sister, tell me: are you not happy?”

“O yes, very happy, very happy. All the world is very kind. I am made like one of the family, — I am very happy,” said Effie, but with a species of petulance in her manner; and looking down at her drawing, she began to sing some French verses which had belonged to her part as Queen Mary of Scotland, expressing her farewell to happy France.

Kenneth would have examined her further, but his aunt's entrance prevented him, and in fact inquiry could do nothing for Effie, and could only render him uneasy about her. What fault she could possibly find with her aunt, or with Alice, was quite beyond his powers of guessing; nor indeed could she have enlightened him. Mrs. Lindesay was full of motherly kindness, and very affectionate in manner; Alice, if she was as formidably sensible as Effie pronounced her, did not possess a corresponding amount of gravity, — a joyous laugh was to be heard wherever she was, and there was a sunshine about her fresh, fair young face, that seemed quite to light up all around her. Formal, stiff, or grave, — the words seemed perfectly absurd in connection with her!

And yet Effie held her in awful respect; and Alice

n her secret soul had a feeling, unconfessed even to herself, that she was disappointed in her cousin; that he did not come up to her lofty ideas of a heroine; and that it was difficult to listen with either patience or gravity to her most serious confidences.

Alice was heartily sorry, for she had begun by looking at her beautiful little cousin, who had endured so much, with a strange mixed feeling of enthusiastic admiration, compassion, and respect, which poor Effie, never designed by nature for a heroine, soon shewed to be far too highly strained for her; and twenty times a-day Alice had to recall the thought of her misfortunes and her French education, in order to keep herself from looking with too much contempt on her love of trifling.

Real honest fun and nonsense was what no one loved better than Alice; but it was Effie's sense and sentiment that tried her, — her love of dress, her pleasure in admiration, her wish for attention, — the very things that a well-educated girl is taught chiefly to hold in disdain. Alice preserved patience wonderfully, excused her cousin to herself, tried to talk good-humouredly in her own style, and restrained her desire to laugh at her. Her forbearance was often more visible than she suspected; but Effie had sharp eyes, and perceived that her favourite subjects seemed frivolous to Alice, that she liked to change the conversation from them; and though too gentle to dislike her, or to take offence, Effie began to regard her in the light of one of those awful English, with whom she could have nothing in common.

It was very different with Rosamond, two years younger, more excitable and less wise. Effie was a

continual wonder and delight to her; — the horrible scenes which she had gone through made it in Rosamond's eyes only more pleasant and surprising that she should be still so youthful and lively. What to Alice seemed folly, was to Rosamond a wonderful acquaintance with the great world; the scenes which she described charmed her imagination; her sentiment pleasantly excited her feelings; her confidences made her feel herself more of a woman, — especially when Alice was excluded from them, and when they became very touching and mysterious on the subject of the withered violets in Effie's work-box.

Poor Mrs. Lindesay! Though Effie be our heroine, we trust the reader will feel something for her aunt, who saw this lovely little foreign fairy brought into her house, with all her strong claims to affection and compassion, with all her winning graces and elegant manners, chiefly, as it seemed, for the purpose of undoing all the impressions which she had been labouring to make upon Rosamond, and without any compensation, unless she chose so to reckon Rosamond's great improvement in speaking French, and in certain little bits of fancy needlework to which she had always been addicted. How to improve Effie, and how to prevent Rosamond from being injured, and all without apparent unkindness, cost Mrs. Lindesay many an hour of anxious thought, though she appeared to let matters take their course.

She feared to put any unnecessary restraint upon Effie, lest it should justify her discontent, and entirely alienate her affections; she would not even prevent the long whispering conferences with Rosamond, which gave her so much uneasiness; she only interfered if they

caused her daughter to neglect a duty, or occupied her at improper times. All that she did was to work hard, directly and indirectly, to engrave upon both girls a strong sense of duty, and that disdain for foolish frivolity which Alice already possessed. For the present, however, all her attempts seemed to have little effect, and things grew rather worse than better when, a month after the arrival of the young strangers, Kenneth quitted London.

A very short time had been sufficient to shew Mr. Lindesay that habits, tastes, and education made him more fit for a military life than for any other profession; and it was a very agreeable surprise to him that his uncle was both able and willing to assist him in the English army. In the meantime, however, he had himself made the discovery, that, complete as he had once believed his education to have been, his acquirements fell far short of those of most English gentlemen; and, by his own desire, he was to spend half-a-year, at least, with a clergyman in the country, where he meant to study hard to supply his deficiencies.

His departure removed Effie's chief motive for assuming cheerfulness. She knew it would grieve him to know how much she regretted all she had given up for him; and besides, her spirits naturally rose in the presence of her dear brother. She had tried to do what pleased him when he was present, but now she had nothing to care for. All was English, all but Rosamond, who certainly, in Effie's sense of the word, was less English than she had been on her first acquaintance.

The early breakfast seemed to poor Effie a most

unnecessary infliction; it made the day so very long, and especially that part of the day that hung most heavy on her hands,—that time when Rosamond must not be talked to; and her aunt and Alice were, in their silence, a perpetual reproach to her idleness. Listless and restless, she roamed about, now playing half a tune on the piano, now touching a few chords on her guitar, peeping over her cousins' shoulders at the books they were studying, and, after reading half a page, turning away with a yawn and exclamation of *ennui* and commiseration for them; now sketching the outline of a drawing which was soon scratched over and thrown into the fire, now doing a few stitches to some of her hundred and one bits of fancy-work, or, still more often, making a fresh beginning, then throwing it aside, going to the glass to settle her hair or her brooch, and at last sinking into an arm-chair with a long sigh of weariness, and falling into a reverie.

Nothing was gained by proposing any occupation to her; she smiled pleasantly, seemed to be obliged, and set about it with eagerness, but it soon shared the fate of all else that she undertook, and the next morning found her in the same condition. In the afternoon she was a little happier; she found something like amusement in the walks and drives which she took with her aunt and cousins, but they would not bear a comparison with her afternoons at Paris; and still less would the evenings. Perhaps she was most really happy in their quiet home evenings, for her uncle was very fond of her, and she liked to amuse him with her lively ways, her music and singing, or to talk to him about Kenneth and her grandmother, — the subjects on which she and Alice could best meet; but still, by

a strange inconsistency, she never seemed bright or interested but when some party was in anticipation.

Her uncle and aunt had not been much in the habit of going out, especially during those two years of uncertainty respecting the fate of their relations in Russia; but as Alice was now of an age to be introduced, and as they thought it better that Effie should have no real reason for finding herself dull, they entered a good deal more into society: and it was curious to see those two girls enter a drawing-room together, — Alice much taller, yet looking so much younger, so quiet, and so shrinking from notice; and Effie, with her pretty little figure, her *recherché* dress, her hair arranged in some uncommon manner, which her aunt always, at the first glance, thought affected and coquettish, and at the second saw that it was in itself so simple, elegant, and suitable to the face and figure, that she could not wish it altered. Her beauty and grace, rendered still more remarkable by her foreign appearance, could not fail to be admired: ladies, who at first doubted and dreaded anything so French, were sure to be won by her manners; and gentlemen were always charmed with her; but there was no such expression of admiration as that to which she had been accustomed; there was no one to collect the “suffrages,” as she called them, and congratulate her on her success; and if any of the applause did reach her, it was not till it had been handed through Alice to Rosamond, — a transmission which greatly diminished the strength of the perfume which she had been accustomed to breathe.

Effie's pleasure in going into company was deprived of much of the zest which it still possessed, by a few

hints from her aunt that she was not pleased with the coquettish manners which she assumed towards gentlemen; though, in fact, Effie thought very few of those she met in London were worthy of her attention. "All is dark, dead, and *triste*," said she to Rosamond; "as sombre as their black coats compared with the dress of our officers at Paris! Ah! it was enough to enliven the most mournful temper, to see all that brilliant gold and silver lace sparkling in the light of a thousand lamps and candles. Did I ever describe to you a Hussar uniform, Rose?"

If Effie and Rose did not begin with the Hussar, they were sure to end with him, or rather to be interrupted in the midst of him. He was closely connected with Madame de Villaret or Clémence, still more inseparably with Auvergne; and with the adventures of the Retreat came the mention of Louis, and that led to Eugène. It was Eugène who had predicted her present gloom and *ennui*; it was he who had taught her what she should find the English; it was he who had forbidden her to believe herself for ever separated from Paris; and it was to him that her thoughts recurred with a growing hope of emancipation; while her reminings did but increase with time, and her memory dwelt with double fondness on their wanderings on the hills of Auvergne, on the scenes they had acted, the songs they had sung together, on the mountain flowers which he had gathered to wreath in her hair, on that last evening, and on that still more memorable last morning.

CHAPTER XXV.

IN the meantime the weeks had passed on, and the month of June had run half its course, — that month which began with so much anxiety and suspense, and concluded with either triumphant joy or bitter grief in so many of the homes of England. How many there were who longed to annihilate time and distance, were it only for the sake of knowing with certainty what was passing!

Scarcely a family but had its share in personal hopes and fears, besides those which were felt by the whole nation; nor were the Lindesays exempt from them; for a nephew of Mrs. Lindesay was in the English army, and he was a very favourite cousin of Alice and Rosamond. Poor Effie, as may well be believed, had her own anxieties, and she almost envied them their certainty of the earliest and surest intelligence; whereas she could only now and then glean some scanty notice from which to make vague conjectures respecting her friends; and as for sympathy, her aunt proved her best comforter here, since she would compassionate her suspense, while Rosamond regarded her as little better than a traitor, because, though she did not actually wish the English to be defeated, she could not bear that Eugène should be disappointed.

And now there was the universal conviction that a great battle had been fought. It was even said that the cannon had been heard. Uncertain reports were brought in from all quarters, and the conjecture of one moment, in another was taken as a fact. At length the thunder of the Tower guns pealed forth the an-

nouncement of a certainty which rendered the doubts and anxieties, for a short space, almost agonizing, until the welcome sound was heard in the distance of the newsmen's horns, and then their voices proclaiming the "Gazette Extraordinary," bearing the intelligence of Europe's last and mightiest battle.

The papers were brought in. There was a moment's hurried glance at the list of killed and wounded, and then, with relief, thankfulness, and exultation, the glorious news was read aloud. But for poor Effie there were no tidings. She could indeed rejoice with her companions that their cousin Harry was safe. She was even glad to see them triumphant; but all the time her heart was fluttering with fear and suspense, as she felt that she would have given worlds for one word of intelligence how Eugène and the General had fared, how the spirit of the former brooked his defeat, or whether indeed he yet survived to feel it.

Time, however, began to blunt the first acute edge of her feelings. From not receiving any bad news, she almost ceased to expect it, and bright expectations of renewed intercourse with her friends began to occupy her mind, when the allies entered Paris, and the restoration of peace became certain. Her restlessness increased in a twofold degree. She grew more and more unwilling to settle down to any employment, and started at every double knock, putting on a look of eager expectation often reflected in Rosamond's face; for it would scarcely be believed how far these two girls had persuaded themselves to anticipate the arrival of a fine, tall, handsome young French officer, with dark blue eyes and light curling hair.

One morning, the ladies were sitting in the drawing-

room, Alice and Rosamond engaged with their music-master, their mother at work, and Effie on a sofa early behind her, listening to the music, and, as usual, doing nothing, or next to nothing; the post came in, and several letters were brought, of which one was given to Effie, who greeted it with a little cry of joy; but Mrs. Lindesay, who was busy with her own letters, paid no attention to her, till, turning to ask some question about Kenneth, from whom she supposed her to have heard, she perceived that every shade of colour had left her cheek, and her eyes were fixed on the paper with a dull, vacant gaze.

"My dear!" exclaimed she, in a low voice, "is there anything amiss?"

Effie gave a nervous start, and looked in her face, as if the meaning of the words had not reached her.

"I hope Kenneth is well?" said she, still more alarmed.

"O yes, yes," said Effie, like one almost unconscious.

"What is the matter, my dear?" — and she held a smelling-bottle towards her, which Effie seized eagerly, then, gasping painfully for breath, answered hurriedly, *Je n'ai rien — je vous — mais que dis-je,*" — and there was a look of bewilderment and distress on her face, as the English words refused to come readily. "Thanks, — thanks, my aunt. I am — very — quite well," she stammered. *Je n'ai besoin de rien;*" — so saying, she hastily rose, and left the room, shutting the door after her, as if to shew that she would not be followed.

Mrs. Lindesay stood for a few moments anxious and perplexed. The foreign aspect of the letter had reassured her respecting Kenneth; but she did not like

either to leave her poor little niece in such evident wretchedness, or to intrude consolations which had been so decidedly repelled. In another minute, Rosamond, set free from her immediate occupation, sprang to her side, exclaiming in a whisper, "Mamma, is anything the matter? — I am sure there was."

"Go up to Effie, my dear, — perhaps she will tell you."

Rosamond did not require a second bidding, though, as she came near Effie's door, she began to feel some dread of entering on this new, unknown grief. She knocked. She heard her walking wildly up and down the room. At first there was no answer; but when she repeated the knock, and called, "Effie, dear Effie, do let me in," the door was thrown open, and Effie stood before her, — no longer pale, but face, temples, even neck, flushed crimson.

"My dear Effie, you are ill! O speak, tell me!"

"*C'est fini*, Rose," said Effie, sinking into a chair.

"What — how? Eugène?" asked Rosamond, terrified.

"*O je ne saurais — mais lisez, lisez — O j'étouffera!*"

Rosamond caught up the letter, and, gathering the meaning as well as she could, unaccustomed as she was to French manuscript, found that it was from Madame de Villaret, and conveyed the announcement that Eugène de Chateauneuf was among the slain of Waterloo.

"O Effie, my poor Effie, I am very sorry," said she, in a tone which had in it more of alarm at Effie's grief than of consolation. What had been to her a romance had a far more real conclusion than she was by any means prepared for. Effie understood, and almost resented the voice.

"*Vous n'y connaissez rien,*" said she, petulantly, and snatching the letter as if she would keep it to herself. "*Quittez-moi — il n'y a personne.*"

"Let me call mamma," said Rosamond, in a sort of girlish terror, flying out of the room and down stairs before Effie could stop her, as she certainly would have done; for though Rosamond regarded her mother as the best comforter in the world, Effie thought of her in a very different light; and that stifling feeling of choking, tearless anguish was, in great part, the effect of a proud determination to conceal her grief from one who, as she imagined, would regard her attachment as a mere foolish, vain fancy.

Rosamond was in an instant by her mother's side whispering, "Her Eugène is killed! O, mamma, do go to her!"

Mrs. Lindesay had heard a little respecting Eugène, — very little compared with Rosamond; but she at least knew who he was, and that he was Effie's standard of human perfection; but that a girl younger than her own Alice could have anything like a serious attachment, had never entered her head. Nor perhaps, all things considered, would it ever have taken so strong a hold on Effie's mind, had her present way of life been more agreeable to her.

She met Effie at the door of her room, whither she had gone in a vain attempt to detain Rosamond. At the sight of her aunt, the blood, which had begun to retreat, rushed back again with redoubled force, and her temples throbbed so violently that she was quite giddy. Her aunt held out her arms, said nothing but one tender "poor child," and, drawing her towards her, laid the poor aching head on her shoulder, — where it

was but too glad to find a rest, — and sat down on the bed with her, still supporting her, and kissing her forehead.

Effie panted for breath. "My head!" said she; and her aunt saw that, in truth, the physical agony was overpowering the mental suffering. She laid her down, threw the window open, and did all in her power for her relief; but for nearly an hour the positive pain of the headache seemed to oppress all Effie's faculties, and even to remove the consciousness of the intelligence which had occasioned it. Her aunt stood affectionately watching her, and trying to relieve her, while Alice and Rosamond, as soon as they were freed from the music-master, finding that they could be of no use, and that complete quiet was enjoined, took up their abode in their own room, where they eagerly exchanged questions and answers, and convinced themselves that poor Effie was never to be happy again.

At last Effie, who had been tossing restlessly about, began to be more still, and a long interval of rest succeeded, — for it could not be called sleep, as her eyes were still open. After a time she turned round, and Mrs. Lindsay asked if she felt better.

"Yes, thank you," said she cheerfully, raising her head; but the giddiness obliged her to lay it down immediately. "I never had such a headache!"

"Keep quiet, my dear," said Mrs. Lindsay, sprinkling her forehead with lavender.

"Thank you, — you are very kind. What o'clock is it?"

"Nearly one."

"It seems so long ago!" said Effie, passing her

hand over her face. "What was it? I thought you would not care!"

"Then, my dear, you thought wrongly, for we must all care for whatever concerns you," said Mrs. Lindesay.

"I wish you would but tell me what has happened!" said Effie.

"My dear, I can hardly tell," said Mrs. Lindesay, as gently and gradually as she could. "Rose told me that you have received some painful news from Paris."

"Ah! *c'est assez!*" sighed Effie, turning away, and pressing her face inwards to the pillow.

"The son of that excellent Madame de Chateaufort," said Mrs. Lindesay.

"Her last! her last!" cried Effie, raising her face, while the torrent of tears at length found their free course. "O, aunt! you will at least feel for his mother, — her last, — her darling, — all that was left her. — O how little I thought! — O aunt, think of his mother! If I could but weep with her!"

"Have you heard how she bears it?" asked Mrs. Lindesay, in a voice of the kindest feeling, and with tears in her eyes.

"I could not even read the letter," said Effie. "If you would give it to me; — but no. How my eyes are burning!"

"Should you like for me to read it to you?"

If any one had told Effie beforehand that her aunt would be the person who would read her a letter from Madame de Villaret on such a subject, she would have regarded it as a considerable increase of the affliction to hear it read by one whom she deemed above any feeling for her; but, in the present circumstances, she

was quite grateful; and though Mrs. Lindesay sometimes hesitated at the cramped French writing, and her pronunciation was as un-French as Effie's was un-English, yet the sympathetic tone and deep interest with which she read, fell soothingly on her ears, and calmed the wild tumult of her mind.

Her concern was not solely on Effie's account, for Mrs. Lindesay had been greatly interested by all she had heard of Madame de Chateauneuf, and regarded her with a sort of grateful affection, which made her feel for her almost like a friend.

Eugène, who had been acting as his uncle's aide-de-camp, had fallen early in the action, while galloping to convey his orders; and there was this comfort for Effie, that there had been scarcely a moment's suffering, and he had died in full assurance of victory, — spared from that cruel disappointment which she had been lamenting for him, with all the fresh ardour of his youthful spirits still unblighted. General de Villaret had escaped unhurt, and the whole family were together at Rivières. As to Madame de Chateauneuf, she was, as usual, beyond the comprehension of her sister-in-law, who said she believed that "her presentiments, always so melancholy, had in some degree prepared her for this terrible blow; but still her meekness and resignation were supernatural." She herself sent a message of affection, which made Effie's tears stream faster, though more quietly than before. Even the *amitiés* from Madame de Villaret and Clémence did not appear excessive to Mrs. Lindesay; and at the close of the letter Effie was sufficiently revived to smile a little at the thought, how angry Kenneth would be with the General's congratulations on the judgment with which

he had taken his "*parti*." And as it was in praise of her brother, she heartily assented to her aunt's observation, that it only proved the folly of self-seeking worldly wisdom, compared with straightforward, uncompromising adherence to duty. Where would Kenneth have been now, if he had been drawn aside by his friends' persuasions? and how much more dreadful might have been her distress! Had he fallen, could she ever have been free from the thought that it was owing to his regard for her reluctance to leave Paris?

Growing more composed after the letter had been read, and being heavy and oppressed with pain and grief, she became thoughtful; and as thought and silence never could last long with her, they soon led to a sound sleep, while her aunt still sat watching her, and musing over her strange history and her own estimate of her disposition. She blamed herself, as for an unkind injustice, for having judged her niece to have more sentiment than really deep or acute feeling; and both her sorrow and the struggle to conceal it, raised her considerably in her opinion, and gave her far more hope respecting her. It shewed that there was a heart, and that it possessed reserve; and with these there could not fail to be a capacity for all else that was excellent. Her restlessness too was now shewn to have been caused by something more worthy of respect than mere love of gaiety and amusement. Still poor Effie would have thought her aunt very cruel, could she have seen all her reflections. With every kind sympathy for the bereaved mother, with much interest in the young man himself, amiable and high-spirited as all represented him, Mrs. Lindesay could not regret his loss as far as Effie herself was con-

cerned; for the more convinced she was of the depth and sincerity of her affection, the more relieved she was by its conclusion. Without any injustice to Eugène, it was evident that her attachment to him could have brought her nothing but misery; and how much more for her happiness was it that she should have lost him now, than have suffered, as she must have done, if he had lived. The fulfilment of her own fond hope of his coming to claim her, would have been the source of endless griefs and vexations to herself, her brother, and her relatives; and, on the other hand, it was more than possible that she might have been left to pine under the heart-sickness of hope deferred, mistrust, and unrequited affection. Far better was it, both for her welfare and peace of mind, that she should mourn for him while his image could be enshrined in her memory, surrounded with all its graces, and regarded with unshaken love and trust.

Effie awoke refreshed, but still weak and languid, and willing to take her aunt's advice that she should keep her room during the rest of the day. Her aunt sat with her the greatest part of the evening, and a long conversation took place, on which Effie afterwards looked back with astonishment that she could so have talked, or so have listened. Her cold, wise, rigid English aunt listen to the outpouring of her full heart! listen to her descriptions of Eugène! listen to that strange dream in which he had been confounded with Louis! listen even, and listen with sympathy, to the visions on which she had been feeding ever since she had left Paris! and that without one word to shake her faith in the fabric she had raised on those few parting words! It was, indeed, a marvel in her eyes.

No one would so have listened. Rosamond was but a child, and shrank frightened from the realities of grief, as something above and beyond her. Alice would have been kind and gentle, but she would have wondered at Effie's presuming to think she had a lover. Kenneth himself would have dwelt on the objections to poor Eugène; besides, he had looked on him that last evening with eyes that she thought were unfriendly; while as to her foreign friends, she always thought with awe of Madame de Chateaufort as one *dévot*e and *inconceivable*, quite out of the region of her feelings; and the Comtesse de Villaret would have stifled the first burst of grief with her caresses, and then striven to drive it away with amusement, — *la distraire*, as she would have said. And Effie felt that it would have been distraction, in the English sense of the word, as well as the French; for though her spirits might have been raised, and sorrow forced to quit the field for a season, there would have been no real consolation: the surface might apparently be healed, but the wound would remain, to pain her with double acuteness at every unguarded moment. Effie might have French manners, tastes, and spirits, but she had a true, real, and constant Scottish heart, with feelings too much developed for her age; and, for the first time, she felt herself far better off than she would have been at Paris.

The shock she had received had its effect upon her in a slight feverish nervous attack, which confined her to her room for several days, and gave her aunt's mode of treatment more fair play than if she had been downstairs with the rest of the family. She kept her quiet, let her talk as much and as long as she liked, and,

without obtruding counsel, attempted in every way to raise and calm the tone of her mind; and this became less difficult from the perfect openness with which Effie spoke to her, now that she was once convinced of her sympathy. She learnt how to estimate the unselfishness of Effie's character, when she perceived how little Effie's thought's dwelt on the failure of her own visions of returning to Paris, compared with the perfections of Eugène himself, and the loss to his mother. Indeed, Effie's own longings for Paris were much diminished by the loss of him who had given it one of its greatest charms in her eyes; and, in her present frame, the repose of her English home was far preferable to the whirl of excitement to which she had been accustomed. Sundays, though often rather heavy on her hands, were not days with which she could not dispense as easily as formerly; for even during these discontented weeks, an insensible change had passed over her views, which would have made much in her own beloved world jar upon her notions of right and wrong.

She left her room still downcast and dispirited, but with a germ of contentment in her heart, and a full confidence and affection for Mrs. Lindesay, which was the beginning of better things. There was still much to be overcome, — habits of trifling, dislike of serious occupation, a sort of surface levity of mind and manner; but Alice's example was guiding and encouraging, her aunt was patient and gentle, her uncle affectionate and approving, and, gradually, Effie responded to their training, and learnt the lessons which the vicissitudes of her life had hitherto failed in impressing upon her.

It was a slow and unmarked alteration, but not the less sure; and it might be deemed not the least part of

the reward of Kenneth's sacrifice, that it made his beloved and only sister, instead of an amiable little elegant fairy, thoughtless and unstable, become a friend and companion like-minded with himself, both able and willing to feel with him; one whom it was not necessary to look at through the medium of his own romantic imagination, in order to esteem as well as love her with the full ardour of brotherly affection and admiration; and, above all, one who could fulfil Madame de Chateauneuf's prophecy, and, with her whole heart and soul, thank him for the self-devotion which had begun by occasioning so much pain to both.

One more sorrow still remained to cast a cloud over Kenneth's youth, and this was, the doom of his once adored and still beloved patron. For some time, in the revulsion of feeling caused by the ignominy of his sentence and death, Ney was restored to the place he had formerly held in his estimation; and, half-broken-hearted, he could speak of nothing but his signal merits, of the native nobleness of a character which had failed in but one trial, and of the severity which had singled him out to suffer for a crime shared with so many. Thanks to the compliments of General de Villaret, he was even inclined to accuse himself of having ungenerously and ungratefully deserted a losing cause; but, as he grew cooler, and the balance of his mind returned, he felt thankful that he had been rescued from the abyss into which the blind following of his self-elected idol would have led him; and, for the rest, he could better endure to think of his Marshal as having, as it were, atoned for his crime by his death, than see him living on in outward prosperity, splendour, and inward degradation; and he could dwell with warm

gratitude and admiration, mingled with deep compassion, on the remembrance of the hero of his boyhood, the Bravest of the Brave, the Rear-Guard of the Grand Army.

CHAPTER XXVI.

"A distant land where faith is fresh of hue,
Where memory tarries to reprove our cold irreverent age,
In Churches set like stars around some saintly hermitage,
Where old devotion lingers beside the granite Cross,
And pilgrims seek the healing well, far over moor and moss."

LYRA INNOCENTIIUM.

IN the summer of 1826, an English gentleman was making a tour through Brittany, travelling on foot,—a mode of proceeding which enabled him to visit many interesting spots usually neglected or passed over, and for which he was peculiarly well fitted, since he not only spoke French with the ease and readiness of a native, but was tolerably familiar with the accent with which that language was pronounced by such of the Bretons as spoke it at all.

These, as he quitted the departments bordering on Normandy, became more and more rare, until, as he came further to the west, he frequently found whole parishes where every one, excepting the *curé* and perhaps the schoolmaster, was ignorant of any but their own ancient Celtic tongue. It was in such places as these that he spent the most time, directing his attention not only to the huge Druidical monuments, haunted with traditions of human sacrifice, the lofty wayside crosses, and chapels of exquisite architecture, but to the rude peasantry of the rugged coast, amongst whom, at every opportunity, he made careful inquiries, which

became still more minute when he had entered the district still known in Brittany by its ancient name of Vannes.

Late one afternoon he was crossing a wide tract of moorland, bordered by the sea, — the boundless Atlantic, which stretched far away to the west, joining the sky in a long, well-defined straight line, only broken towards the north by the purple misty headland of Quiberon, near which the sun was descending, shedding a long stream of glory on the glittering waves. On his left was the heath, gloomy and desolate, scattered with shapeless blocks of granite, and bearing in profusion that plant which gave its name to the proudest line of our English kings. Not a living being was in sight, save the sea-gulls which floated smoothly through the air over the blue waters, turning their white wings to the sun, and the rabbits which darted across the path to shelter themselves in their burrows or behind the rocks. The silence which prevailed through the wide waste was so complete as to be in itself impressive, and almost awful: not a single sound of life, not the note of a bird, broke the stillness; the bushes were so low that even they did not rustle in the breeze; nothing was to be heard except the full monotonous swell of the waves, as they heaved in the distance, or plashed slowly on the beach. Not a habitation was in sight, not a token that a human creature ever approached the waste, excepting that here and there was stuck into the ground a tiny cross, formed of two branches tied together and wreathed round with broom and daisy blossoms, — the pastime of the solitary children who herded the cattle that gained what subsistence they could from the scanty pasture.

Many hours had passed since the traveller had entered on this moorland, which seemed so interminable that, after having for some time enjoyed the solitude and severe grandeur of the scene, he began to grow impatient to leave it, and recalled to mind, with some doubts of the accuracy of his memory, the instructions which he had last received as to the way to the town of Lokmariaker. With great satisfaction he at length heard the tinkling of a cattle-bell, and, guided by the sound, presently came in sight of a herd of about half-a-dozen cows, which a little boy and girl were driving before them. The want of a common language prevented him from addressing the children, but, following at some little distance, he was guided by them along a path which began to be more beaten, and soon descended into a valley formed by the course of a small stream, the banks of which were bordered by bright green meadows, divided by hedgerows of alder, and interspersed with corn-fields, their boundaries marked by huge stones which served as landmarks.

The children followed the course of the stream, until they came in sight of its mouth, where its banks suddenly retreating formed a harbour for a small fleet of boats, moored close beneath the shelter of a tall rock, which seemed their guardian, and cast its protecting shadow far over the tranquil green waters of the little bay.

On the shore stood a cluster of low white cottages, in the midst a small church with a little spire on its bell-turret, and some hundred yards before the entrance of the village was a great block of granite, the lower part a rude, unhewn, shapeless mass, the upper carved out into a simple cross.

Instead of entering the village, the children here turned aside and drove their cows up a narrow lane, terminating in a farm-yard, surrounded with cattle-sheds and barns. Here stood their mother, in the full dark petticoats and white cap, or rather veil, worn by the inhabitants of Vannes, ready prepared for milking; and the traveller, going up to her, asked, in a few words of Breton in which he had learnt to make the inquiry, if she could speak French. She replied in the words in which he had learnt to understand a negative, and making him a sign to wait, she spoke to her little girl, who, running out of the yard, presently returned, holding by the hand a man wearing the broad shady hat, long flowing locks, dark coat of coarse cloth, huge *bragons bras*, and clumsy sabots of a Breton peasant. He took off his hat with much civility, and, in tolerably good French, asked how he could serve the gentleman, who, thanking him, asked how near it was to Lokmariaker.

"Nearly three leagues, Sir," was the reply; "but the way is hard to find, and the sands, which you must cross, are dangerous at this time of the tide. You had better remain here to-night, if you will do us that honour, and take morning light for your journey."

Such hospitality was not at all uncommon among the farmers of Brittany; and the traveller, who in truth had rather reckoned upon this kind offer, having gladly accepted it, the farmer invited him into his house, while his wife proceeded to milk the cows. The house consisted of but one large kitchen paved with stone, and the dark rafters well supplied with pieces of bacon. At one end were two immense beds, or rather cupboards of dark oak or walnut, handsomely

carved, their open doors displaying a pile of feather-beds. There was also a fine old chest, and a table evidently of very ancient date; immediately above which there hung, drawn up to the roof, a hoop, around which the spoons of the whole family were arranged, the whole apparatus being let down by a cord when required, and drawn up again after the meal. The two only chairs were placed close by the large open hearth. One of them was occupied by an old woman, with distaff and spindle according to primitive fashion, her attention divided between the swaddled grandchild in a cradle by her side, and the great black pot of broth which was boiling over the fire. Opposite to her sat a beggar, — the poor man being always installed in the place of honour in the house of the religious Breton.

The farmer did not attempt to dislodge him from it in favour of the new guest, to whom he offered a three-legged stool near the fire. The stranger began the conversation by asking the name of the village.

"Tréguillec, Monsieur," was the reply.

"Tréguillec!" exclaimed the traveller. "The very place that I wished to find. Then perhaps you can tell me if there is a family still living here of the name of Léon."

"My own name is Léon, Monsieur."

"Had you then," continued the traveller, eagerly, "a brother or cousin whose Christian name was Hervé, who served for some years in the Grand Army?"

"Hervé is my name, Monsieur; I was five years in the Comte de Villaret's regiment; but I had my discharge regularly, as I can shew you," replied the farmer, a little alarmed perhaps at the appearance of

his guest, who, though very plainly dressed, was evidently an officer. But to his surprise the traveller rose with every demonstration of delight, and, holding out his hand, exclaimed, "Found! found, at last, my excellent old friend! What joy this will be for my sister! So you do not know me? Well, I can hardly blame you for want of memory, since I should never have guessed it was you, Léon; but," and he pushed back his black hair from his forehead, shewing the mark of a deep scar over his temple, "have you forgotten the retreat from Moscow, and the two children who owed their lives to you?"

"Monsieur! Monsieur Kenneth himself!" cried Léon, returning the grasp of his hand with interest. "Welcome, welcome, Sir. That I should have lived to see you again! and that you should have come to seek out the poor soldier!" Then, turning to the old woman, he poured rapidly forth a whole flood of Breton, — to Kenneth, of course, perfectly unintelligible; though not so were the gestures of the old woman, when, throwing down her distaff, she arose, and, while tears flowed down her cheeks, stretched out her hands towards him, and uttered a few earnest and solemn words, which could be no other than a benediction.

"Yes!" said Léon, "she would call down the blessings of all the saints upon you, and upon that little angel, your sister! For it was you and she that saved me, Monsieur Kenneth; I shall say so till my dying day, and Monsieur le Curé thinks so too, — that it was God Himself who sent you to me, to turn me back from the wicked courses which would have been the ruin of me, body and soul. Oh! it is too much that you should have come to find me again! I must go

and tell the joyful news to Rosennik, and send little Ivon to tell M. le Curé."

"Rosennik is then your wife!" said Kenneth, who would almost have been afraid to ask the question.

"Yes, Monsieur, thanks be to Heaven! I returned, and found Rosennik faithful, my mother alive, and the farm in good order; and what more had I to ask from Heaven? It was all as your sister predicted! Ah! she was a true angel! But I trust you left her well?"

"Yes, quite well, Léon, in a very happy home, and only sorry that she could not accompany me in my journey in search of you. She would have been more sorry to be left behind, if we had ever ventured to hope that I should really find you. You have much to tell me."

"Yes, Monsieur; but let me first tell Rosennik, and make arrangements to entertain you in a suitable way." And Léon made his escape from him, apparently almost beside himself with delight.

Nothing, as Kenneth plainly saw, could give these good people so much delight as to welcome him with a feast, and he therefore sat still, making no remonstrance, while they killed their fattest poultry, cut their finest bacon, tapped their choicest cask of cider, and unfolded their most snowy homespun table-linen. The *curé* was sent for from the *presbytère* to share in the banquet and do honour to the guest. He was a fine, venerable old man, with long white hair, the same who had suffered so many perils and privations, in the evil days of the Revolution, rather than forsake his beloved flock, and whose old age was now passing in peace and honour.

It was a cheerful, though rather an incongruous,

party that sat down round Léon's hospitable table, — Kenneth, the priest, the beggar, Léon himself, his little son Ivon, and two farm-labourers — whilst Rosennik and her little girl waited on them, — the custom of Brittany always excluding the women of a family from dining with the men. Kenneth congratulated Léon on the prosperity apparent throughout his house.

"Yes," said the good man, crossing himself, "Heaven has dealt bountifully with us; we have enough to feed our children, and to have something to spare for the poor. All I could wish for you, Monsieur Kenneth, is, that you may be as well off as myself. I see, though, that you are a soldier; I knew that by your air, the first moment you came in."

"I am, Léon; but I am afraid you will almost repent of the welcome you have given me, when I tell you that it is in the English army."

"Ah! but I know that you are not of English blood, Monsieur. Only, if you please, M. le Curé, it might be better the neighbours did not hear it, or I shall get the name of harbouring Saxons."

The priest said a few grave words on the un-Christian hatred which his flock were too apt to nourish towards the English; and then Kenneth begged to hear all that had happened to Léon since their last meeting.

"I do not recollect seeing you," said he, "since that night at Evé, when I left you and my sister."

"Perhaps not," said Léon; "but I saw you after that, when I helped the Colonel to carry you down stairs in the house at Gumbinnen, and put you into the carriage. How white your face was then, and how unlikely it seemed that you would ever lift up your head again."

"But how was it," said Kenneth, "that you never came to see us again? We wished very much to hear of you, and as soon as I was better we made all manner of inquiries. Why did you never come to us at Konigsberg?"

"I did not exactly know to what house you had been taken," said Léon; "and then our Colonel was promoted, so I saw no more of him; though I did manage to hear, through one of my old comrades, that you were getting better, and were made so much of by all the great people. Then we were marched off to Dantzic in such haste ——"

"Still you could surely have found out General de Villaret, and you must have known how anxious we were to shew you a part, at least, of our gratitude."

"Why, there it was, Monsieur Kenneth," said Léon, looking down. "When you were living at your ease among your great gentlemen and ladies, how was I to know whether you would be pleased that a rough soldier should come and thrust himself upon you, because he was once able to do you some little service."

"You did us great injustice, Léon," said Kenneth. "Never was there place or company where we would not have rejoiced to acknowledge all we owed to you. Had it not been for my illness, you should have been convinced of that long before we left Konigsberg. But let me hear how you fared at Dantzic."

"Very badly indeed, Monsieur. We were cooped up there in garrison all the spring and summer, — our old friends, the Russians, outside; and within, food nearly as scarce as in the Retreat itself. There was plenty of sickness too, — all the hospitals filled. I was

there myself for two months in the autumn, and had not been out a week before I was sent back again by a splinter from a shell, which I thought would have made an end of all my hopes of ever seeing Tréguillec. When General Rapp surrendered, and the garrison were carried prisoners to Russia, I was so ill, that they thought it a mercy to leave me to die in peace. However, by the blessing of Heaven, and the prayers of my poor mother and Rosenne, I began to recover; though, when peace was made, and the prisoners were released, I was still in no condition to move. Fortunately for me, one of the captains of my regiment, who had also been wounded, and obliged to remain behind at Dantzic, thought me too much broken down to be ever fit for service again. He got me my pay and my discharge, and at last I set out, in a miserable plight enough, to be sure; but I was a free man, and going home, — and what did I care for what I might have to suffer on the way, so that I might but get there at last?"

"Ah, Hervik!" said the priest, "I shall never forget the day when I found the poor ragged soldier kneeling at the foot of the cross at the entrance of the village, wasted with sickness and worn out with fatigue. Little did I think that it would prove to be he whom we had so long mourned for as dead."

"And I can never forget what I felt when I saw your face once more, M. le Curé, and heard those blessed, thrice blessed words. Yes, Monsieur Kenneth, I thought it the happiest day of my life, when I saw our own sea, and Quiberon Point, and the very '*Menhir*'*

* A Druidical monument.

where my poor brother Perron parted with me; but when I had crossed the moor, gone down the hill, and was actually in sight of the village, — would you believe it? I could not have gone one step further, but down I sank on my knees before the cross, longing with all my heart to hear of all at home, yet feeling as if it would be the death of me at once if I did not find my mother and Rosennik. Then came M. le Curé; and as soon as he knew me, while I did not dare even to ask the question, he said, 'Thank God, my son, He has been very gracious to thee.' And my heart leapt up at those words, and all that had happened since I left home was as nothing to me! And I trust that I am grateful to God. Each year I go on pilgrimage to the shrine of Our Lady at Folgoat; and henceforth," he concluded, standing up and crossing himself, "I will every time repeat another *neuvaine*, since I have seen you again, Monsieur Kenneth, and heard of Mademoiselle."

The Curé delighted in telling of the happiness of conducting Léon to his home, where his mother received him as one given back again from the grave. His betrothed had been a model of constancy; she had, from the time of his departure, ceased to attend the dances and other diversions of the festival-days of Tréguillec. She had turned a deaf ear to the courtship of several rich young farmers, and had made many a pilgrimage to the shrines of the saints, to pray for the welfare of the poor conscript, whom she little expected ever to see again.

"And surely," said Léon, "it was owing to those blessed prayers that you, Monsieur and your sister

were sent to bring me back to the remembrance of Heaven and home!"

The *curé* told Kenneth, while walking with him to the *presbytère*, where he was to sleep, — though still in effect Léon's guest, — that Léon, while narrating his history, had so dwelt upon the orphans of the Retreat, especially the little girl, that, in the eyes of the simple and imaginative inhabitants of Tréguillec, they had become invested with something of the character of angelic messengers, sent to protect him during those dreadful days, at once from peril and temptation. "And without going quite so far," added the good old man, "I do verily believe that it was the Providence of God that conducted you to him just when the evil examples around him were beginning to efface the impressions of his youth; and that it was the thoughts which you revived in his mind, that, under the blessing of Heaven, were the means of saving him, and bringing him back to us so little changed from what he was when he was taken from us."

Little changed indeed could Léon have been from what he had been in earliest youth. He had laid aside all that could recall his former profession, even to the measured step and upright soldierly bearing; it was as if he had taken up, in the very place where he had left it, the quiet devotional life of the simple-hearted Breton peasant; so that, but for his knowledge of the French language, nothing remained to shew that his history had been, in a single respect, different from that of his neighbours.

Kenneth spent several days with him, enjoying the complete repose and peace of the quiet little bay, and

the happy abode of his old friend. In the mornings, Léon walked with him to shew him the wonderful remains in which that part of the country abounds, and especially the huge stones of Plouhinec, which, as he averred, had not lately been seen on their travels; in the evening they sat by the open hearth, talking over the adventures of the days of the Retreat, or with more minuteness narrating their subsequent history.

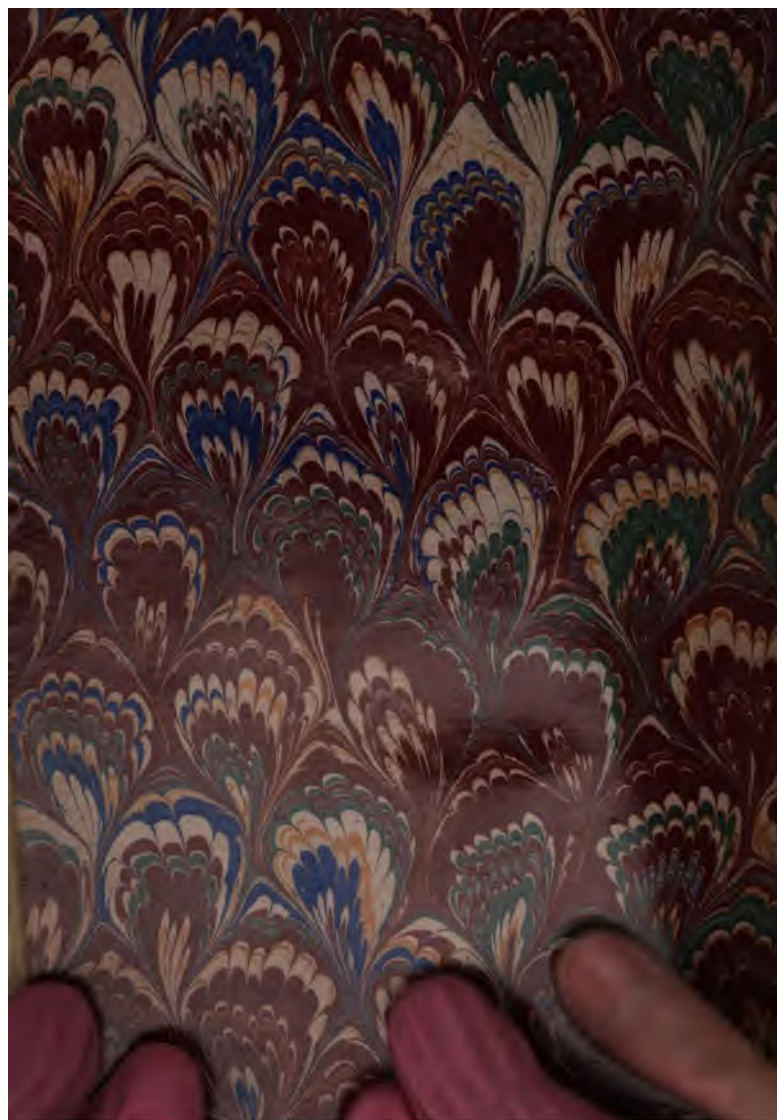
At length the time came when Kenneth must return to England. Léon walked with him to the other end of the great moor, and there reluctantly bade him farewell. Kenneth, as he did so, placed in his hands a small silver cross, engraved with his own and Effie's initials, saying, "When this was made, Léon, we had little hope that I should ever be able to give it to yourself; but we thought that I might meet with your mother, or some other relation, who might value this token of the gratitude we must ever feel for our most kind, excellent, faithful protector."

"You do me too much honour, M. Kenneth," was the reply of Léon, as he took the cross and looked at it with gratified eyes. "I only did what I was commanded, and a soldier cannot do less. But as for this cross, it shall be my most precious possession; and when my children, aye, and their children after them, look at it, they shall always be told to remember how you and Mademoiselle *votre sœur* were sent to me by Providence, to recall me to my better mind, and, in the end, to bring me to the happiness and peace which I now enjoy, and, as I humbly trust, to still better things hereafter."

"Amen!" said Kenneth; and so they parted, each to pursue his own path of life, and, different as were their spheres, each to find refreshment in the remembrance of the other, and of the friendship and kind offices which had shed a brightness over even the gloomy hours of the Russian Retreat.

THE END.

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